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SPASMODIC DIARY OF A CHICAGO SCHOOL-TEACHER

March 28, 1933.—Lengthy discussion in the lunchroom to-day concerning the Adamowski House Bill and the Graham Senate Bill. One or two of the teachers asserted flatly that they cared not two pins who was Mayor or how he got the job, as long as we received our pay. The noise was deafening, the clatter of knives, forks, and dishes as terrific as usual. Fifteen hundred pupils and teachers eating and talking at once! I finally made myself heard at our table. They all listened, which was bad, for — encouraged — I found myself lecturing. I explained who the ‘vested interests’ were who were so anxious to give Chicago a hand-picked Mayor. And I made it clear that if the legislation passed and the powers kept their promises we should be pretty small and selfish to allow the people’s constitutional right to a primary to be sold for seven and a half months’ back pay, however desperately we needed the money. I discussed also the Sargent Committee’s five-point plan, and the sinister implication in such a statement as ‘I stress the necessity of

maintaining the home, the *common schools*, and the churches, if representative government is to continue.’ On six different occasions, recently, members of this precious committee, addressing sumptuous banquets, have spoken of preserving the ‘common schools.’

Little Miss X, who has a tidy brain and a startling grasp of financial statistics, as well as a charming personality, went over the Budget. Sometimes we all talked at once. It was tonic and exhilarating, but ridiculously futile. I agree with Mr. Mencken when he says that the pedagogue is largely imbecile. We *are* imbecile, but not because we are stupid. Many of the teachers have an excellent grasp of the situation. But we do nothing except talk. We pay dues to organizations, and we talk, talk, talk! Just now, however, we are getting a practical if somewhat cruel course in current civics, and we have become inveterate readers of the daily papers. Slowly, I think, we are becoming intelligent readers. Rarely a day passes without

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some member of the faculty calling attention to another defaulted bond. This is significant. If our salaries are ever paid, I fancy fewer bond salesmen will live luxuriously on teachers' money.

Three sets of papers yet to grade, and then to bed.

March 29. — Infuriated by the constant use of the phrase 'unpaid teachers' by the newspapers to force selfish legislation through Springfield, I stepped to the telephone to-night and asked to speak with the editor of the *Herald and Examiner*. I actually got him and talked for ten minutes before he summoned a reporter to take down what I had to say. I had expected to be told to reserve my ideas for the classroom. What I wanted, I said, was a radio broadcast by leading teachers urging citizens to wire their representatives at Springfield that the teaching body did not want the rights of voters jeopardized by the use of 'teachers' welfare' as a screen. To my surprise I got it. In less than an hour and a half I heard my own words being hurled back at me by four speakers. They sounded a trifle hysterical, but all right. 'Is the threat of starvation being used to force us to aid in stealing Chicago's right to elect by popular vote those men who are to direct the destiny of the city in these dangerous times?' Another said: 'We as teachers have been urged to bring pressure to bear to help in passing this legislation. We have been fooled before in similar manner — with promises of pay. This time we are trying to keep ourselves from being misled.' And another: 'Citizens of Chicago, we are holding our line. We are refusing to be used for factional logrolling. We will not sell you out.'

But will this turn the trick? Will the voice of the people now be heard in Springfield? I have been told that I have a 'messianic complex.' Perhaps it

is this that makes me think that I have helped to-night to ensure a decent election and a decent Mayor. I know better, of course. There will be a lot of telegrams, no doubt — but the dear public is still peacefully sleeping, unaware of what is going on around it. Already between the political shambles and the current murder trial the headlines are singing the financial success of the Century of Progress Exposition, which will not open for another two months. 'Already in March,' says the lyric reporter, 'the Fair has crowds equal to those of '93. . . . When Charles G. Dawes went out . . . for subscriptions to \$6,500,000 of the original bonds . . . right in the midst of the dark days of the 1929 stock-market crash, the donors thought they were throwing their money away for civic pride. The fact is they are now aware with chuckles of relief that the Century of Progress 6 per cent bonds at par were the best investment many of them have made in the last three years. . . . Generally speaking, everybody in the United States has known there was going to be a fair in Chicago except the people of Chicago.'

Very true, no doubt; but I can't help remembering that it was this same Charles G. Dawes who got millions of the people's money out of the R. F. C. to support his bank, last June, and that he is one of a group of bankers who 'cannot' now accept at par, so that its teachers may be paid, the tax warrants of the very city which is celebrating its Century of Progress.

March 30. — We lose! The Graham Bill passes the Senate, and a hand-picked group of aldermen depart for Hot Springs to select a Mayor acceptable to the Sargent Committee, the backers of the Fair-to-be, the politicians, and the lesser gangsters. Yesterday the papers said: 'Loop banks agree

to finance pay roll for last two weeks of June as soon as legislature validates Acting Mayor Corr's signature.' To-day they read: 'Find flaw in legislation.' So the signature is still invalid. No pay in sight, not even the promised two weeks' — and the primary gone blooey! The teachers are furious.

April 3. — Fred Sargent, head of the Citizens' Committee and president of the Chicago & North Western Railroad, has gone to Washington to see the President about school loans. Little hope for any results. But I had results in class to-day. The discussion of current events was spirited and intelligent. It was splendid. I have hope for the younger generation. Some of the students look so shabby and so hungry. One more girl stopped at the desk to ask until to-morrow to hand in her work. The poor child is clerking, after school hours, at Woolworth's. What a way to have to spend her leisure!

April 4. — A delegation of teachers has left for Washington. Szymczak too! The press says his trip is to obtain a loan for the teachers, but rumor has it that he wants a Federal Reserve appointment. As for Fred Sargent, I wonder if *his* trip to Washington was entirely in the interests of the teaching body. There is an infuriating editorial in the *Daily News* calling him our friend, but 14,000 unpaid teachers doubt it. He got a loan, all right, but it was not for us — eight million more for the C. & N. W., 'to be drawn down as needed.' Of the \$426,300,000 total funded indebtedness of the road, thirty-two million was previously loaned by the R. F. C. The figures appeared in an article on the financial page of the *News*, only a step or two beyond the editorial department. And on page 1 the news about the further loan! This is the same Fred Sargent who as head of the Citizens'

Committee constantly howls for more economy in the schools. What a success the gentleman has made of his C. & N. W.

April 5. — The school strike has broken. It amounted to little at our school. An efficient engineer, who has frozen us systematically all winter and all spring, put his finger in the dike. My talks yesterday apparently had little to do with keeping my pupils in class; it was all the work of the engineer — he disconnected the electric bells so that no signals could be sounded. To-night's papers are filled with strike news and pictures of the striking students. Black headlines: 'Ten Thousand Students Quit Desks in Protest on Teacher Pay'; 'Arrest Eighteen Student Strikers'; and more of the same. It is all very alarming. Another editorial in the *Daily News*, calling it 'the inevitable consequence of the inexcusable treatment of the teaching force. . . . Thousands of them, underfed and distracted by intolerable anxieties, have been carrying the burden of their unpaid toil by sheer heroic resolve.'

These be brave words, and true; yet they would come with better grace from a newspaper whose proprietors were less staunch supporters of the infamous Citizens' Committee. It is the Committee that is our enemy — made up of bank presidents, railroad presidents, packers, and directors generally of the wealth of the second city of the United States. There is no possible doubt of their intention; they are attempting to starve the teaching force into submission to their programme and to cripple the city's educational system. They would like to reduce public education in Chicago to the 'three R's.' There is ample justification for the labor station's radio broadcasting of attacks on publicized respectability, naïve as it

often is. It is 50 per cent hair-trigger, but it is also 50 per cent right. I am going to bed. What will to-morrow bring?

April 6. — The strike grows. Communism has been charged, of course. It is a nasty mess. Dead tired when I reached home. The pupils are jittery, the teachers nervous. But I taught my classes, and I really *taught*. In my room there was no discussion of the situation. Five teachers have been sent to asylums since January first, I heard to-day. My resources are pretty thin. I need spring clothes desperately. I should let Mrs. J—— go, but can't bring myself to tell her. It is such a pittance I pay her, and yet she needs the money. Husband out of work — her boy in high school! Two more form letters in my mailbox were from loan companies offering me \$300 or \$400 without anyone knowing about it — at interest which approximates 41 per cent for the year. They choose such reassuring names, these companies. Much of their capital is borrowed from our five Loop banks and reloaned to us at these usurious rates. Many of the teachers are already in their clutches. *Clutches!* That word makes me wonder if I am losing my sense of humor — it sounds so *East Lynne-ish!* But the situation, too, is *East Lynne-ish*. Three postal cards from brokers offering to sell my tax warrants for me. Some of these young men are making a fat living out of needy teachers. The wealthy are buying our warrants at far below par and turning them in on unpaid tax bills.

April 7. — Headlines are so amusing: 'Hope Grows for Teachers' Pay'; 'Parents of Strikers Subject to Fine'; 'Take Back Expelled Reds'; 'Teachers to See Ickes'; 'Roosevelt to Hear Plea'; 'Strong in Cash; Total Deposits of Chicago Banks Now One Billion and a Half.' Still the timid bankers

hesitate, overcome by their doubts of Corr's signature. Many pictures of the aldermen at Hot Springs. A dispatch from Washington says Senator Lewis has urged appointment of M. S. Szymczak, Chicago city comptroller, to the Federal Reserve Board. So that is why he went to Washington!

April 8. — *Tribune* says to-day: 'Fear Teachers' Cash Pay Day Is Facing a Delay.' At the bottom of the article one realizes why; yesterday's strike of high-school students has petered out. Attendance was little below normal to-day, and by Monday, the authorities predict, all the pupils will be back in class. But the *Tribune's* headline should have read, '*Hope Teachers' Cash Pay Day, etc.*' The animosity of the 'World's Greatest Newspaper' is usually more explicit.

A rather lonely evening. My own fault — my pride, I guess. I was invited to dinner and the theatre and felt that I could not accept. But I spent a pleasant evening, nevertheless, with some English book catalogues that had come in. Have n't bought a book in eight months! My sabbatical is due next January. If they pay me the salary I have earned, perhaps I shall be able to gratify my lifetime's dream of wandering down Eastcheap in the footsteps of Irving — prowling the streets of Old London, the descriptions of which so amused me to-night in Stow's account. But the bills hang heavy, heavy over my head — 'what shall I do to redeem them?' My account book shows that, with salary to date, all bills could be paid and \$1200 put aside for London and Oxford — and my Shakespearean research!

There was quite a fight to conquer self-pity to-night. I wanted so desperately a stunning evening dress, and to accept that invitation. Teachers who 'go places and do things' occasionally, I have noted, are better teachers

for it. But I did n't want to go because I should be a better teacher. What rationalizers we are! Oh, to be a *very* tender apple blossom!

Walked off a bad temper induced by a bill from one of the department stores, and wrote an impertinent letter. 'Dear Sirs: You solicited my account knowing me to be a teacher in the Chicago high schools. You know now (Or do you? It has been whispered in some of the papers) that the Board of Education owes us, etc., etc., etc.' But I tore it up and began over again. 'Dear Sirs: It grieves me to have to say that I am unable at this time to take care of this account.' It was after this that I put on my hat and raincoat and walked six miles. After ten minutes the black mood passed. The rain dashing in my face, the white plumes on the angry lake, the delicate green velvet buds in the park, so soon to blossom, all helped to restore my temper. I love the city and its parks — and spring *is* coming. I kept repeating to myself Wordsworth's lovely sonnet beginning, 'Earth has not anything to show more fair.' But it is too true that in Chicago all this loveliness is as a great brocade of beauty laid over a festering corpse.

April 9. — While I was walking off my ill temper on the lake front yesterday, repeating Wordsworth's lines on the City Beautiful, fellow teachers were interrupting a flag-raising ceremony at the Century of Progress. The picture in Palm Sunday's paper is a grim one — all the bigwigs, frock-coated and silk-hatted, rode up in cars to take part in the ceremony. But it did n't come off. There, ahead of them, were the same old shabby, nondescript teachers, singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and holding aloft their own banners — one of them reading, 'Chicago, the Wonder City, Has 14,000 Unpaid School-Teachers.' The officials did n't care for

the teachers' ceremony and there was no room on the lake front for another one, so with disdainful glances they drove away. The flag was not raised yesterday on a Century of Progress.

More and more I feel myself being drawn to this more violent form of expression. Something in me cries out that it is bad enough to be poor, worried, and debt-ridden, but far worse to make a spectacle of myself. Nevertheless I am trampling down my pride, if that is what it is, and I too perhaps shall soon join the more radical elements of the teaching force in their demonstrations. With their nuisance technique they are getting results that I am beginning to realize could not otherwise have been achieved. At the least, they are calling attention to the deplorable situation in which we exist. Many of the teachers are actually facing starvation.

April 10. — Corr is off for Hot Springs. Not a vacation, he says; but to get action. *Action?* Well, to-day two thousand school-teachers stormed the City Hall and one of the banks. At the bank, guards were hastily stationed and the doors were closed.

One of the papers carries an article about McDonough, the county treasurer. The much-talked-about McDonough plan of tax collection has been abandoned. Each day the burden grows more intolerable. The city is perhaps legitimately two years behind in its taxes because of the reassessment. But the truth is that to date the total back tax bill amounts to more than \$250,000,000. And statistics show that more than 90 per cent of taxes on property values of \$10,000 or less have been paid in full. In other words, the lower and middle classes have been the good citizens in spite of the depression. It is the rich who cannot or will not pay. Appointing their Citizens' Committees,

they are dictating educational retrenchment. The schools, they shout, must economize. The sympathetic press runs editorials about a 'soak the rich' campaign; yet we know that locally and nationally the poor man pays his taxes while the rich man hires lawyers to defend his plea that he cannot pay. As Alice said, 'Things grow curiouser and curiouser.'

But I must press my dress, mend the elbow, and sew in fresh collar and cuffs. I am beginning to be a little tired of vegetable soup, stews, and chopped meat for dinner; but one of these I shall have. Am I becoming a prima donna? Is it butterflies' tongues that I hanker for? Come, come, my dear!

April 11. — There is a smell of spring in the air. I was quite warm to-day in my old winter clothes. I look and feel detestably shabby. And there is a bitterness creeping into me that I despise. I am neglecting the dentist, too. All silly and senseless, I tell myself — I should go to the dentist and pay him when I get paid; I should go to the shops and charge things to my accounts. School-teachers as a class were always good credit, because they paid their bills on time. Now they are made to feel like paupers. But I will purchase nothing as long as my income is nothing. The whole situation is fantastic — incredible! The city now owes me \$2780, and God knows when I'll get a penny of it.

As a compromise I have made out a list of the bare necessities to replenish last year's wardrobe: a cheap hat, — I hate cheap hats! — a pair of shoes, gloves, hose, and alterations on two of last spring's dresses. I have lost weight alarmingly, I find. I suppose I should not have cut off the cream; but I could n't afford it. The greenbacks in the old book are shrinking away — I have had no bank account for a year.

If I let Mrs. J—— go, there will be a saving; but I can't do that. If only her husband could get work! It is unbelievable that it is she and her sort — the small home owners — who have for the most part paid such taxes as have been paid! Now she would like to sell her home. I know how she has scrimped and saved to meet her payments.

On the heels of these thoughts, a little while ago, I picked up the evening paper, and this is what greeted my eye: 'We the citizens of Chicago, second city in population in the United States, metropolis of the West, greatest railroad centre in the world, extend to the public a cordial welcome to the greatest drama of human progress ever assembled in the tide of time — a Century of Progress International Exposition. We welcome you to the wisdom of the world in every phase of human endeavor. We welcome you to a city whose hospitality knows no limits, whose parks and drives surpass the cities of the world in acreage and mileage, the spires of whose churches, temples, and cathedrals challenge the clouds in their sweep and are a constant and perpetual reminder that this city bows in reverence and acknowledges that there is a Supreme Being that rules the Universe. The gates stand ajar, our hearthstones await your coming, our hands, etc., etc., etc.'

Comment is impossible! O God, O Rufus Dawes!

And this will be about enough of that. There are some runners in my stockings that demand attention. If they are mended with great care, perhaps no eye will detect that there now stands exactly \$32.53 between me and —?

April 12. — Mr. Taylor, president of the Board, and, in private, attorney for the common stockholders of Middle West Securities, says: 'Representa-

tives of the bankers have informed me to-day that they will sever all connection with the school system if we issue warrants in excess of 50 per cent of the number permitted by the Budget.' I attended a Board meeting to-day. One of the trustees proposed that the schools be closed, and the teachers cheered. They don't really want the schools closed; but they are hungry and tired and they can't go on without money. Action on closing the schools was postponed until to-morrow.

April 13. — I attended the Board meeting; a frightful jam at the entrance. Of the 14,000 teachers in the system, 75 per cent at least have the same idea I have — that the schools must be closed. I want it blazoned to the world that Chicago's school-teachers have been forced into involuntary servitude. I want the country at large to know that we have worked for almost a year without pay in this beautiful city that invites the world to its celebration of a Century of Progress. But that is only a part of me — only an angry part of these really kindly, conservative people who have been so twisted by the politicians and the bankers and the press. We have been bullied and threatened for so long that we almost hope that, as a Century of Progress is ushered in, a wrecked and ended school system may be ushered out.

However, the schools are not to be closed. Teachers are to go on teaching. One of the trustees with banker affiliations smugly announced that it would be a disgrace to close the schools now. It would be very bad, it appears, in view of the coming Fair. The President of the Board also voiced his opposition. Who would feed the thousands of children who, as matters stand, are being fed in the schools, he demanded to know. He thought we might as well finish the school year on June 1 and give the children their credits. Did he

mean, I wonder, that there would be difficulty with the parents of pupils if the children did not get their credits? That it was easier to put up with the unpaid teachers and their noise than to risk getting the children's parents in the Board's hair? One trustee actually suggested that the schools be closed at once — but he was a lone voice and quite powerless to gain his point.

When I reached home, dead tired, it was to read that Edward J. Kelly had been chosen Mayor by the City Council, under authority granted by the Graham-Adamowski Bill. 'The workers must be paid!' he announced in his first press appearance as Mayor of Chicago. Must they? To-morrow is Friday — another pay day. We shall see.

April 14. — No checks to-day. The papers say we may get two weeks' salary on Monday. A huge demonstration is planned for Saturday. Spent the afternoon grading papers, and most of the evening. To-morrow I shall *parade*. I've come to it, at last. I loathe the idea, but the public must be awakened. I feel a little like Joan of Arc or Lydia Pankhurst. *Was it 'Lydia'?*

April 15. — 'Civic Leaders Plan Huge Drive to Pay Teacher Salaries!' The headlines are not convincing, however. Every effort was made to stop the parade. Checks for seven days' salary were rushed to all the schools, and the word went round yesterday that teachers must report at school to get them to-day. Seven days! The Board still owes us for eight months. Most of the principals received the checks and brought them to the parading teachers. At a conservative estimate, 20,000 teachers and students paraded, accompanied by high-school bands and flourishing many placards. Some of the signs were clever, some bitter, some only dull; but all of them

blamed the politicians and the bankers, and, of course, the Citizens' Committee. The placard that amused me most read: 'I Regret That I Have But One Week's Pay to Give My Creditors.' The crowds of onlookers appeared sympathetic; and a few seemed to know what it was all about. It appalled me to find myself marching in a parade of protest, but I do think that only such methods will bring results. I've been converted. Once I did n't believe it. But all other methods have failed. Perhaps the bankers and the Board will pay us to keep us off the streets.

News-reel cameramen made pictures of the spectacle. Surely 'big business,' interested in the welfare of the Exposition, won't care for this type of advertising. The papers to-night are filled with receivership scandals. A very nasty mess. One of the officials of the Chicago Title and Trust Company is a member of the Citizens' Committee. Teachers are planning to picket the big corporation, as well as the banks which owe taxes and refuse to pay them.

April 16. — To-day is Easter Sunday. I shall spend most of the day figuring out how I may divide my week's salary among my nagging creditors. Also I must get in a long walk. . . . A box of roses from dear old L. W. The card asks, 'How about having dinner at St. Hubert's at five o'clock? Chess?' The last is not his attempt at a joke. He means: Shall we play chess later? How about it, indeed! And by letting down the hem of my dark blue silk, taking it in at the waist and hips, and making a tricky little vest of an old sash, I can go. . . .

April 24. — A long gap! 'Whisky' prevented entries. I have n't done much of anything but play with him. Dr. James brought him to me. He dropped in one day and found me a little below par, with a nasty spring

cold. He said what I needed was a sea voyage! We both laughed at that. No doubt I do. He suggested that I was worrying about something. That was true. Then he reminded me that my father had helped him out in the early days of his practice. Could n't I let him . . . I could n't, of course; but I broke down and wept all over the premises. He said he would bring me a tonic, anyway, the next time he came. That is how Whisky came to live with me — probably the most adorable wire-haired fox terrier in the world! A little thoroughbred — I did n't need his London Kennel Club papers to prove that.

With some thousands of others, I spent the first days of my spring vacation 'rioting in banks,' as the papers headlined it. We *did* rather fill and overflow four of the large Loop banks. Our committees talked with some of the presidents, after they had been persuaded to see us. Mr. Charles G. Dawes came down smiling but perspiring and suggested that we just have patience. School Board tax warrants, he said, were not good bank collateral. Somebody asked him how Insull stock was as collateral. In view of the loan he obtained from the R. F. C., it was a telling shot, and he resented it. 'I'll have no heckling,' he said; and began again: 'We must all march like soldiers; we must coöperate —' Again a group of teachers interrupted, and he shouted, 'To hell with trouble makers!' The whole episode was extraordinary.

What a situation! The R. F. C. has offered to lend money, through the banks, sufficient to take care of teacher pay rolls. The banks won't accept tax warrants of the city until the taxes come in. Taxes won't come in because the wealthy tax dodgers are refusing to pay them. It is a vicious circle.

April 26. — A delightful day. I devoted three hours of the morning to

school work. Rumor has it once more that the schools are to close soon. I made out three plans to cover the work yet to be done, based on three tentative closing dates. This afternoon I played tennis. The air was glorious. And in the evening I had dinner and danced at the Yacht Club. There were ten in the party, all old friends. Dr. James asked me if I had been 'biting any more bankers'!

April 27. — Reported for teachers' demonstration to-day. We decided to picket the homes of outstanding tax dodgers. There was a wild mêlée at the Chicago Title and Trust Company, and some of the teachers were clubbed. I did n't happen to be one of them. Next time, maybe! From one point of view, we have no right to be doing this sort of thing; but from another, those of us who are still eating regular meals owe it to those who are starving to force public attention to this situation. The headlines to-night are black and several inches high.

April 28. — Paul Schneider, a 41-year-old school-teacher, a husband and father, committed suicide to-day. How much longer, O Lord? The *New York Journal of Commerce* gave us a fine editorial, praising our strategy and suggesting that we picket the homes of the leaders of the tax strike.

April 29. — The Skarda Bill has passed, and we have been treated to pictures of the County Treasurer: at the telephone, lighting a fat cigar, writing a letter, and — amazingly — in his office. Four hundred large delinquent taxpayers are to get the opportunity to pay up at once or be thrown into receivership under the Skarda Act.

April 30. — The *Tribune* continues its attacks on the Glass-Steagall Bill, the Industrial Recovery Act, the policies of the President. The *Tribune* is for reduced educational budgets, rugged

individualism, and, in general, the old order of things. 'New Delay for Insull Quiz,' say the headlines; but we teachers who must use electric light and gas find it impossible to delay the payment of our bills. City corporate employees have received their salaries for December, and are promised those for January soon. Kelly announces that teachers may expect \$14,000,000 in cash before long. The city employees are four months ahead of us in collections.

May 3. — Taylor orders \$10,000,000 cut in school costs. New Board members are announced. We now have, as members of the School Board, two presidents of coal companies, two bankers, two lawyers, a member of women's clubs, and a receivership official who is prominent in the American Legion; also a hotel receiver who has not even a Legion connection to recommend him. The House has passed a bill to guard pensions if the teachers quit.

May 4. — Teachers meet with bankers to discuss pay.

Mayor meets with bankers to discuss pay.

Teachers meet with Mayor.

All demonstrations have been called off, and the Mayor has promised no further cuts. Immediate payment of salaries up to January was also promised. Friday is dead line, Kelly says. We may have the money before then. This is the result of our nuisance technique — the only thing that has been effective to date.

May 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. — Complete silence in the newspapers about teachers' pay. The weather is warm and I am spending my spare time making a dress, which will take an eternity, as I have no sewing machine. No time for tennis these days. Mrs. J—— has offered to wait for her money. Whisky is sympathetic, and a dear little dog. He does n't like to see me sitting still and staring into space. When he catches

me at it he jumps into my lap and licks my face, or goes and gets me one of his chewed-up rubber toys.

May 10. — Even the *Tribune* has published an editorial shooting at McDonough: 'The Collector Who Does n't Collect.' One of the papers demands his immediate removal. Two weeks have elapsed since he screamed his intentions, and four suits, instead of four hundred as advertised, have been filed against tax delinquents. Some small 'down payments' have been made. The mountain labors and produces a mouse.

'Banks Blame Tax Cut on Homes for Delay in City Pay.' This is the latest, not the last, excuse. Nevertheless, the 15 per cent slash granted small home owners should be allowed to stand. Only these little fellows are paying their taxes at all. The papers have been filled with reports of cuts granted by the Assessor on Gold Coast property.

May 11. — I attended the Board meeting to-day. The Democrats now have complete control. The members have been hailed as 'hard-headed business men' pledged to a programme of economy. I should like to see their school records. During one of the addresses I listened to the longest split infinitive I have ever heard in my life. Not one of them can produce an extemporaneous sentence of any length without losing his verb. The Board rooms looked like a setting for a gangster's funeral; they were banked with flowers for the inauguration. The wife of one of the new members sat through most of the proceedings smoking a cigarette. She was in pearl gray, and when she did n't have a cigarette in her mouth she chewed gum. I heard her complain on the way out because her husband had been given only a one-year term. 'Kelly owed him more than that,' she said.

No word about teachers' pay was spoken, but it was decided that schools should close two weeks earlier than usual. A discussion about five boilers to be ordered for grammar schools developed an illiterate argument that bordered on idiocy.

The Hearst *Examiner* has a scathing editorial demanding a federal probe of the 'midnight millions' loaned to Dawes. 'By the time the Attorney-General and the Secretary of the Treasury get through investigating,' it says, 'perhaps they will decide that it is the Insulls, those who ran the Dawes bank, and those who ran the Stevens' Illinois Life Insurance Company, who are the real causes of the present-day troubles in Chicago.'

May 12. — Received four months' pay. The banks loaned \$12,500,000 at 6 per cent for six months to make it possible. At the same time they limited the school loans so that the rest of the money owed us could not be paid in warrants. In my own case the money will have to go almost entirely to pay up my debts. Teacher organizations have warned us to pay only in part, since no more money is likely to be forthcoming; but I cannot do things that way. I shall pay in full, which will leave me a balance of \$250 to last me until school reconvenes. I shall have to get a job for the summer to make ends meet. At least \$30 must go for dental work at once. Many of the teachers are worse off than I. Some have taken jobs as waitresses, or plan to.

Nice Mr. C — of our own faculty was rejoicing that through a little influence he was getting a job at the Fair. He has three small children to support. To-day he told us that the Fair job paid only \$50 a month and 'tips,' and he told us what it was. He is to be cashier in a pay toilet! Comment is impossible.

The city still owes us our salaries for January, February, March, April, May, and half of June.

May 21. — The Mayor has issued a warning through the press that there are to be no demonstrations on the part of teachers when the Fair opens. He will not countenance any 'discourtesy' to the visitors to our Century of Progress Exposition. And with this the school news vanishes from the newspapers. Demonstrations by teachers will be discouraged by policemen's clubs, it is threatened, and we may find ourselves in the County Hospital if we parade to the banks again.

Three weeks are left us in which to complete two months' work in our classes, and summer has set in with a vengeance. The \$40,000,000 bond issue for payment of school salaries passed the legislature yesterday. No one expects it to become tangible cash before late fall or winter.

May 22. — Dog tired. After a stupid half hour reading the newspapers one wonders if the editors, too, are tired or if they ever read their own papers. One article with illustrations deals with the taxes due on the Palmer House. Honoré and Potter Palmer are listed as the responsible partners in connection with a delinquent tax of \$517,247; and on the opposite page there is an article on official hostesses for the Century of Progress. Pictures of Mrs. Potter Palmer, Jr., and a perfervid account of the brilliant society matron who is to open the Fair! A nice juxtaposition indeed! For me, there are papers to grade and a dress to press. Ho, hum!

June 5. — The heat is terrific. Last night I worked until three, grading papers. Officially the temperature is 98 degrees, but in my classroom it averaged 111 for three hours. Examination weather! There is no word of any further effort to get us our back salaries.

To-day the vice president of the School Board appeared in Judge Jarecki's court to protest the judge's appointment of a receiver for a building which owes \$26,491 in back taxes. The judge asked him how many teachers' salaries might be paid by that amount, and, getting no reply, he allowed the receivership to stand.

June 9. — The last day of school is always antilimactic. To-day was doubly so. We were turned loose for the summer without pay and without hope of pay. What I need is to be turned out to pasture, but instead I shall have to find a job. The family is furious at my independence — two letters on the subject to-day. 'Come and spend the summer with us!' Can't be done, darlings, unless I can go like the wise men, bearing gifts. And I can't.

July 10. — Yesterday the Board passed a so-called economy measure wiping out the junior high schools, closing the one junior college in the city, and abolishing all manual training and domestic science in the grade schools. Teachers' classes in the high schools will be increased from five to seven, and there is to be one principal only for every two grammar schools. Swimming instruction, too, is wiped out, and the physical education department is halved. This is the second step in a programme designed to wreck public education. The first was to starve the teaching force into submission.

This action is in direct conflict with the National Recovery Act, since it adds to unemployment by throwing more than 1000 teachers out of work. The savings claimed by the Board are terrific exaggerations — indeed, the whole programme is based on falsehood and hypocrisy. How will the dear public receive this step? Apparently they have cared little that the teachers were being starved. Now that the real objective behind the activity is obvious,

what will the people do? I had expected the blow to fall first on senior high schools. That will be the third step, perhaps.

July 21. — The clamor of the newspapers is deafening. For the moment even the big circus on the lake front has been crowded off the front pages. The *Tribune* openly defends the action of the Board; the Hearst papers denounce it. The *News* straddles beautifully. Two splendid articles in the *Herald and Examiner*, by President Hutchins, expose the cheat of it all and demand that the Board either rescind its action or get out.

To-night I attended the great mass meeting called by the Save Our Schools Committee. The Stadium was filled: 25,000 persons — parents, teachers, and citizens of every kind. The high spot was an amazing speech by Judd of the University of Chicago in which he proved that no deficit existed for the year 1933 — that an accumulated deficit of less than \$7,000,000, dating back to 1929, is being met in a single year by this drastic and unnecessary cut in educational services. He said that the cut was advised by the paid agent of Fred Sargent, head of the so-called Citizens' Committee, that the Board had merely acted under orders from the Mayor, and that the Mayor had accepted the policy dictated by the owner of the *Chicago Tribune*. He lashed the Board for its pretense of economy, when it refuses to adjust the costs of material maintenance.

Stench bombs were exploded in an attempt to break up the meeting, and, what with the heat, the whole affair was an ordeal; but the dear public certainly heard some truths expressed. My head aches furiously, but I am glad I went.

July 22. — One lovely bit came out to-day. The *Herald and Examiner* said editorially: 'The public demands to

know why the Board of Education members wish to measure the hours of schooling that a child is to have, while in the same breath they say that they will no longer measure the tonnage of coal purchased.' It has been reported that last winter orders were given to school engineers to cease measuring coal on its receipt at the schools, that figures of the coal dealers were to be accepted. The Board now has two coal company presidents among its members.

July 27. — The headlines to-night are pretty sickening. The school cut has been upheld. A petition signed by 350,000 citizens has been defied by the Board. The cut stands. The comments of one board member are given publicly. He is in his usual good form: 'I ain't got no axe to grind. I never had higher education, and, as God is my judge, the young people of to-day are getting so much education that they don't know what they want to do when they get out of school.' I should like to see a school established in one of the dismantled manual-training rooms to teach the Board members how to talk. Protest meetings are being organized all over the city. The best educators of the country have come to our assistance, and the action of the Board stands condemned from Maine to California.

August 12. — There are days like to-day when I doubt my sanity. Here I am in the frightful heat, spending a large part of my time sticking printed matter into envelopes and addressing it to people who will probably throw it into the wastebasket. I have donated my time to the Save Our Schools Committee. To-day I heard that a public official had frankly answered somebody's question as to when we should get our money. 'You don't suppose anyone cares a damn, do you?' he replied.

'The bankers, the Board, the Mayor, not one of them want the teachers to be paid. You've done your best to make it uncomfortable for us; now we'll make it uncomfortable for you.'

Despite the efforts of the Save Our Schools Committee, dismantling has already begun. A censorship has been established at Board headquarters.

In the days of the Roman Empire the rulers provided free bread and circuses to keep the people happy. There's little free bread now, and we pay for our circuses. Chicago's schools are wrecked and its teachers are starving, but the world still comes to visit the great Century of Progress Exposition on the lake front. Sally Rand and the star Arc-turus. . . .

I am tired. They say things must get worse before they get better. Certainly they are getting worse.

August 13. — Everyone I know has left town. I feel pretty aged to-day. No fight left in me. Unless I can recover a little spirit I shall not be fit for another semester of school.

The members of the Board appear to represent the thought of all 'big business.' The last fight is on. Elementary education for the masses is their objective — and nothing else. As Pearsall Smith says of the Baconians, 'they plunge squeaking down the Gadarene slope of their delusion.' But the boys and girls of high-school age to-day are the voters of to-morrow. If we fail, perhaps they will take up the fight.

August 23. — A glorious, cool summer day. In the morning I went for a swim and in the afternoon to a meeting of the Board. Two sets of tennis in the evening. I am less depressed by the turn of events. The whole meeting to-day, incongruously enough, was devoted to plans for obtaining a government loan for the building of more schools. All they want is \$14,000,000! No mention of the wrecking pro-

gramme; and no discussion of the list of teachers and principals to be dismissed. The *raison d'être* of the School Board becomes increasingly obvious — it is the letting of fat contracts. They talked at length, and with their usual disregard of the English language, of the plasterers and carpenters who would be benefited by the building programme. 'Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax, etc.' No mention of the Walrus. No whisper of the gravy destined to drip into their own mouths when the huge contracts are placed. However, I am not discouraged. I still have faith in the gentleman at Washington. Some part of the loan may go through, but there will be a federal watchdog on the job to keep an eye on expenditures. The days of the grafting politician are numbered.

The Board is protecting itself by uniformed policemen, fully armed, and by plain-clothes detectives — an incredible spectacle! The members are in no physical danger. It is their guilty consciences that frighten them.

I have a sense of well-being these days, possibly because I have had a few days of vacation. But the North Woods are out; my funds are too low, even with the check for the typing job. Anyway, my interest is centred on the local scene just now. The income-tax exposé involving Kelly, Nash, *et al.*, is too good to miss.

September 7. — Another Board meeting yesterday; and the usual diametrically opposite headlines in the papers. 'Trustees Repel Another Blow at School Economy' was the *Tribune's* idea of what occurred. The *Herald and Examiner* said: 'Free Teaching Offer to Help City Spurned.' What really happened was that Mrs. Hefferan, the only member of the Board to vote against the wrecking programme, presented an offer by ten teacher organizations to work for nothing to the extent of any

deficit in the 1933 educational fund. There was a condition attached — that the Board must permit an immediate audit of the school records, at the teachers' expense, to determine the amount of the deficit, if any. It was the implication that a deficit did not exist that angered the Board members.

An attorney named Walker got up and roared at us. 'This kind of stuff gets under your skin,' he said elegantly. 'It exasperates a person who is trying to do something for the school children.' When we all shouted with laughter, the policemen and detectives drew themselves up and waited for an order to stop us. The troubled Mr. Walker went ahead with his own uproar. Unless we had proper respect for the School Board, he said, he would insist on our disclosing our names and addresses as we entered the room, and he would personally prefer charges against us.

When he finished, Trustee Savage got the floor, red of face and neck, and added further threats. He said: 'I will be the first one to vote to dismiss anyone, whether it be superintendent, principal, or otherwise, that does not see that our programme for the benefit of the children is carried out.' So we 'otherwises' subsided, and in the end Superintendent Bogan was allowed to speak. He said he would go before the government advisory commission tomorrow to ask for the \$14,000,000 loan.

September 8. — 'Obviously small comfort was given to representatives of the Board of Education this afternoon when they went before the federal advisory committee on public works and asked for an advance of \$14,000,000,' said the *Daily News* to-day. The early

Tribune said that the committee had 'voiced its favor' of the proposal. I should have attended the meeting myself. Instead I went sailing. The lake was lovely, and it is seldom enough I get a chance to go sailing.

September 11. — I have had a glorious two days in the country. The news on my return is tonic, too. Something is going to happen soon, I think. The real fight is on, and the scene may move to Washington. The papers contain huge pictures of politicians departing in special trains. Ostensibly they are going to ask for relief for the unemployed, but the real purpose of the trip is clear. It has been intimated that the Administration is not in sympathy with the ideals of those who pull the strings of our local democracy. These gentlemen are asking for \$117,000,000 to finance three hundred work projects, but I think they will not have the spending of it. 'T was brillig, and the slithy toves . . .'

School opens in a week. I feel fairly fit, and I am ready. My finances are still appalling. The two weeks' pay tossed us last week — a sop to Cerberus? — went to creditors, except for a few dollars. Sometime this week we are to receive a month's salary in 1933 tax warrants — marketable at a 40 per cent discount or worse. A drop in the bucket of my obligations. To-day is gray and cold, and the leaves are beginning to fall from the trees. On days like these our Nordic ancestors went forth to fight. In the same spirit, I like to think, thousands of teachers are returning to their classes — prepared to serve, but also prepared to fight for a decent solution of the problems ahead. Heaven send us grace and courage to perform our tasks!

THE COUNTER ATTACK

Embattled Veterans. II

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

I

'THE Legion,' said National Commander Louis A. Johnson on the fifth of March, 1933, 'wants nothing more than to be of service to America in this situation as our members were in 1917-1918.'

The situation was the national emergency in the midst of which Franklin D. Roosevelt took office. It was, in fact, as serious as a war, and more difficult, in that the President could not be certain of the support of the people. He was about to make demands of sacrifice. In a war he could count on universal patriotism which would make these sacrifices sure. In time of peace such unselfishness was more doubtful.

It must have heartened Mr. Roosevelt to have the pledge of support of so powerful an organization as the American Legion. His predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, had asked these men for patriotic service in the emergency of 1917, and they had responded with quick zeal. Now, sixteen years later, President Roosevelt was about to ask the same men for patriotic service in an emergency just as great if less spectacular. He was about to ask them to forgo, for the sake of the national credit, some of the annual gifts which through fourteen years generous Congresses (stimulated, to be sure, by a formidable lobby) had heaped upon

them. So Commander Johnson's pledge, broadcast over the radio on the day after the inauguration, was encouraging.

But, in the weeks that followed, a contradiction appeared between the words of the Legion Commander and the activities of the Legion lobby. On March 9, for instance, four days after Mr. Johnson's whole-hearted pledge of support, a curious telegram went out from the office of the lobby in Washington to all department adjutants and executive committeemen of the Legion. 'Wire your Congressmen and Senators immediately,' said this exigent message, 'opposing Congress abdicating its constitutional responsibility by granting to the President authority to repeal or amend existing veterans' laws without approval of Congress.'

The President had not yet made any demands on the ex-soldiers. The lobby, however, had foreseen that he intended shortly to do so. Colonel John Thomas Taylor, chief lobbyist for the Legion, who, according to his own statement, caused this telegram to be sent, had made an excellent guess. For on the next day, March 10, the President, after explaining that the government was 'on the road to bankruptcy,' told Congress that 'provision for additional saving is essential, and therefore I am

asking the Congress to-day for new legislation laying down broad principles for the granting of pensions and other veteran benefits and giving to the Executive the authority to prescribe the administrative details.'

The President, then, was counting on the support pledged by the right hand of the Legion at the very moment that its left hand was commanding Congress to oppose him.

On this same day, immediately after the President's message had confirmed his fears, Colonel Taylor wrote to all Senators and Congressmen: '. . . The members of Congress might transfer their authority to the Executive, but they cannot transfer the tremendous responsibility that will rest upon them for the results of their action.'

And, turning from Congress to the Legion, he then sent the following telegram to all department adjutants and executive committeemen: 'Attempt will be made to jam through Senate and House bills to reduce veterans' benefits four hundred million dollars. Situation requires you to put down immediate barrage on all Senators and Congressmen insisting they vote against Administration bills. . . .' A barrage, it must be explained, is the Legion lobby jargon for the deluge of telegrams from members which for years the lobby has commanded to be 'put down' on Senators and Representatives whenever veteran subsidies have been threatened.

II

One would suppose, at this point, that some authority in the Legion — possibly Commander Johnson himself — might have seen a divergence between the pledge and the barrage, and would have done something to reconcile them. Mr. Johnson might have said, for instance, that on March 5, when he

made the pledge, he had not dreamed the President was going to ask such sacrifices on the part of World War veterans. But instead of this he announced (after Congress had passed the President's bill despite the barrage): 'There is no question of Legion loyalty. The patriotism of every member has been proved in war service and in his peace-time devotion to the welfare of our country. . . . In this hour of emergency we are but eager to serve the Stars and Stripes again under whatever orders our new Commander in Chief may give. Many may disagree with the new law, but now in this crisis we must take his orders. . . .'

This statement must have surprised all the department adjutants and individual members who had executed the barrage; it should also have astonished Colonel Taylor of the lobby, but it did not deter him from sending out to all departments and posts a 32-page bulletin with the instruction: 'Give this wide publicity.' The bulletin contained the President's bill in full, the story of its passage, and the lobby's vehement criticism.

'World War Veterans,' says page one of this bulletin, 'may well ask how such drastic repeal legislation could be rushed through Congress. . . .'

'The bill itself was prepared in secret. Until it was introduced in the House, no one knew its contents. Carefully choosing the time, President Roosevelt shot it to the Congress for immediate action on the plea of "maintaining the credit of the United States Government. . . .'

'The Legion put up a tremendous fight. Department officials, posts, and disabled men lying in hospitals literally poured in telegrams.'

The bill must certainly have appeared drastic to the Legion. It repealed practically all of the laws which for ten years or more the lobby had caused to

be written on the statute books. It threatened a reduction in pensions of some \$400,000,000.

It would not have been surprising, therefore, if Commander Johnson had, after thinking it over and consulting Colonel Taylor, decided to modify his pledge. Instead of this, on April 24, more than a month after the passage of the bill, he said to the American Red Cross: 'When the Economy Act was passed, I issued a statement declaring that our country needed a reawakening of the spirit of patriotism that drove us on to victory in 1917 and 1918. . . . I have not and do not retract one word of that call to service and I tell you the Legion has responded magnificently. In an organization of more than a million men . . . it would be unreasonable to expect everyone to hold the same view. But the vast majority in the Legion and the Auxiliary have reaffirmed their readiness to again make the sacrifice for the good of their country and have pledged their support to our President.'

Thus we had, in the spring of 1933, the curious spectacle of the National Commander of the American Legion reiterating before the public the Legion's pledge to the President and, simultaneously, the Legislative Committee (which the Legion does not call its lobby) bringing every sort of pressure upon departments, posts, and individual members to oppose him.

III

One reason for the passage of the President's bill 'to maintain the credit of the United States Government' was the fact that, watching this strange two-faced game, the Legion itself became divided. In an organization of more than a million men, as Commander Johnson said (stretching the elastic membership figures almost to

the breaking point), it would be 'unreasonable' to expect complete unanimity. It would be especially unreasonable, I should think, while the members were being bombarded by their own officials with two diametrically opposite views, each supposed to be orthodox. The result was that many members took the speeches of their National Commander seriously and actually rallied to the President's support against their own apparent interests.

Thus Commander George W. Lawrence of the Department of New York, getting Colonel Taylor's order to put down a barrage, refused bluntly. Many Legion posts made independent resolutions of support. The Leonard S. Morange Post No. 464 of Bronxville called a special meeting to pass such a resolution, and it condemned the Legion lobby in the following vigorous words:—

'The Legislative Committee, originally designed to be the servant of the American Legion, is in a fair way to become its master, and is now known as the strongest and most feared lobby in Washington, resorting to political intimidation to work its will on the Congress. . . .' The resolution went on to recommend 'the immediate and permanent abolition of the National Legislative Committee . . . including the well-known Washington Lobby as at present operated and maintained.'

The result of this division of feeling was that, when the Economy Bill was up before the House and the Senate, the barrage ordered by Colonel Taylor met a counter barrage which swamped it. In his 32-page bulletin Colonel Taylor complains, speaking of the telegrams, that 'for every one sent in by a disabled soldier, our opponents sent in three.'

Colonel Taylor implies that the opponents were non-veterans. As a

matter of fact, they were not. Most of them were veterans. They were veterans who, like the members of the Leonard Morange Post, were incensed against the lobby. The first real doubt of the solidarity of the veteran vote was thus communicated to Congress; feeling this doubt, and at the same time swayed by party loyalty and the pressure of public opinion in general, Congress passed the bill. Without that doubt, the bill would not have passed. So, in this moment at least, the tyranny of the Legion dictatorship failed. And this failure was due, largely, to the attempt of the National Legislative Committee to nullify the pledge of the National Commander.

IV

The division in the Legion and the formation of a new, dissenting veteran organization were not, however, developments of a moment. They had begun to mature in the summer of 1932.

The first 'bonus army' which advanced on Washington in that summer sharpened the feelings of veterans everywhere. The bonus army was not the creature of the Legion. Many persons, however, some of them Legionnaires, believed it to be so. The remarks of Representative Blanton (widely quoted), who from the floor of the House addressed galleries full of bonus marchers, saying, 'You American Legion boys stay in Washington just as long as you damned please,' did not help the confusion. Therefore many Legionnaires, disgusted by the spectacle of the bonus army, became at the same time disgusted with the Legion, while many others were angered at President Hoover's eviction of the marchers and wanted the Legion to declare itself openly in favor of bonus prepayment.

In the convention of the Legion in

Portland in the fall of 1932, there occurred an odd succession of resolutions. First, passed by a large majority, was the resolution demanding immediate payment in full of the bonus due in 1945. Next was the adoption of a 'legislative programme' which asked for compensation for veterans' widows regardless of the cause of death, and for the advancement to 1941 of the date of a veteran's marriage to which this provision would apply — these things at an increased annual cost of \$100,000,000 to the people. The programme further demanded the removal of the 'needs' clause from existing veteran legislation. Finally, to everyone's surprise, came a resolution introduced by Commander Johnson creating a Legion committee to investigate all veteran laws with the intent of bringing about economies in veteran costs!

Again a startling paradox — a flood of extravagant demands followed by a moment of fear. And the fear spread. As day by day the nation drew nearer to its economic crisis, individual Legion members and several entire posts saw that the extravagance could not go on. Some fifteen posts went on record as opposing the new programme.

And in the meantime two organizations had grown to power. The National Economy League, organized by veterans, had revealed the startling amount of annual veteran costs and showed how this sum could be cut in two without affecting a single case of a truly war-disabled ex-service man.

Then there was the American Veterans Association, composed exclusively of ex-service men, which had taken many Legionnaires from the Legion. The cry of this body was for justice: 'Justice to the war wounded, justice to the war dead, justice to the American people.' The association started a campaign of publicity to point out

that many living veterans only partly disabled were receiving more compensation than widows of men killed in action; that it was not fair to the war-disabled to pay compensation to peace-disabled veterans; that it was not fair to the people to ask for \$450,000,000 annually for veterans (of all wars) who had emerged from the conflict safe and sound.

The insurgent Willard Straight Post of the Legion had sent a vigorous telegram to Legion headquarters protesting against the inequalities between widows' pensions and compensation to living peace-disabled veterans, concluding with the arresting question: 'Is this because dead men cast no votes?'

So the more perspicacious members even of the 'lame duck' Congress must have suspected that the veteran vote was losing power. Yet the intimidation of the lobby held sway to the very end of the session, and both houses passed the Independent Offices Bill calling for an appropriation of \$945,988,634 for veteran benefits. The veto of this bill was the last official act of President Hoover.

V

It would be impossible here to give in detail the provisions of the President's Economy Bill which was intended to cut about \$400,000,000 from veteran benefits. It is important, however, to consider the general intent of the bill and how far it carried out this intent.

We must remember first that all Spanish-American and World War veteran benefits provided by law are divided in two parts: (1) benefits to veterans disabled in line of duty in war service; (2) benefits to veterans disabled in civilian activities after discharge, the benefits granted merely because the men once wore the uniform.

Between these groups run the 'presumptive' cases. In 1924 a law was passed 'presuming' all cases of tuberculosis developing up to January 1, 1925, in World War veterans to have originated in the war regardless of evidence to the contrary, and laying down similar presumption with respect to nervous diseases unless there was evidence to show they had originated otherwise.

It was this presumptive legislation which brought about pensions to persons admittedly disabled in civilian occupations. In 1930, when presumption could not be stretched further without making disabled veterans ridiculous (not to mention medical science), the notorious Disability Allowance Act was passed, providing for cash compensation to World War veterans 25 per cent disabled from automobile accidents or colds caught in drafty rooms—at an annual cost to the people of \$104,000,000.

The President wanted to remove all these 'peace veterans' from the rolls while keeping the true war sufferers. This seemed to most citizens and to many veterans a square deal. To the Legion lobby, surprisingly, it did not seem so. For on March 13, while the bill hung in the Senate, Mr. Ray Murphy, chairman of the Legislative Committee (who usually remains in the background while Colonel Taylor does the work), came out with this amazing statement: 'In the presence of existing conditions and the need for economy, the American Legion, unwilling that the basic structure of World War Veterans' relief be destroyed, is willing to make its full contribution to sound credit . . . by supporting a 25 per cent reduction in World War Veterans' benefits.'

In other words, the Legion lobby was supporting a 25 per cent horizontal cut which would affect true war cases

equally with those which had nothing whatever to do with the war. The lobby was willing to cut 25 per cent off the compensation of a man crippled for life by a shell in the Argonne in order to keep on the pension rolls the man hurt in 1932 by the skidding of a car. In view of the Legion's traditional 'first duty' to the war disabled, this last-minute effort to preserve the 'basic structure' caused astonishment and shock throughout the nation.

Yet to those who, for the past ten years, had followed the lobby's complicated activities, there was no surprise. To them it was evident that 'preserving the basic structure of veterans' relief' meant preserving the basic structure of the Legion. The great majority of Legionnaires had been healthy men when the war ended. To remove the 'peace veterans' from the pension rolls might also remove them from Legion membership. More important still (because the Legion contains only a fraction of World War veterans), it might alienate many non-Legionnaires, peace veterans, who could be induced to join if the Legion backed legislation which would benefit them.

VI

Congress rejected the 25 per cent horizontal cut and backed the President's intent to cut the peace-disabled veteran. It did not, however, go all the way in this, and neither did the President. Many people believe the new law did not make the dividing line sharp enough. It allowed certain reductions in true war cases. It permitted certain peace cases to remain, their compensation greatly reduced.

In asking Congress for such a drastic law, the President was confronted with difficult problems. He had to deal with a Congress which for years had been

intimidated by the most powerful lobby Washington has ever known. He was faced with the question of cutting off entirely many totally disabled, helpless men without means of support who, though their troubles did not come from the war, had been living on doles voted by Congress. And he was faced with the necessity of saving \$400,000,000 to maintain the government's credit.

So the bill as it was passed was not absolutely clear-cut. It was the best compromise possible at the time. Congress, as we shall see, brought about another compromise later which further reduced the savings.

The bill as it was passed, becoming, on March 20, Public No. 2, gave broad powers to the President. It repealed all laws giving hospitalization, pensions, and compensation to Spanish War and World War veterans and made a new list of persons entitled to pensions. It did not prescribe the new pensions or the rating of disabilities, but stated that the President should do this by 'regulations.'

When the bill was passed, — it took, in that dramatic national crisis, only five days to pass it, — the public eagerly awaited the President's regulations which should dictate the administrative details. 'The Legion,' said Commander Johnson, 'has every faith in the discretion, fairness, and justice with which the President will deal with this problem.' 'It is to be hoped,' simultaneously explained Colonel Taylor in his voluminous bulletin, 'that the rules and regulations will be so written as to soften the intent of the drastic legislation, and to this end we are now working.'

So, while the Commander had faith and the lobby worked, the President, paying no attention to either, got out the regulations in quick time. They softened nothing. On the contrary,

estimates on the cuts made possible by the bill jumped from \$383,000,000 to \$410,000,000 as soon as the regulations appeared.

The regulations provided an entirely new and simpler schedule for rating disabilities. This raised some pensions and lowered others.

They abolished all pensions for World War presumptive disabilities arising more than a year after discharge.

They abolished all 'disability allowances' to non-service-connected cases except for permanent and total disability, and these they reduced 50 per cent.

They abolished 'temporary disability' in service-connected cases.

They abolished hospitalization of non-service-connected cases except in instances of permanent total disability and of tubercular or neuropsychiatric cases in which the patients were without means of support.

They abolished non-service disability pensions except for permanent total disability and, with regard to Spanish War veterans, old age, and reduced these.

They cut pensions to veterans living in foreign countries 50 per cent.

VII

As these regulations appeared, the President's victory seemed complete. The veterans' lobbies knew that it was not. The leaders of such organizations as the National Economy League and the American Veterans Association also knew it. The Senators and Representatives who had opposed the bill knew that there was still a chance to limit the application of the President's regulations, and those who, fearfully, had voted for the bill saw an opportunity to recapture part of the veteran support.

The key to all this was in the

Independent Offices Bill which Mr. Hoover as the last official act of his life as President had repudiated by a pocket veto. This bill had made the appropriations for veterans for the fiscal year. Since it had been vetoed, it was now necessary to introduce a new bill containing a new set of appropriations. Through this expedient it would be possible, the lobbies and their tools in Congress thought, to liberalize the provisions of Public No. 2. If Congress in an appropriation bill commands that certain sums be spent for certain purposes, these sums must be so spent regardless of other legislation.

Here, however, was a delicate situation. If Congress should present a bill which would destroy the effect of Public No. 2, the President would veto it and delay or prevent the appropriations. But if the bill made only a limited number of demands for liberalization, Congress might override his veto. The hope was that a compromise could be arranged which would overcome both these possibilities and yet protect the President and Congress from too much criticism.

From the moment the President's regulations appeared, the lobbies began to work to destroy their effectiveness. In this activity we find not only Colonel Taylor's Legion lobby, but the United Spanish War Veterans, aided by Rice Means of the *National Tribune* (a paper founded by a pension claim agent for pension propaganda), the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans.

The Spanish-American lobby was surprisingly powerful. This power has been explained to me by Congressmen as deriving from the fact that many Senators and Representatives are of the age of Spanish War veterans and are therefore sympathetic to their appeals. To younger men the power of veterans of such a minor military

episode (compared with the World War) seems incredible. But we must remember also that the government, in giving Spanish War pensions, includes the Philippine Insurrection and the Boxer Rebellion. The Philippine Insurrection was by no means a trifling matter. It lasted two years and made severe demands on the men involved. So it happens that men like the average Senator or Congressman, to whom the events were contemporary and are still vivid, are naturally kind to these ex-warriors. And they have always been liberal in pensions because many of the records were lost and therefore doubts existed as to the eligibles. There was, furthermore, a large amount of disease — typhoid and tropical fevers — connected with the episodes. Thus it is understandable that in June some \$20,000,000 estimated savings for Spanish War veterans and dependents were nullified — \$15,000,000 of which were non-service-connected.

But, as usual, it was the Legion lobby which did the most effective work. From Colonel Taylor's office, bulletins went out full of alarming news. Cuts to the disabled, he told his departments and posts, would come to 70 per cent. He generously included the Spanish War veterans, with which the Legion, presumably, has nothing to do. He implied, by speaking of 'the disabled of these two wars and . . . the protection of the dependents of their dead,' that these cuts applied to war casualties. He also 'disclosed' the news that regional offices of the Veterans' Administration and even hospitals were to be shut. 'Only burials,' said one bulletin, 'are to go on.' The bulletins were sinister in implication, containing sentences beginning 'it is not yet known,' 'rumors are current,' and 'now it seems.' Many of these menaces never materialized, but the effect of the bulletins was to frighten veterans, their

widows, and their families everywhere, and Congress and the Administration were deluged with tragic and panicky appeals.

In the meantime no cuts in war cases had, in fact, been made. The Veterans' Administration was working overtime to unravel the formidable technicalities of veteran legislation. All claims were being reviewed. The Administration did its best to keep this work secret so that needless alarm should not spread until the real reductions could be determined. 'I fear,' said General Hines, Veteran Administrator, 'that any new publicity given to preliminary estimates . . . will create unnecessary apprehension on the part of many.'

On May 10, Commander Louis Johnson conferred with President Roosevelt, who seems to have quieted his fears about 'many of the injustices and severities of the Economy Act Regulations.' (I quote from the Legion lobby's bulletin of June 2.) At any rate, the following statement came shortly from the White House: —

'As a result of conferences between the President, the National Commander of the American Legion, Louis Johnson, and the Director of the Budget, the following conclusions have been reached: —

'As a result of the application of the veterans' regulations, it now seems that the cut in compensation of service-connected World War Veterans with specific injuries has been deeper than was originally intended. The regulations and schedules in this respect will, therefore, be reviewed so as to effect more equitable levels of payment. . . .

'By reason of the burden incident to rerating and in order that undue hardship will not be imposed upon veterans . . . regional offices of the Veterans' Administration will not be closed as has been reported, except where it has been clearly demon-

strated that regional facilities are not necessary.

'It is not contemplated that government hospitals will be closed pending a careful, studious survey of the entire hospital situation.

'These conclusions are in line with the President's original statement that the regulations and schedules would be drafted so as to effect the most humane possible treatment of veterans truly disabled in war service.'

How Commander Johnson explained to the President that the Legion *wanted* veterans truly disabled in the war reduced 25 per cent in pension in order to keep on the rolls veterans not disabled in war service has never been revealed.

It is obvious that the President was willing to listen patiently to complaints, and to meet them halfway. And it is undoubtedly true that there had been injustices in the estimates; that certain cuts of true war sufferers had been foreshadowed, though to no such extent as the Legion bulletins implied, nor, in fact, to the extent which the Legion lobby had itself advocated.

The President was not willing, however, to destroy his economy legislation in the way the stormy Senate wanted when the Independent Offices Bill arrived there on May 29.

VIII

For the embattled veterans the curtain rose on this sensational melodrama at a theatrical moment. Memorial Day, May 30, gave full opportunity for pointing to soldier graves and for eulogizing the departed 'flower of our manhood.' It was fortunate for surviving veterans that no ghosts spoke that day in the Senate chamber, for some of them would certainly have cried out against the actions of their luckier colleagues. No doubt, for instance, an

unknown soldier would have remarked that during the entire course of the veteran lobby's dictatorship the pensions accorded to widows of World War fighters killed in action had never been raised one cent. But dead men, as the Willard Straight Post had suggested, were not voting.

In the week that followed, extraordinary scenes were enacted. Senator after Senator read lists of constituents suffering from gunshot wounds who would be reduced to starvation by the proposed cuts. Some of these citations were just, but the whole controversy has been obscured by the following incidents and by later revelations of the facts behind them.

On June 12, Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico produced a tragic case. The man had been brought from Fort Bayard, New Mexico, to Washington.

'The men at Fort Bayard,' said the Senator, 'sent him on here because, being unfamiliar with the rules of the Senate, they hoped I could introduce him to this floor so that the Senators could look with their own eyes on a living example of what the Economy Act was doing.' Being unable to introduce the man on the floor, Senator Cutting did 'the next best thing,' which was to introduce him to several Senators outside and to have a photograph of the man made and passed around the Senate. The man was wasted by tuberculosis, which Senator Cutting and two other Senators protested was of war origin.

The records of the Veterans' Administration reveal that this man was a soldier who had served several enlistments in the regular army, his first being in 1915. He was discharged in September 1919 after war service. He reënlisted immediately and was found to have no defects. He was discharged again in 1921 without defects, and once

more reënlisted, passing another physical examination.

In April 1924, he applied for reinstatement and conversion of a lapsed insurance policy. He was then asked the question, 'Are you now disabled on account of injury or disease? If so, state how.' Answer, 'No.'

In January 1925, he was discharged from the army on account of active tuberculosis. He is receiving benefits from his insurance policy on account of a permanent total rating effective August 11, 1925. In 1925, after the passage of the World War Veterans' Act of 1924 extending presumption of tuberculosis to the end of that year, he put in a claim and was awarded compensation for statutory presumption, his disease having been presumed by law to have originated in the World War.

This man, under the President's regulations, was about to have his pension reduced.

Another veteran, brought to Washington during this time as an exhibit, had suffered the amputation of both legs. He was taken to the White House at eleven o'clock one night and shown to the President as a tragic war case. The reduction of his pension was cited in the Senate as a glaring injustice to a war-disabled veteran. This man's case file disclosed the following facts.

He entered the service in April 1917. He was discharged safe and sound in November 1917 because he was found to be under age.

In April 1919, five months after the Armistice, he reënlisted in the army. He was discharged in December 1919 with a surgeon's certificate of disability, specifying 'convalescent for lobar pneumonia and hernia.' In 1923 he was treated for bronchitis. In 1924 he was treated for sub-acute arthritis and neurasthenia. In 1928 he was operated on for a rare affliction known as 'Buer-

gher's disease,' and in 1931, as a consequence of this disease, both feet had to be amputated. Presumptive service connection was granted him on evidence of Buergher's disease as a neuropsychiatric disease appearing before January 1, 1925. Calling the disease in this man's case a war disability is stretching things a little, for the enlistment to which, by the remotest presumption, his trouble could be traced occurred after the war was over.

IX

If these two cases had been the only ones paraded during the debate, it would have been enough to cast a doubt on the authenticity of truly deserving pleas. But there were others. The confusion between war cases and non-war cases had been fostered for years by the Legion lobby, and, obviously, in June of this year the fog in the Senatorial mind had not cleared.

In the midst of the cries of mercy for all these heroes, Senator Trammell of Florida, an old friend of the veterans, moved an amendment to the Independent Offices Bill providing that no war-disabled veteran be cut more than 15 per cent. Before this could be voted on, Senator Connally of Texas moved a similar amendment substituting 25 for 15. In spite of all the dramatics, enough Senators came in on the nay vote to bring a tie, 42-42. Vice President Garner decided the tie by voting for the amendment. An estimate showed that it would restore \$170,000,000 in benefits.

Before the bill went back to the House for conference with this amendment, the President called the Democratic leaders together and announced that he would veto a bill which threatened to destroy his economy programme. His objection to the Connally amendment was that it did

not make the question of service connection clear and left all Spanish-American non-service-connected pensioners on the rolls.

The House conferees then evolved a compromise. This provided among other things that the 25 per cent limit of reductions could apply to direct service-connected disabilities; that compensation to widows and orphans of veterans should not be reduced; that all presumptive cases should be reviewed by special boards to be appointed by the President; that these boards should resolve all doubts in favor of the veteran, and that the burden of proof of non-service connection should rest on the government.

Under the President's threat of veto, the House passed the compromise. The Senate, angered by the President's domination of the House, rejected it, substituting another costly amendment. To a man, Republicans in the Senate voted for this amendment. So, when the bill went back to the House, loyal Democrats there announced that the question had become a party issue.

This helped the House to a decision, and, while the President wrote his veto message and prepared a radio speech to the nation, the House turned down the Senate amendment 208-177. So the bill, now dog-eared from the altercation, went back again to the Senate. The Senate argued half the night while galleries packed with veterans listened. At 1.20 in the morning of June 15, the tired Senators passed the bill. During the fight, the lobbyists of the Spanish-American War veterans had managed to reduce 'old age' from 62 to 55, but otherwise the President's compromise stood. He signed the bill, which became Public No. 78. It nullified about \$100,000,000 of the savings estimated under Public No. 2.

Under the new bill, new executive regulations were necessary. The most important of these was one requiring boards to review all presumptive cases. The boards will decide for each disabled veteran whether the presumption of 'service connection' is justified. Where a man has developed tuberculosis, say, or sleeping sickness, in 1924, the boards will examine his record to see if there is any possible reason for believing that the trouble originated through gassing, exposure, or neglect during the war period. If evidence is found proving another cause (as it was with Senator Cutting's protégé), the veteran will be removed from the pension list.

It is conceivable that, by careful study of the cases, these boards may achieve real justice. They may, for instance, look more favorably upon a man who fought valiantly overseas in many engagements than on one who was a college boy during the war and who spent a few hours a week doing close order drill in the Student Army Training Corps without interrupting his college curriculum.

X

Many people believe that the President should have vetoed the Independent Offices Bill with its amendments. By doing so, they think, he might have ended the power of the veteran lobbies for all time.

Such action might, on the other hand, have aided the lobbies. Congress might have overridden his veto, and thus shown the lobbies that the new executive authority was, in reality, no authority at all. He might at the same time have weakened his own power, which it was absolutely necessary for him to retain if he was to put through the emergency work of his recovery programme. President Roosevelt is a

practical man. A pure idealist in his position might, by insistence upon a principle, have destroyed all the steps already taken in the furtherance of that principle.

It is a hard question to answer, and the answer to it has no place here. Eventually, if we are to prevent the demoralization of those who defend the country in its emergencies, a new pension policy must be devised. Its broad principles might even be written into the Constitution. An amendment providing that no veteran of a war in which this nation is engaged shall receive a pension except for disability incurred in line of duty would certainly protect the morale of many patriotic citizens.

But our discussion here is of the veteran lobbies. The laws and regulations of this year are an advance over any legislation since the War Risk Insurance Act of 1917. Yet the grip of the lobbies is not broken. The American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans are active at the moment in getting their candidates appointed to the reviewing boards. In several instances they have been successful. The Legion lobby has broadcast statements urging veterans with presump-

tive disabilities to accumulate evidence to present to the boards.

The fight, I was told in Washington by an unquestioned authority, has only just begun. It will be, in the end, a fight for principle and not for temporary economy. A policy must eventually be found which will not demoralize the veteran while trying to help him. More important still, minority dictatorships must be defeated and prevented from rising again.

In the winter, with a successful working of the Recovery Act and with the repeal of prohibition, economy may be forgotten. Whenever a balanced budget appears on the horizon, the public is likely to lose interest in the extravagance of veteran laws. Prosperity was a contributing cause to their making; if prosperity comes back, they will be remade. Only the veterans themselves can prevent the demoralization of men who, in the war, acted from patriotic impulse. American soldiers filling the breach in a national emergency are not mercenaries before the fact. It is unfortunate that they should become so after. Only they can save themselves from this stigma. The general public will not save them. Is not this a logical job for the American Legion?

(Next month, in the final article of this series, Mr. Burlingame will describe the campaign now under way to renew the fight for veterans' compensation when Congress meets in January)

FRIENDS IN THE HOUSE

BY ELIZABETH WILDER

I

THERE is always a catechism for the returned traveler. 'What do you miss most in America?' they asked me one afternoon. I stirred my tea, looking with vague affection around my convenient little house, and suddenly realized my lack. 'Why,' I said, 'the servants, of course!' My friends were young, vigorous, and socialistic — though they murmured sympathy with the trials of housekeeping, their eyes showed some surprise, and I thought they drew back ever so little. I imagined they praised my cake rather more than was necessary, as though to encourage me in the right way.

If they thought it was luxury and idleness I craved, they were wrong, however. I am glad I am an American woman, and capable, instead of a helpless Italian lady; I know the satisfaction of doing things and doing them well. I remember exactly how shocked I was when Lina, the maid, assured me that she could n't let me make my own bed. Her mind was incapable of receiving the idea that a 'Signorina' would know how to make up a bed, and my assurance that in America all children were taught to do so met merely an incredulous stare. Furthermore, I am not lazy, nor do I even fundamentally dislike housework. On the contrary, I agree with Clemence Dane that the rhythm of beating up a cake is an excellent impetus to the flow of idea, and like D. H. Lawrence I know that

nothing is so powerful a charm against melancholy as making marmalade. I love sweeping a hearth and laying the fire; I love pegging out clean clothes in a high wind; I even like polishing silver. And though it is best to pass over the daily drone of dishwashing in silence, I do believe that all of this occupation with the business of living is a pleasant and wholesome thing.

This is not to say, on the other hand, that I don't appreciate what servants mean. That would be less than human. I know the incomparable peace of spirit which abides in the assurance that one's shoes will always be polished and one's dress always ready with a fresh collar. Life is, indeed, blissfully free when the only preparation for dinner is a few minutes' conversation with the cook as to the relative merits of duck and guinea fowl. I myself find an added joy in the very routine of a well-served household — the sound of Iolanda opening the parlor shutters early in the morning, and of Maria splashing water over the stone courtyard before the day has begun, or the knowing voice of Beppina under the window in the evening dusk entreating the hens to have eggs ready for our luncheon tomorrow. These things served to measure out the day; they gave me, idling in bed, a luxurious sense that life went on around me regularly and beautifully, as it should. But as for luxury, this spiritual kind is the only sort of

which my friends could accuse me. It is in a small American apartment that one finds luxury, not in a Florentine villa, with its drafty windows, icy sheets, straw pillows, and biweekly hot water.

I am afraid my friends, however, were making even more damning criticism of me in their thoughts. They were thinking that I had been brought up a good republican, in a land where all men are born equal, and that just a taste of the privileges of classified aristocracy had been enough to make me crave the vanity of servitude. How wrong they were I knew; but I had tried before to convince them that the Italian peasant has every bit as much self-respect — which is the quality that matters, the kernel, of independence — as the American citizen. I had explained how in Italy a cook and a lady could be at ease together because neither invaded the sphere where the other was supreme. We were foreigners and we had not the conventions at our finger ends, but we were soon made to understand. There were regions, there were duties, and there were also pleasures, which were not for us. Our cook's kind but contemptuous acceptance of the little red lettuces or the violet-tipped infant artichokes which we had joyfully bargained for in the city made it clear to us that marketing was unbecoming to our position. She always let us see that we had been cheated, whatever the price; and if, willfully or inadvertently, we had forgotten what we had paid, so much the worse in her estimation! It was for us to frequent the confectioner's, to stop at Doney's or Pieri's for tea cakes; but vegetables were the affair of the kitchen, not the parlor.

I remember how, at last, after we had lived a long, long time on peas invariably flavored with garlic, and pink salad, and the most excellent but in-

evitable *pasta* (which, whatever its shape, had always the taste of macaroni), we determined to have a real American celebration. It was to be on St. John's Eve, the great Florentine holiday; we told the servants they could have the whole afternoon and evening out, and made covert plans for chicken à la king, coffee with real cream, and a cake rich with butter and eggs, all to be served at a care-free table under the *nespolo* tree in the garden. Alas, we had reckoned without the tradition. Gina, the cook, appeared at the last minute, and, drawing herself up to a heroic pose, assured us oratorically that never would it be said of her that she went out to make *festa*, leaving the Signora to cook or starve! And we were served in state with thin soup, pink salad, and custard. The moral of all this is, as I might very well point out to my friends, that in a decent society the master is neither more nor less supreme than the servant: they work together, each jealous for his own business.

II

No, it is surely not because I am lazy or because I am masterly that I miss the servants. It is simply that I am lonely. I have the most baffling sense of isolation. I am free, to be sure — but I am cut off from society, from the very order of existence and the earth itself, it seems to me. Independence is mine: I can sleep all day if I like; no one will disturb me at my work with the tradition that the floor be swept every morning, and I can have my dinner at midnight. But does that compensate for the light knock at my door, and Elisa's smiling appearance with the steaming pot of cocoa — her quick disapproving glance at the open shutters, and her report that it is a fine day, I should be up at once? Soon she will be

back with the hot water; the voices I hear are those of Beppina's cousins, who are bringing in the winter supply of oil from their farm. It is a great event, for oil is the single source of all Tuscan cookery, and Elisa tells me, her eyes shining, that this year it is of a quality truly exceptional, as bright as honey, as clear as spring water. Of course I can hardly wait to rush out and meet Giuseppe, a grave moustached man who is overwhelmed with awe at the appearance of a young American woman. He is deafened with awe, in fact — nothing that I can say penetrates until Beppina, great with pride, has repeated it once or twice in a thundering voice. For my part, I am not equal to his dialect; and yet we finally part with a handshake and a mutual interchange of compliments which makes each of us feel that he has one friend more in the world.

So it goes on. Almost impossible to work in the morning, because the windows look over the garden, where there is a continual procession of irresistible callers. Rigi, that jewel of peasants, stately and handsome as a queen, comes in with her arms full of flowers — *forsythia*, *jasmine*, *wistaria*, and roses all in a jumble together, though it is only just May. After a long conversation — of course there is always conversation — she goes off, equally majestic, with the garbage. Gigi, the gnome of a gardener, appears in a blue apron with a mass of tools suggesting great violence — knives, scissors, terribly sharp hooks. When I lean out of the window and ask him what is to be done about the snails, he sets his hat on the back of his head, twirls his moustache, and says in the most amiable voice, 'Eh! We must *murder* them!' The bread man trots up in his donkey cart and there is a long debate over the relative merits of round and long loaves (all equally exposed to sun and wind).

The bell of the old mushroom woman brings Gina crying from the kitchen; expert discussion, mixed of politics and mushrooms, culminates in her buying half of one enormous fungus for our sauce. The gate opens to a boy with two long flasks of wine from the grapes on our own hillside. Next time it is the milkman, and then the boy from town with a limp fowl in each hand. Gina holds one of them up to the window: '*Guarda, Signorina!*' she cries. '*Dio santo*, what a fine plump visitor for our dinner to-night!' Finally one abandons work — not in despair, but simply to give one's self over wholly to the delights of the day. I have never had such a sense of moving swiftly with the stream of life as in these Florentine mornings.

III

Here in America there is nothing like that life. Nothing like Beppina, who has been in the house for twenty-five years, although she is barely forty years old. Nothing like the arguments between Gina and Sofia, our neighbor's cook, as to which feeds her household at the least expense. Sofia has never been known to spend more than ten lire — about fifty cents — a day per person, and when the family is large she returns a considerable sum every week. But then, as Gina says with flashing eyes, if you have ever eaten Sofia's cooking, you understand that she has nothing to boast of. There is no question but that Gina is the better cook, for all she does sometimes spend sixty cents a day. She tells us that she is known in all the markets of Florence as the Great Little Cook. She is small, vigorous, and elastic; capable, intelligent, and of indomitable will.

She was engaged, I remember, for two irresistible reasons. In the first place, she assured us most impres-

sively that she could, also, make *dolci* — which proved, of course, her cosmopolitan experience. And to the end Gina met our continual and unnatural fondness for desserts with an amiable if derisive lavishness; our passion for almond cake or chestnut pudding merely confirmed her opinion that we ranked, *in verità*, as children. While our Anglo-Saxon guests sat on the terrace and theorized benevolently about the childlike Italian character, Gina and Lina and the rest in the kitchen shook their heads with a look of ancient wisdom, and humored our extraordinary taste for sweets and playing games. ('I ask you, I, whether it is the business of a grown man to run after a ball all day,' Gina sniffs, tossing her head.) Gina's second astonishing recommendation was that she had a bicycle! Every morning she would flash down the hill to market, to the astonishment and secret envy of all other women. Her motions in the kitchen are so quick that they seem Japanese. She is the terror of all the maids; only a very philosophical person like Lina can survive her bursts of temper. But is not a good cook always temperamental?

Gina has made us understand Benvenuto Cellini; she is exactly like him, we feel — just as inventive, just as boastful, just as eloquent. Her flow of spirit is like his, and, taken down in shorthand, some of her oratory might be slipped into his autobiography without a hitch. The elation and the pride of her personality are hardly feminine; they belong, indeed, to the Renaissance. And her mind is always busy with jokes and extravagant quips — *scherzi*, after the mood of the Golden Age. Once she sent up a live pigeon in the dumb waiter at lunch, and after we told her about the 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' she seriously planned to make us such a surprise.

She is a character, an irresistible personal force. It is impossible not to remember her and miss her.

Lina is different; she is a rock, a person of quiet capability. She has less verve than most Italians, but a quaint solidity, modulated by an almost English brooding humor. Inconspicuously her work is put out of the way, and one sees her sitting placidly in the sun with the baby. During the summer Gina wrote that Lina missed the baby so much that she sometimes cried — a really remarkable instance of affection, Gina pointed out, because Lina is by profession not a nurse but a housemaid.

Certainly Lina had taken the baby's interest to her heart. With intense seriousness she used to explain to me, when he had just turned two, that he ought to be taken for long walks — two or three hours over the hills. 'Signorina, one would take him for a frog rather than a Christian!' Bad enough, she thought, that he had never been swaddled properly. No wonder his shape was all wrong. And now his legs would surely never grow straight if he were n't made to walk. In vain I reassured her that all American babies were that shape, and that it was better for their bones to sit in the sun than to walk three miles every day. To the end she stoutly rebelled at pushing him in his carriage. A big boy like that! She would die of embarrassment; everyone would think he was a *sfortunato*, a cripple.

Yes, Lina is determined, but she is also quiet — a rare gift in Italians. Her confidences are few. One night when I was eating dinner alone, she told me that as a child she used to keep the sheep. It was dull, she said, with no one to speak to day after day. In the spring it was nice, but at other times your feet were cold — for she always went barefoot. Neat and modern

as she is now, those pastoral days seem to have left their placid mood upon her. I find myself thinking wistfully of Lina in the moments of tempestuous upheaval that are so common in American life. She is the kind of person who can quiet chaos and find one's gloves without a word.

IV

Beppina is more simple. In the evenings one hears from the kitchen the monotone of Elisa's voice reading the evening news to her, for Beppina was a true country girl, and can neither read nor write. In spite of this, she has a peculiarly apt mind; she can explain the obsolete terminology of a mediæval document better than any of the others, and she has a shy poetic trick of humor. 'Oh, the beautiful knife!' she said, smiling at my Christmas penknife. 'If you cut yourself with that it won't hurt!' I am very fond of this ungainly, homely, brown woman, and it seems that now Beppina has a deep admiration for me, because she believes, in her country way, that I am in communication with the Forces.

It was all due to the worst thunderstorm anyone in Florence can remember, and the neighbor's black cat. That was a real villain of a cat — a veritable murderer who continually plotted to sneak in during the night and slay our peaceful aristocratic Toto. Beppina was very experienced in building barricades against this creature, and one evening when I went to my bedroom I found construction in progress on the balcony. The cat was suspected of climbing up his wall, leaping on to ours, and from thence, with the help of the drain spout and the vine, making his way up to the balcony. So just beyond my window an affair was arranged to keep him from the doorway — a triumph of engineering skill. For the

foundation there stood a washtub full of water; this was bridged by a chair on its side, on which stood another pail of water; then another chair upside down, and the whole topped by a delicate balance of several mops, a bamboo stick, and a few pan covers. At the slightest touch it would surely collapse; the idea was not only to keep the villain from the door, but to frighten or drown him into the bargain.

In the night violent rain wakened me. Just as I became really conscious, there was a terrible clatter. The cat had arrived! In fact, I opened my eyes to see him sitting compactly on my window sill, staring in. Of course the barricade left him no alternative but to enter that way — and how devoutly I wished that I had kept my shutters closed like a true Florentine! I thanked providence for my mosquito net, which seemed to offer at least a symbolic protection, and lay motionless, holding my breath. He did n't come in, but sat silhouetted against the garish lightning, lashing his tail, his green eyes blazing at me. Suddenly he disappeared. At once the most ghastly thunder began breaking over the city and rolling round and round the encircling hills. Beppina put her head in to see if I was all right. I told her about the cat, and she closed the shutters without a word. Later Elisa confided to me that Beppina believed it was the Devil himself who had come to carry me off, and that the wild thunder was his rage at my refusal. I find that it does give one a certain pride to have been chosen by his Satanic Majesty. After all, who am I to know better than Beppina? The cat *did* look abnormally large.

V

Elisa herself was my favorite, a blonde, bright, gentle girl of nineteen. I was her favorite, too; she felt that we

had much in common, because we were the youngest in the house and because we had the same name. She was always interested, always ready with the warm sympathy, condolence, horror, or amusement which my story demanded. In turn she told me about her life in the mountains, where they had nothing to eat all winter but corn meal and chestnuts — not even common black bread. In the autumn, she said, the children were sent down to the villages in the chestnut forests below; all alone they went, to board with strangers there and help in gathering the nuts. When they came home each child brought a sack of chestnuts as big as himself. And then the long winter — cold and wet and dark, where there was no electric light, nothing to do, and no one who could read! 'In that situation,' she summed it up succinctly, 'sleep is a blessing.' But now *Nostro Duce* has put electricity *da per tutto*, and besides, — that shadow of nostalgia which the Italian always cherishes for his own *paese*, however poor it is, flits across her face, — besides, what stories they could tell, the old ones! And what summers!

She used to beg me to come and visit her when she went home in the summer, and I wanted to go, to that little village where the young men serenaded all through the summer nights, and the churchyard was crowded with beehives. Well — gay times we have had together, Elisa and I, comparing our wardrobes and advising each other, and many deep conversations while I wrote letters and she polished the fender. I never can forget the great innocent look she would give me when I asked too difficult a question. 'But, Signorina,' she would say, 'remember I am only a poor little girl from the mountains, and I have no intelligence!'

There were so many others, too: Elisa's cousin, who brought us chest-

nuts and begged us to visit him during the *vendemmia*; the dark-eyed Argeia, who, when I turned my cup of tea into my lap, first held my dress under the fountain in the garden and then, seeing my embarrassment, kissed me. Argeia was a great friend of Elisa's, and they used to be sent to visit each other for week-ends: suddenly, to one's intense surprise, Argeia would sail in with the pudding at dinner, instead of Elisa, and the house would seem to be bursting with excited pleasure.

And there was Isolina, who was of such a comic figure, moving like a ship in full sail, and who so perfectly understood the struggle to learn Italian. I cannot forget the delicacy with which she explained to us that there was something indiscreet in writing *pantalon* on our laundry list, since the connotation was hopelessly and intimately masculine.

And Armida, named out of Tasso like so many of the Tuscans, who had once been maid to a friend of ours. She had endured a life as obscurely tragic as the Ancient Mariner, and, like him, seemed to haunt the steps of churches, where she invariably buttonholed one to drone endlessly of life and its tribulations.

And the beautiful waitress at Ravello, who seemed to make the hot plates fly through the air, and who always, with a dazzling smile, gave the children twice as much dessert as we had indicated.

Or the cobbler, Stefano, who was also of our world. He lived in a chink in the wall and gave me lectures on political economy while I waited for the shoes which were, naturally, never ready on time. No wonder, for he had many friends, and a natural vein of philosophy; and gestures, it must be admitted, interfere to some extent with cobbling.

And then there were all the children,

children more or less charming, but whom we always thought of as ours: little Bruna, who proved herself so capable at hanging out photographs, and who would drink camomile tea with our children in the kitchen; the square little *contadini* next door who were everlastingly shrieking; and tiny Gianantonio, only child of the woodman, who seemed always to be edging around the balcony to peep at me, his immense gray eyes on a level with my window sill.

How is it that all these people seemed not like strangers, hardly even like neighbors, but like members of one's own family? With their gifts and their conversation and their generosity, so impulsive and yet proud, with their beauty and self-respect, — bearing themselves like kings, — they were never to be thought of as dependents or inferiors. They were valued friends.

VI

So, after my guests had long been gone, I sat in the silent house, staring at the fire. Even if one were to have servants here, it would not be the same. They, too, like my friends, would grimly demand privacy and personal independence. Privacy, indeed! I know very well that only the efforts of free individuals, working personally and independently, bring truth and beauty into this world. But such privacy is not bought at the cost of sympathy; it springs from a richness of human contacts rather than a denial of them. 'Know thyself' is a basic commandment, but it is surely rather by talking with the housemaid than by looking in the mirror that one moves toward that knowledge. I dare say the greatest flaw in American art is just the result of paying too much court to the mirror. Ludwig Lewisohn is, of course, right to insist that the poet 'starts from

an inner fact of his individual consciousness.' But, like too many contemporary artists, he is misled into thinking of 'expression' in terms of *self-expression*; it is amusing to refute them with Swift's old parable of the spider, who spun from within, darkly, and the bee, who visited the flowers and stored up 'sweetness and light.'

It still applies, though with a difference, to-day. Well, if we had lived more with our servants, we should not be so arrogant. We might listen to Tolstoi, with his 'Learn to make yourself akin to people — I should even like to add, feel yourself actually within them; and not with the mind alone (for that is easy), but with the heart.' It is by some such pilgrimage in sympathy that men become larger than they are — and freer, too. 'Do you wish to be free?' demands Savonarola. 'Then, above all things, love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the commonweal; then you will have true liberty.'

My friends tell me that this interest in one's servants is simply a remnant of feudalism, and they say that to a weak mind worn-out systems, like old clothes, are always comfortable. Are we then, just because we live in a republic of sorts, to forget Hamlet's injunction to use our fellow men after our own honor and dignity?

But for once, I thought, reaching over to stir the fire, I am not going to drive myself on to decide the ultimate social and economic bearing of the matter. It is because we are never content unless we do so that there is no conversation in America. For apparently my theorists don't care that their 'feudal' responsibility is made up as much of love as of obligation — that it is less a social system than a richness of life. Is n't it possible that our mistake lies in thinking of people only as links in the economic system? 'We are

all souls,' the Italians gently excuse their intimacy with gardeners and cobblers.

My mind reverted to the afternoon when the Conte called, and we returned to find Beppina deep in conversation with him. It would n't have occurred to her to leave him waiting all alone in the parlor; modestly she did her best to entertain him. Besides, they came from the same country, they were rooted in the same soil, and there were a hundred things to speak of. They were both interested in the vintage, the marriage of Pietro's daughter, and the new garden house of the Contessa. To be sure, the Conte was sitting, and Beppina standing — how that would have worried my socialist friends! But

was n't the point, after all, that they were talking together like brother and sister?

But why trouble to argue that there are other questions concerning the relationship of individuals in this world as important as that of equivalent incomes? I shall only say, staunchly but sadly, that in Italy my servants — and their relatives, and their friends, and their friends' relatives — were all my friends, while here I never talk to anyone. I should like to have a conversation — just one — as nice as Elisa and I used to have, about fashions, and children, and the good life. I wish she would come in now, in the first tide of dusk, and lean out to close the shutters with that beautiful motion like flying.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN AMERICA

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

As we study the United States census of 1930, we come to the conclusion that the increase in industrial production in the last ten years has been revolutionary; but it is not only technical capacity which has been transformed — it is the entire social life, and that means the structure of society.

We are helpless in the midst of this evolution, which destroys the old framework; we have benefited by this state of affairs through a great increase of material efficiency, but at the same time we have been made to suffer through unemployment and the disintegration of certain classes of society. It is very probable that we do not stop

to measure the extent to which the world we live in is being drawn into this changing vortex. The United States is the country in which these changes have been particularly rapid. The passion for production has been greater there than elsewhere, for there the brakes of tradition and of long-established routine did not have a reactionary influence.

The decennial census of 1930, the principal results of which we now know, permits us to point out certain changes in the social structure whose extent is not confined to the United States, but will be found to be quite general. We are thus able to deduce indications

of an important tendency of our times which it would be imprudent to neglect.

The reclassification of activities by professions for the population over sixteen years of age is shown by the following table, making a comparison of percentages between the census of 1920 and the last one of 1930.

	1920	1930
Agriculture.....	25.8	21.3
Mines and industry.....	33.2	30.6
Commerce, transportation, business, domestic service, liberal professions.....	39.4	46.7
Federal appointments.....	1.6	1.4

It is easy to discern at once the fundamental phenomenon that is here demonstrated when production in its real sense (agriculture, mines, and industry) loses 7.1 per cent, whereas the social functions of distribution (commerce, transportation, business, domestic service, and the liberal professions) absorb 7.3 per cent more personnel. This indicates a transformation in the structure of society which is due to mechanical improvements, and which will manifest itself in every civilized country sooner or later. In fact, simple common sense suggests to us that machine development will permit us from now on to produce more and more things with fewer and fewer workmen; to this mechanical improvement is due the above figure of 7.1 per cent loss in the personnel of production.

The 'technocrats,' of whom much was heard a little while ago, seem to have the idea that these people released by technical improvements will not find other means of employment; they seem to be hypnotized by the unprecedented amount of unemployment, and it is not difficult to understand why this is so. But the labor statistics covering the decade 1920-1930 show us, at least as concerns the

United States, that this very considerable personnel released by the machine has quite naturally turned toward other operations, which are those of distribution in every category of production.

Mechanical output no longer has the relative simplicity of the manufacture of yesterday. If fewer workmen are needed to assure what might be called the strict material manufacture, it is at the same time necessary today to have an infinitely more complex and more intelligent personnel to create and prepare an organization to secure results. To make a certain article may require only one workman, but how many designers, engineers, accountants, inspectors, and overseers were necessary so that the ultimate workman, alone before his machine, could proceed with this fabrication? And then, in addition, does not the manufactured article, when finished, have to be sold? This becomes more and more difficult as overproduction proceeds, and it becomes necessary to resort to the use of 'high-powered' salesmanship to secure buyers; an entirely new process of selling technique develops, owing to the competition among numbers of rival selling agents.

Finally, following the general mechanization of our existence, a thoroughgoing collective structure of society has surreptitiously been set up. It still allows the appearance of individual business, the home, the autonomous family, but after all it is only in appearance that they subsist. This real collectivism — which, whether we like it or not, we must acknowledge — requires an entirely new personnel.

Let us be specific in this regard as to the results which the United States census gives us. 'Distribution' gains 7.3 per cent, but what are the details behind this figure?

The first thing that strikes us, if we go behind the comprehensive figures given in the table, is that if agriculture has lost 4.5 per cent in ten years, while mines and industry have lost 2.6 per cent, commerce and transportation have *gained* 2.9 per cent. Without counting the innumerable means of transport whose numbers have been immensely increased by the automobile, so-called *commerce* has developed a formidable personnel these last years in the United States — salesmen, dealers, brokers, agents, publicity men, agents in land speculation, and so forth. In the domain of office work the growth has also been remarkable: the number of clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, office boys and messengers, telephone operators, and so forth, has increased by 1 per cent. In the liberal professions the same thing is true; we find an increase of 0.9 per cent in the category of engineers, designers, men charged with vast manufacturing projects, inspectors and organizers, social engineers, psychologists for studying the aptitudes of personnel, and so forth.

Even in the field of what is generally termed 'service' there is a gain, although not among the personnel occupied as domestics in private families. Before 1870 this last category represented 75 per cent of those in so-called

'service,' but to-day less than half this percentage is thus accounted for. At the present time it is under collective conditions that domestic services survive in the United States, in the persons of janitors of large apartment houses, elevator men, laundrymen, waiters and attendants in restaurants and hotels and apartment hotels. When you ring a doorbell, someone will always come, but it will not necessarily be a domestic whose face is familiar to you. 'Service' personnel has increased by 2.5 per cent.

These figures covering the years 1920 to 1930 correspond to a period of prosperity in which America developed to excess all this great army of distribution, publicity, and expansion. There is no doubt that the addition of this large number of people to the field of distribution is in certain respects pathological. The crisis is already responsible for a brutal decrease in this class. Nowhere, in fact, has unemployment been so serious as among the 'white collar' workers, especially among office clerks and the like.

Nevertheless these phenomena which we have just emphasized are certainly destined to endure; they represent a basic and permanent change in our social structure, and are a logical consequence of the great industrial revolution of our time.

APPLE WOOD

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

I

No, I'm all right now. It was just my head, and it's all right now. I guess it scared Mr. and Mrs. Clement. I felt so funny. I did n't know what had happened to me, hardly. I never fainted before in my life, if you call that a faint. They tell you what I did?

Mr. Clement was reading the paper, and I was dryin' the dishes and settin' 'em up. The Grahams was here and we'd used the good dishes. I said to Mrs. Clement at supper it was a pity Teacher was invited out when we had such a good supper, but you had just as good or better where you was, I expect. It's nice to get a change of cooking, anyway.

I was setting up the goblets, and I come in with two in each hand, and opened the cupboard latch with my thumb, to set them away, and Mr. Clement was reading the paper, and all at once I got this dizzy spell and my knees just would n't bear me up. I turned half round, and down I went with my back against the cupboard. I suppose they told you how it was.

And when I was goin' down I remember thinking, 'My soul, Mrs. Clement's goblets!' and I rested them in my lap, and though I loosed my hold on them when I fainted away, they was safe in the slack of my apron, and I knew they was before I let go my mind. Five is all she's got left of her wedding set, and I know she'd never a said a word, it happening the way it

did, but I'd hate like everything to a broken one of them.

They lifted me up, and when I'd come to a little they helped me up-stairs, one on one side and one on the other, and she took off my shoes and got me my gown, and Mr. Clement, he went down and brung up two fruit jars of hot water to put at my feet, and a bottle of cherry wine and poured me some. They was just as anxious and concerned. They've never made me feel anything but at home and one of the family. There's never anyone sat down at their table they would n't want me to set a plate for myself with. They're good people.

It was the oddest thing to faint away like that. I felt so foolish before Mr. Clement when I come to. I was glad the Grahams had left, anyway. Mr. Clement was reading the paper and I was settin' the goblets up, and I sunk down and I could n't a lifted a hand or opened my eyes to save me.

They tell you what it was he was reading? Well, I'm glad they did n't. It's a relief to me. I guess they did n't even notice, then, or think a thing. He was reading the Gaylord items. Ever drive over by Gaylord? It is n't much of a place, but there's some nice farms over beyond. I used to work over past there, and my folks, they lived in Gaylord. I guess there's nobody ever thinks now I ever did work any place but here. And there's some thinks I'm

related to Mrs. Clement's folks. Of course the people in my own church know better. I'm no relation at all.

My folks lived in Gaylord, and I worked out with a family that lived over beyond. You may a heard of somebody goin' over to Wingates' for apples. They have the orchards. You never saw so much land in apple trees. I was there the year after the old part began to bear, and I helped set out some of the new part myself. I worked there.

And Mr. Clement did n't mention to you what he was reading out to Mrs. Clement and me? What he'd just read out when I fainted away? I guess they did n't notice. I guess there was nothing to call it to mind to them. They never knew anything about it, really, except for the baby's burn, and everyone knew that. But no one blamed me, not even Mrs. Wingate, and the doctor kept pattin' my shoulder and said, 'It's no fault of yours, Minnie.'

Oh, you never know! You think a thing is over and done with and buried deep, and then you hear an item read out like that from the weekly, 'They are cutting down the old part of the Wingate orchard,' and faint dead away.

II

Ah, it was a nice place! But work, though — plenty of work. But I was strong as two girls then, and I never cared. Mrs. Wingate was poorly. She suffered from sick-headache spells, suffered with 'em so! They always kept a girl. First, when I first came, she'd get up and come out in the kitchen and walk around with her hand on her head, and the other out in front of her to catch herself if she got dizzy on her feet, and tell me what to do. It was n't only her head, but her back, too. All she wanted was to lie down with the blinds drawn. After

I'd been there three or four days, and she seen I could do all right, she left me plan, and cook, and wash, and everything. She said she'd never seen the like in a girl, and she was so glad she just cried. Seems she had n't had good luck with girls. Land, I did n't know anything different! To home there was nine of us, and five girls, and we could all cook and sew. I can't remember when I could n't, hardly, and if we'd a shirked we'd a caught it. Anyway, I liked to cook and have things nice.

And their baby! She could n't say a word when I come, and I taught her to talk and to say her prayers, and one for the table. She was the prettiest child, and good. I sewed for her, too. Mrs. Wingate would say, 'Minnie, are n't you tired? Come on in here and sit down where it's cool awhile. She's got plenty. You don't need to sew for her.' But you know, I'd rather. Pink or blue, she wore one as good as the other, and I'd make her little dresses and skirts and panties, smock 'em and cross-stitch 'em, and make tatting edging. And when I'd get her in a new dress and set her up in her high chair and curl her hair round my finger, she was just a picture, just a flower. And I never spoiled her, either. I was firm with her if she got into things. Just one good spat and she'd remember. Oh, she was sweet, and her eyes were blue. Mrs. Wingate's eyes were brown. It was his was the blue.

But I ought n't to tell you all this. I ought n't to burden you with it. This has kinda shaken me, I guess. Mr. Wingate! You don't see any men like that now. There ain't any, I guess. Men used to be bigger and a lot finer-lookin', it seems to me. I helped outside and in. He'd whistle for me, and I'd see the baby was strapped safe in her chair, and Mrs. Wingate was all

right, and out I'd run and help him lift a rack on a wagon, or get a sow back in, or whatever he needed. And always, 'Thank you, Minnie.' Just that.

It was summer when I came, and I was seventeen and had n't ever worked out before, or been away from home, even. First night I cried and cried. It was so queer and lonesome to be in a bed by myself. I got up and lit the lamp again and read my Bible. And in the morning I asked could I have the baby in with me, and Mrs. Wingate said, 'Of course,' and was glad of it. So then she slept with me.

I was so strong then. I could wash and iron the same day, and if I was a little tired I'd go to bed right after I got the supper dishes done and get up at five, and never feel it. Mrs. Wingate did n't get up for breakfast, hardly ever. She liked her tea and I'd bring it to her in bed, and she'd drink it without cream or sugar and go back to sleep if her head would let her. Poor thing! She was wretched.

I kept everything up nice. I'd sew and I'd mend, and can and put up, and look after the chickens, and the little garden up by the house. And I liked it. Sometimes I'd be moppin' up in the morning, maybe, or sprinklin' down the clothes, and the smell of the clean things, and the birds in the apple trees, and the hens singin' — oh, my heart would swell, and I'd feel like it was all mine, and no harm or wrong in it, either. I was so young and so green! Why, if anybody'd said to me a man could care about a girl besides his wife, — a married man like that, and a good man, — I'd a laughed. We did n't take a paper to home, and I did n't even know there was such things as that happen. When I'd play it was mine, the baby and all, it was like a little girl would. He was Mr. Wingate, and she was Mrs.

Wingate, and I worked there and got my two dollars a week.

I don't know as it is a thing to tell, or that I ought to, or got a right. We'd eat breakfast, Mr. Wingate and me, and I'd wrap the baby up in a blanket and bring her out in the kitchen. My room was off the kitchen and theirs was in the other part of the house. And the baby'd wake up most of the time as soon as I did, and I'd bring her out and set her in her high chair while I got the breakfast. He always built the fire. And when I'd brought Mrs. Wingate her tea in bed I'd set the table. He'd come in with the milk, and while I took up the breakfast he'd dress the baby — stand her up in her high chair, and pull her gown off over her head, and hold her little undergarments for her, and get her into them. And she'd plague him, little as she was, and put her foot in the wrong leg hole, or when he was puttin' on her shoes and stockings she'd go limp and throw her head back and laugh and laugh, and he could n't do a thing with her. She'd just make a monkey of him, and I'd have to come straighten her out. He was in the house for meals — Mrs. Wingate got up to eat or not, just as she felt like — and I was running out to help him whenever he whistled for me. And I never thought a thing then, and neither did he, so far as I know.

My folks was stern and I was brought up right — to work, and mind, and to read my Bible every night, and I did. I'd sit with something round me and read five or six chapters sometimes, after I was in bed, and learn a Psalm or some verses by heart. And I prayed for the Wingates the same as for my folks, and give thanks I had such a good place.

Winters there was n't so much to do, and I knit. I knit a big shawl, navy blue, for Mrs. Wingate, and a little

pink sweater, and cap and mittens to match, for the baby, and she was so proud of those little mittens she wore one round so much I had to wash it before the other one was done. I made a pair for Mr. Wingate, too, black with red in the ribbing.

Everything was all right, and if it had n't been for the blizzard maybe nothing would ever have been different, and maybe it would have come up anyway, sooner or later. I don't know. Here I am telling you this, Teacher, and no other soul knows it.

III

There was this big snow, a blizzard. It come up all at once. Mr. Wingate went out for the cows, and there was a heifer he could n't find, and he come in to get the wood for me and then went out again to look for her — would n't set down to his supper. Mrs. Wingate ate and was n't worried. But I worried. I could n't help it. I put the baby to bed, and then I just walked up and down. I could n't knit or anything. And Mrs. Wingate said, 'Why don't you go to bed, Minnie?'

She just did n't realize. So sick, and always indoors like she was. She was like a baby. I opened the door and let the snow drive in, once, just to show her, but she did n't have the life to scare. She says, 'He'll be all right,' and went to bed. And I waited up. By and by I put on my overshoes and my wraps. I was goin' out to look for him.

Mrs. Wingate heard me, and called to me to come in and get down another comfort and spread it over her. She seen I was wrapped up, and she says, 'Don't go out, Minnie. I don't want you to go out and leave the baby.' She was scared for the baby, but she was n't scared for him. Maybe you don't think a woman would be so sick

she would n't be scared for her husband? Well, they do get that sick. A body can be so sick they don't care if they live or die, but they got to be pretty sick not to think of their children. She thought he could stand anything. And he did come in at last. When I heard him at the door — oh, if you don't know, you just don't know, that's all! My heart! I could a sung.

She called and says, 'Is that you, Mr. Wingate?' He was so beat he could n't even answer her. He just dropped in a chair by the stove. I called that it was him. And I took off his mittens and his cap and his shoes and socks. He thought his feet was froze and I thought they was too. I brung in snow and rubbed and rubbed 'em, and then I poured cold water in the pan and rubbed 'em more, and by and by he says, 'They're all right, Minnie.' And then I did a thing — I don't know what you'll think — I laid my head against his leg and cried and cried.

And he put his hands on my head and started to say something to me, and we could n't talk, not him nor me, and he lifted me up and hugged me so, and put back my hair from my face. He did say something and then he kissed me. And what he said I can't remember. Mrs. Wingate called to him pretty soon to come to bed, and he let me go, and I took up my lamp — it was the kitchen lamp I used — and went in my room.

I prayed, but I did n't read my Bible. I felt I was n't to touch it. The thing I'd done! I thought I would n't close my eyes, but I did. When morning came it was still bad and the wind howling. I heard him come out to the kitchen and fix the fire. When he'd gone to do the chores, I went out in the kitchen to dress, and then I started breakfast. I was in the pantry when

he come in with the milk, and he came in where I was and I whirled round, and he says, 'Don't be afraid of me, Minnie. I can't have you afraid of me!' And I says, 'I ain't afraid, Mr. Wingate. It was me, too. I just don't want to go away and leave the baby.' That was what come into my mind to say. And he said I was n't to go, ever, and if he ever did the like of that again I was to pick up a stick of cordwood and hit him over the head with it, and that I was a good girl. 'You're good yourself,' I said.

The baby woke and cried then, and I went and got her and he dressed her. He meant that, what he said, too, and he give me no cause to go. He would n't hardly talk to me after that, lest Mrs. Wingate was up and around. And when he'd call me out to help him he'd be so short with me. I did n't care, though, not so long as he'd leave it so I would n't have to go away. I was n't going to have a married man kissing me — not one I worked for, most of all. I knew what was right.

Mrs. Wingate got to feeling better there for a while and was up and around, but she overdid and got the grippe and we moved a cot out in the kitchen for her and set it along between the windows, and had the doctor out for her. And she'd watch me while I worked and said it was just a pleasure to see someone swing a bucket of water up on a table like that and it not hurt her back. One day I was working bread and she said to me, 'Minnie, if ever anything happens to me, I want you to have the baby. I'd rather you than anybody in the world.' Oh, that made me feel terrible. I come within one of breaking down and telling her about that night of the blizzard and us kissing, but I thought better of it. It was him too, and if he wanted her to know it he was the one to tell her.

I was workin' the bread, and I stood there bitin' my lip and the tears running and my hands in the dough, and she called me over to her where she was on the cot bed, and took the corner of my apron and wiped my face. And she never thought a thing — never.

She was n't nervous in the way most women are, that sick. She was n't jumpy. She was just limp and quiet, and all she wanted was to lie still and not have the sun in her face. Her sleepin' there in the kitchen, we'd never talk over a whisper while we was havin' breakfast. And I was glad to have her there. It was easier, and that's a fact.

IV

April, I cleaned house, and she said she was better and wanted back to her own bed; and after that, eatin' with him alone again — oh, I did n't know how it was goin' to be — day in and day out. One morning I said I was homesick and I wanted to go home to see my little sister confirmed, and he said it was all right for me to go. He drove over and got a neighbor woman to stay a few days, and I went home to Gaylord with the mailman, and helped finish up my little sister's dress and went to church, and all. But I was restless and could n't sit still to visit. All I wanted was to go back to Wingates'. And I went with the mailman before they expected me, and the baby come running out to meet me and her arms held out, and Mrs. Wingate was worse. The woman could n't get on with the baby, had her crying and was tattlin' on her to Mrs. Wingate half the time. And when he come in at noon, to see his face — he was so glad I'd come — and everything was all right, and I made a coffee cake for supper.

Then the trees budded out and it was lovely. You'd be washing dishes and the smell of the trees would come

in at the window and at the door, like a wave of the sea. And so pretty every time you looked out. I took the baby out in the orchard in the afternoon and made her a crown of just blossoms and grass, and Mr. Wingate, he come out where we was, in the orchard, and come right up and dropped down beside us where we was, and I thought, 'This is nothing — this is nothing to run away about. He'll do all right; he means just as well as I do,' and he kissed the baby and she took the crown off her head and set it on mine, and he kissed me. When he started to kiss me she was clapping her hands, and when he kissed me and did n't let me go she just stood there, her hands apart and her eyes wide, and he seen and I seen that that little baby knew it was wrong. Yes, she did, a little baby like that that could hardly talk yet.

He let me go and I run on into the house. Mrs. Wingate's room was on the other side, and when I went in she was asleep, and a wet cloth over her face. I was goin' to tell him I had to go now, but I seen — why, he could n't eat his supper. He was as sorry as I was, and I thought if I went away, what would I do? To give up a good place like that and Mrs. Wingate so nice to me and everything, and what could I tell my folks? They did n't need me at home and was glad I had such a good place. And if I told them they'd think wrong of Mr. Wingate, and me too, and what I told you was all there was to tell.

That night it turned cold again and he went out and built fires in the orchard, — not too big ones, but small, to keep the blossoms from frosting, — and I had to go out and help him, and all night we was out there going from fire to fire along between the rows, puttin' on a little wood where it was needed, and the sky was so clear and starry, and the firelight come up pink

on the apple tree blossoms, so pink you'd think they was peach instead of apple. And all the flickerin' and dancin', the light on the branches and the fires, and us passin' each other again and again and again, and our arms full of wood, and neither of us speakin', except about the fires. Then it begun to get light, the birds to call, a few, and he come and says, 'Go on in and go to bed, Minnie,' and I went. I laid down in my clothes, I was so tired, and in the mornin', early, Mrs. Wingate got up and come in and took off my shoes, and I never knew and did n't wake till almost dinner time.

V

And in June they had some money left them, left to Mr. Wingate, and he had to go away to see about it and was gone a week. They had one of those German boys over to do the chores and what work he'd laid out to be done, and I went out and helped him and it was so nice to be out and around. So long there I did n't go out at all, unless he'd whistle, and he hardly did any more. Only for the eggs and the chickens and to work in the little garden up by the house, that was all I'd be out for, and then while the boy was there I went out and helped milk, and feed the calves, and everything. I liked it.

And Mr. Wingate come home and brought a new suitcase besides the one he took away with him. There was a lot of toys for the baby, a doll that walked, and a plainer one for every day, and rhinestone side combs and goods for two good dresses for Mrs. Wingate. He opened up the things and gave them to them, and Mrs. Wingate called him over and said something to him, and I knew she was askin' had he forgot to get anything for me, and I was so vexed and ashamed, and I went out to the cave, to put the butter and the cream away, and when I came in

he'd gone out and she said she wanted me to have one of the dresses. Said that she never went out at all, and had n't any need for it, and that I was to take my pick, and I held out I did n't need it, and was n't going to take it when it was her present, and she just insisted, and said she wanted me to have it. I chose the blue.

And I was hurt with him, and pretty mad. And when round supper I went out to get some water, he was there by the well and drew the bucket up for me and set it on the curb, and then he said, 'Did you think I would forget you, Minnie? Did you?' And he took a red box out of his pocket and opened up the lid and took out a bracelet, solid gold, and put it on my wrist. It was a heavy bracelet, wide, and rounded out, and carved on the outside was flowers — blossoms, or maybe a wild rose — and inside was my name, in fancy writing — Minnie. I did n't know what to do and he thought I was n't going to take it, and he begun to beg me, and he said if he was n't goin' to be good to me would n't I a known the night we kept the fires? And this bracelet, this was to remind me that what he said that day in the pantry was a promise, and he'd never make me sorry if I'd keep the bracelet and stay on. And I said I'd stay, but that I would n't wear it, at least not daytimes, and he said, 'Would you wear it when you sleep, Minnie?' And I said sometimes I would.

I cut out and made Mrs. Wingate her dress, but the blue one I had her put away, and she says, 'All right, Minnie. It's so nice, you save it and maybe it will be your wedding dress.'

One day I lied to her. I wore the bracelet at night. One morning early the baby woke up and would n't get back to sleep, and she found the bracelet on my arm and wanted it. It was barely getting light, and I took it off and let her play with it, and she played

a long time and I went back to sleep. And when I woke up again she was asleep and it in her hands, and I loosed her fingers from it and took and put it in my handkerchief box where I kept it under my Sunday handkerchief. And that afternoon I was sewing and it was time for Baby's nap and her mother was trying to put her to sleep, and she kept askin' and beggin' for something, and kept saying, 'Ring, ring.' And her mother took off her wedding ring and give it to her to hold a little and she threw it on the floor and says, 'Big ring.' Mrs. Wingate says to me, 'What on earth does she want, Minnie?' The baby got down off the bed where she was, in my room, and run to me, and felt of my wrist and cried, and I said to Mrs. Wingate, 'I don't know. I have n't any idea.'

I had n't been reading my Bible then, not since the day he kissed me in the orchard, and that night I made up my mind I'd read and I'd pray too, and I did, but I could n't tell her that I lied because there was him, and what would she think? I thought I'd say some morning, 'This is what she wanted.' Bring it out to her and show her and say he give it to me for my present for helping save the fruit — and I could n't.

Then one day a thunderstorm come up and he come in and said I'd better get my little chicks in, and I run and got them covered, and when I got in it was just dark blue outdoors and the sickest light over everything. And he called me to the kitchen door to hear the rain on the corn, hear it before there was so much as a drop on the cottonwood fluff there in the yard. Then the rain come — come just like a wall. And there was such a clap of thunder — not like in the sky but in the earth, it was so bad. Such a flash, and the thunder right on it! And I yelled, and put my head against him

and he put his arm around me, and then he let me go, and Mrs. Wingate was callin' me to come and shut down the windows. I done that when it thundered — I put my head against him. And in her room I looked in the dresser mirror and there was the print in my forehead of the overall suspender buckle, and he had n't done a thing but put his arm around me. Did n't kiss me — only put his arm around me.

That was in July, and there was all that hot long summer, and we never done a thing to plague each other, but I said to myself I was sure now that it was all right for me to stay. And he was proud to see how sure I was. They were n't church people, though I guess they used to be when she was well, but they knew what was right, and he was a good man.

VI

Come time to pick the apples, and he got the German boys in again, and I went out and helped 'em, and I was n't scared of them — I don't know why. We started singing, and we sung and sung, pickin' up the apples and loadin' 'em, and me and the boys played catch with 'em, and laughed and fooled around, and Mr. Wingate he just stood there with his hands hangin' and so surprised, like I was a different person, and half mad and half likin' it. Next morning when we was alone and having breakfast he says that maybe he was wrong, and he was a pig to keep me on there, and maybe I'd better go to town and tell my folks it was too lonesome out at Wingates', and get me another place so I could go more and be with young folks more. He said he'd be glad to say a good word for me and so would Mrs. Wingate, he knew, and I'd be sure to get a good place. And I asked him was that what he really wanted me to do, and he says, 'You know, Minnie, what I want is to have you here all the

time.' And I said, 'Then I'll stay. I'll stay so long as things are the way they have been all along.' And he pushed back his plate and reached across the table and took hold of my hand, and says, 'So help me God, Minnie!'

Then the German boys drove in the yard and he went out to tell them where to pick.

That afternoon he sent the boys to town with a load, sent the two of them because the team was fractious. I was makin' apple butter out of apples that was n't good to sell, and had it in the big iron kettle on the stove. And I seen the boys drive out of the yard with the wagon, and both of them waved to me. Mrs. Wingate was lyin' down, and the baby was there in the kitchen, runnin' around and askin' me somethin' over and over, or just sayin', 'Minnie! Minnie! Minnie!' for fun. It was such a day! Still and warm, but not really hot, with the smell of apples out of doors and in, and the air just humming.

He was out in the orchard. I was stirring the apple butter and minding it so it would n't burn, and the baby was talking and talking away. And all at once I heard him whistle for me. I don't know. I was used to him whistlin' for me when he wanted me to come out and help him. I don't know what it was, but something spoke to me and said, 'You stay in, Minnie.' The baby put her head on one side and listened and said, 'That's Daddy. That's Daddy whistlin', Minnie.'

It was hot in there, over the stove. I could hardly get my breath. And he was whistlin' for me, and I thought, 'I'll run out a minute. He needs me for somethin'. I'll run out and tell him what I been thinkin' — that maybe it would be better if he had a boy to help. If we had him always at the table, and to help outside, it would be easier, and nicer, too.' He'd had that money left him, and he could easy keep a hand. I

said that to myself, but all the time I knew it was different, and that he did n't really need me. He just wanted me to come. And I wanted to. I took up the spoon, — it was a big wooden spoon, — and cracked the butter off it on the edge of the kettle, and laid it up on the warming oven and slid the kettle to the back of the stove. I untied and took off my apron, and hung it on a chair. The baby reached up for her little sunbonnet, and said, 'Go too.'

And I said, 'No,' and took a yellow comb down that he'd brought home from town when he took the apples in the day before, and she'd cried for it, and I give it to her to play with and told her to stay in.

He whistled again, and something said, just the same, and plain, 'Don't go, Minnie.' And I went out on the step and shut the screen door behind me, so it did n't slam, and then I ran. He was there under the big tree where he kissed me that other time when the baby was with us. And when I was almost there I tripped, tripped on a root and fell, fell on my hands, and he run and helped me up and stood holding me, his face lifted up and his eyes shut. And I was there under the tree and him holdin' me, and I knew what a sin it was, and I did n't care. I would n't a gone back — no, not to save my soul.

And then she screamed, the baby, and come runnin' out between the apple trees, screaming and callin', 'Minnie!' And her little hand raised up over her head, and round her wrist was a ring of fire. I got to her first and smothered the fire out with my dress. It was burned deep in her little flesh and clear round her wrist. She'd stuck the comb in the stove grate, and it had caught fire and blazed up and had curved right around her little wrist. I carried her in. She was cryin' so, and I was holding her and dippin' cold sweet cream on the burn. Mrs. Wingate got

up and was there by then. And Mr. Wingate looked at me and I looked at him, and he saw what I saw, that it was around her wrist like a bracelet. He run out to the pasture and caught up a horse and did n't bother with anything but the bridle and rode to town to get the doctor.

I set there on the kitchen floor and held her in my lap and was bathin' her wrist in sweet cream, and Mrs. Wingate kept saying, 'Don't cry so, Minnie. It's not your fault,' and when the doctor come he said the same. And Mr. Wingate, he stood there, and I could n't look up at him.

The doctor said she would n't lose her hand, not even though it was burned deep like that and clear around. I'd been so afraid she would.

I waited till it was late night and then I got up and went out in my gown, and took a ladder, and clumb up to the fork of that apple tree he was by when I run out to him, and I took the bracelet and pressed it down deep in the fork of the tree, till it was fast there.

In the morning I mopped and baked and had everything right, and I got a good dinner, and after he'd gone back out to work I told Mrs. Wingate I was leaving and going home to my folks. She said she wished I would n't take it like that and said again I was n't to blame in any way, and neither of them would ever think so, and when she saw I was bound to go she went in her room and came out with the blue dress goods and said I was to take it, and I told her to keep it and make it up for the little girl when she was bigger.

I undressed the baby and put her to sleep on my bed. She laid on her back and her head to one side and her curls wet on her forehead. Her hands were up above her head and the bandage on her wrist. And then I packed my things and went out to the road to wait for the mailman to come back that way. And

Mrs. Wingate walked out with me, and kissed me good-bye.

It was n't bad to home. They'd heard about the burn, and thought I took it too hard, but they said it was just as well. Clements had come wantin' a girl to help, and I went over next morning, and here I've been. That was before their second girl was born. I been here all these years and seen the Clements' children grown and married.

VII

I come pretty near getting married once. I was goin' to be. He went to our church, and my folks liked him and the Clements liked him and I thought I wanted him, myself. And one night I told him how I did that time — run out there to Mr. Wingate in the orchard and about the baby's burn. And when I told him he laughed and said he did n't care; if that was all there was to it, that was nothing. And after that I could n't stand him, and things I used to think I'd get used to about him, and we did n't get on and I let him go.

There's things I read in the Bible and knew by heart should have held me, if I'd hearkened to 'em, should have made me go away, back there at the first. 'Remove thy foot from evil,' and 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' And even that last day I heard as plain as could be, 'Stay in, Minnie,' and yet I went. And the baby got the bracelet burned around her wrist.

There's not a night I have n't prayed that it would all be forgiven us. And I think that I've been heard, too. He's been blessed. Mrs. Wingate, they got a new doctor for her, and he helped her so much, and she got lots better and had

three boys, all strong and well. And the orchard done well and the rest of the place, too. Before their girl got married, they built a new house — a big one with a fireplace that'd take a four-foot log. I've never seen it — never been back there or seen a one of them.

They asked me to the wedding when their girl got married, and I thought I'd go, but I did n't. I sent a present, though, and the girl wrote me a little letter, and I've got it yet. Said she remembered me a little. They been blessed.

To-night Mr. Clement was reading the paper, and he read the Gaylord item out, and the room went round and my knees give way and let me down. I fainted.

They'll be cutting the big tree, too, and hauling it up to where they saw and chop. One of the boys will be splitting chunks up for the kitchen, and he'll cut into the bracelet. It's solid gold and soft, and he'll cut right through it, and he'll call and say, 'Look at this, Dad.' And Mr. Wingate will come and take the pieces in his hand and rub them on his sleeve and see the 'Minnie' graved inside, and think back. Or maybe they won't split that chunk. Maybe they'll leave it a log, cut for the fireplace, and carry it in some night when their girl and her children are over there for supper. And he'll sit there and watch, and smell the apple wood burning. It's the sweetest-smelling wood to burn there is. And the gold will melt, and run — drop, drop — into the fire. Like as not he'll see it, and like as not he won't. For the kitchen, or for the fireplace — what do you think?

BUDAPEST AND I

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

WHEN you tell a man or a woman in Vienna that you are going to Budapest, the eyebrows are raised, as who should say, 'I wonder why?' If the subject is continued, a concession may be made and you may be told that 'the old city, Buda, is interesting, but . . .' Or you may be told that the 'new city, Pest, is beautiful, but . . .' Now the fact is that Budapest is both interesting and beautiful, one of the finest cities in Europe. The entrance to it is, speaking generally, Vienna, and the Austrians and the Hungarians hate each other cordially; they always have, and seemingly they always will. My time permitted me to go either to Budapest or to Prague. I chose the former. I should have gone to both; I shall have to go back.

The first, I might say the only, bit of modern, up-to-date enterprise I saw in Vienna was not Viennese but Hungarian. In the office of the American Express Company I observed a sign calling attention to a certain all-inclusive ticket from Vienna to Budapest and return — a ticket which gave one the choice of half a dozen of the best hotels, meals (except breakfast, which naturally one takes in his room, or where he will), and other things, and all for a ridiculously small sum. The ticket was issued by the Hungarian government. In other words, an effort was being made to sell to tourists the idea of going to Budapest, the Hunga-

rians relying, quite naturally, upon the charm of the city to keep the tourist there once it gets him.

I have, no doubt, been fortunate in the Hungarians I have known. Where is the book collector who does not know Gabriel Wells? I knew him first, twenty-five years ago, as Gabriel Wiess. Disliking the Germans, when the war broke out he changed his name to Gabriel Wells, and he said that when the United States entered the war, as he prophesied we should, he would change it again to George Washington. But we told him that he had gone far enough, and that everyone knew what his initials G. W. stood for anyway. So, although he is a Hungarian and honored in his native city, for which he has done much, Gabriel Wells he remains, and he divides his time between New York and London. Effendi (F. N. Doubleday) once told me that Gabriel Wells's word was as good as a certified check.

I once knew another Hungarian whose check sometimes came back to me with that horrid little notation thereon, 'No funds,' but my friend was so cultivated, so altogether charming, that our cordial relations continued until his death. This man — bless his memory — told the truth with the utmost reluctance, and I once said to him, 'Alois, why do you not tell the truth more frequently?' 'Eduard,' he replied, 'let me make it clear to you. We Magyars are a very old race; we

have a civilization of a thousand years. A thousand years ago, at a time when your ancestors were savages hunting in the swamps of what is now London, my ancestors had discovered that a man who tells the truth is very likely to be disagreeable.'

My friend had an excellent education; he had never gone to school, but had had tutors in everything. He spoke Hungarian, a most difficult language, faultlessly, no doubt; German like a native, English acceptably, and French sufficiently. His profession — so far as he had a profession — was architecture. He was very handsome, and he was an accomplished horseman. Forty years ago he used to drive tandem up Fifth Avenue, — a great art, — and through Central Park, the observed of all observers. He wrote verses and I could talk English literature to him as I would to my college-professor friends. He drank little, never smoked, and he had one accomplishment of which he was really proud: he played the piano magnificently. His great joy was to get two Steinway pianos in a large empty room, seat Joseffy at one of them, place himself at the other — and spend the day. Except when he was angry, he concealed the fact that he thought Americans barbarians.

I knew another — but enough: the Hungarian, man or woman, is a delightful companion. Shall I be understood if I say that every man should go to Budapest before he is married, taking with him a robust constitution and a lot of money, and be careful how he spends them?

II

The country to the west and south of Vienna is beautiful; indeed, some of the finest scenery in Europe is not far off, and were it possible for the Austrian to live on landscape and music, he would be the most fortunate of mortals. Un-

luckily, however, he requires food. From Vienna we made only one excursion — to Melk, that noble old monastery built on a great mountainous rock which projects into the Danube, an unsurpassed location. Those old monks had an eye for the picturesque — and for many other things. The road to Melk — we went by motor — is the road the crusaders took in their journeys overland to and from Jerusalem. I have always been interested in the crusades, those enormous surges of people who, prompted by piety, avarice, love of adventure, or what not, trudged wearily thousands of miles, it may be, in the hope of at last reaching the Holy Sepulchre. And of all who started, how many arrived, and in what condition! And what a welcome awaited them in the City of Peace!

Seven hundred years ago this now almost deserted road was occasionally a busy thoroughfare — and once the scene of one of the romances of history. For along this road Richard I of England, Richard Cœur de Lion, on his return from Palestine was caught, in the dress of a serving man, it is said, while attempting to make his way home, and thrown into Dürrenstein Castle, there to be discovered by the troubadour Blondel, according to the story, singing, for the purpose, under his window. There is the castle; it is a ruin now, as so many old castles are, but the legend remains. And at the foot of the castle is a small town with a fine church and the Richard Cœur de Lion Inn, where we had a glass of the wine of the country. There has been a place of refreshment there always, it is said.

We had received an invitation from the Abbot of Melk to have lunch with him, which we accepted gladly. 'The meal is not much,' the Abbot said, passing me the menu, 'but all from the heart.' The wine was excellent, but I was careful, as I always am in drinking

strange vintages. I knew that the Abbey cellars were famous; indeed, the immense monastery was the outgrowth of several centuries of profitable traffic in wine.

The Abbot, who was a delightful old man, became much interested when I told him — my wife acting as interpreter — that I had seen his famous Gutenberg Bible sold at auction in New York. This is the Bible that Dr. Rosenbach bought for \$106,000 and sold to Mrs. Harkness, who gave it to the Library at Yale. 'Has it a good home?' the Abbot inquired. I assured him that it had, that it was in the keeping of an especial friend of mine, Professor Tinker, who would see that no harm came to it. 'I was sorry to part with it,' the old man went on to say, 'but we have many noble books in our library, which you shall see after lunch, and we had to have money for some very necessary repairs. We are very poor now.' But he seemed happy, as why should he not be? Content with this world, sure of the next, no wife to order him about — an Abbot has much to be thankful for. I had never before thought of turning Abbot. It is a matter deserving consideration.

III

The country east of Vienna shortly becomes as flat and uninteresting as Kansas or Nebraska, and for the same reason — it is one huge wheat field, mile after mile of slightly undulating plains, with hardly a house or a barn in sight, without a tree or a fence to indicate where one property ends and another begins. But presently one notices markers, just such stones as we employ to indicate a cemetery lot. And I thought of individualistic England with the limits of every man's farm indicated by hedges or ditches or fences of stone or wood or wire, sometimes by all

of them, lest by some mischance a man or an animal should stray beyond bounds.

After a journey of about five hours the train rolls into an indifferent railway station and you are at the end of your journey. Driving to the hotel, you instantly realize that the city is very beautiful but very foreign. To see signs all over, and not one which by any possibility you can make out, is an unusual experience. The Hungarian language is very difficult, resembling Finnish, one is told, which helps very little. The words are immensely long, with accents, which are equivalent to danger signals, over the vowels, violently changing any sound which in one's ignorance one might presume to give to them. I made out a list of perfectly preposterous words one afternoon, but the only two that I am sure of I scribbled in my guidebook — *Pöggysdszkiádszás*, which to the best of my knowledge and belief means luggage office, and when you seek a drug store you ask for a *Gyógyszébár*. One of the daughters of the House of Vanderbilt married a Count Széchényi — scion of one of the oldest families in Hungary — and she has, I am told, learned to speak the language perfectly, a great accomplishment.

Up to a century or two ago Latin was the language of the court and of the courts. People who were interested in reading had to learn the languages and the literatures of the world, but a hundred years or so ago it was discovered that a national literature was in the making, and the Hungarians are now excessively proud of what they have accomplished in poetry, in the drama, and in fiction. You never hear a word upon the street that can be understood, but at your hotel you are addressed very courteously in excellent English, and upon being shown to your room the windows are thrown open and you look

out upon a magnificent panorama: below is the terrace, and beyond the Danube, and across the river rises the fine old city of Buda.

IV

Pest, the 'modern' city where the great hotels are, is built upon the left bank of the Danube, which is flat, whereas on the right, Buda, the 'old' city, climbs, terrace upon terrace, up the hills, and upon the topmost ridge is an old fortress which has long ceased to serve any purpose, but it bulks large in the history of the country, having been several times besieged and at least once taken by the Turks. Below is a magnificent palace built by Maria Theresa, and a noble old church, with a glorious spire, which is known as the Coronation Church, a part of which dates back to the time of Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary. His Apostolic Majesty — a title conferred upon him by one of the Popes a thousand years ago — became a Saint after his death. And centuries later the title was renewed in favor of Queen Maria Theresa, by virtue of which it was one of the many titles assumed by the late Kaiser Franz Josef. It is also known as the Church of St. Matthias, Matthias also being a Saint as well as a King. It is really not surprising that the Kings of Hungary were made Saints by the Roman Church when it is remembered how valiantly, for centuries, they fought the Turks, whose aim was to make all the world Mohammedan. Had the Turks been successful in keeping Buda, and had they captured and retained Vienna, we — you and I, reader — might to-day be Mohammedans and not Christians.

The last coronation to take place in this church was that of the unlucky King Charles, the successor of Franz Josef, and his Queen Zita. Their

reign was brief, for in 1919 they were obliged to flee for their lives to Switzerland, where they remained for three years, during which Hungary had become some sort of socialistic republic — but, beyond painting the domes of some old churches red and temporarily disfiguring some historic monuments, the republicans did little. The government was seen to be weak and vacillating; at any rate Charles, who was an amiable man but a heavy drinker, probably inspired by his wife Zita, an ambitious woman, thought the time had come to regain his Kingdom if not his Empire. So from Switzerland he came with Zita by aeroplane to the estate of one of his followers, whence he took train, as he hoped, for Budapest. All went well for a time, but as the special train neared the city it was discovered that the tracks were torn up, and what was intended to be a triumphal entry was no entry at all but another flight, this time to the Island of Madeira, and in six months he was dead.

It is said that Charles was a coward; this may or may not be true, but it is certainly not true of his wife. She is a woman to be reckoned with, and she has a son, the Crown Prince Otto, who is now a handsome young god of twenty — biding his time, with his mother, in poverty in Brussels. The claim is now made that Charles never gave up the throne of Hungary, that he declined to rob his children of their inheritance. 'There must remain Hapsburgers in the world,' he cried, when urged to yield his crown voluntarily and take a pension which was offered him. 'Never, never! Otto will come after me.' And no doubt he will; the stage is being set for him.

Hungary is at present a kingdom, governed by a Regent, not merely lacking but wanting a king. We saw the Regent, Admiral Horthy, who has been at the head of the government since

Charles fled, more than twelve years ago, take the salute from the palace one Sunday morning while a great crowd stood with uncovered heads and a military band played the national anthem. His title is Regent, but he was dressed in the uniform of an Admiral of the Navy, although the Hungarian navy now ranks with that of Switzerland. Chaos will play with the hands of the Hapsburgs; there are plenty of them. They are a prolific race and will not die. Otto has six brothers and sisters. Should the male line fail, the 'pragmatic sanction' may again be invoked to put a queen upon the throne which was once Maria Theresa's.

Do you remember what the 'pragmatic sanction' was? When Maria Theresa's father came to the throne he, by a famous edict (so called), settled the succession upon his daughter, but immediately upon his death Frederick the Great sought to overthrow her. A twenty-five-year war ensued, and, the lady winning not only on the battlefield but also in diplomacy, she became the greatest ruler in Europe. The encyclopædias say that the 'pragmatic sanction' — both the term and the thing — is now obsolete, owing to the spread of constitutional government. But what is the constitution among friends — and enemies? Order, and Hungary seems orderly at present, will make for the status quo. How long will it last? This is one, and only one, of the many problems of the future.

V

The Italians have a saying, 'See Naples and die,' but I have no desire to die in Naples, or, at present, elsewhere. More properly one should say, 'See Budapest and live.' The two cities, separated by the Danube, which here varies in width from one to two thousand feet, are connected one with the

other by six fine bridges, and luckily the river traffic, which is considerable, goes on well below the street level so that the noble Franz Josef Quai, on which the principal hotels of Pest are situated, is in reality a broad promenade, closed to vehicles. It is a mile long and is usually referred to as the Corso. It was on a fine Sunday afternoon that we first saw it, thronged with handsome men and women, well dressed and irreproachable in conduct. The hotels formed a long line, and in front of each was an open-air café crowded with people drinking coffee and eating *brioche*s, those exquisite sweet rolls for which both Austria and Hungary are famous. And that reminds me of a story.

We have all eaten and enjoyed at good restaurants and cafés in Europe, and occasionally in New York, a crescent-shaped roll which has several names, according to the country one is in. In Austria it is called a *Kipfl*, which is a man's name. My story is how it came to be so called. For centuries Vienna stood foursquare against the Turk. The old wall which encircled Alt Wien was erected centuries ago and stood firm against almost continuous attack for nearly a hundred and fifty years. In 1683 the Turk came and sat down outside the wall with the fixed determination of starving out the city. The siege was a long one, and among other efforts made was that of mining the wall with the intention of making a breach in it. One night a baker working at his trade heard a noise — something unusual was going on under his cellar. An alarm was given and it was discovered that the Turks were engaged in making a passage to and under the wall which was to be filled with powder and exploded. The entrance to the mine was discovered and stopped, the mining Turks lost their lives, and Vienna was saved. The baker's name was Kipfl, and he was given the sole

right to make rolls in the shape of a crescent, the emblem of Turkey. Patriotic people insisted upon eating *Kipfl*, as the crescents came to be called, and nothing else — the baker soon becoming prosperous and rich. And the story goes that when the Turks finally raised the siege they left behind them some bags of coffee which the Viennese soon learned to use. And now Vienna bread and rolls are famous the world over — and so is its coffee.

There is but one great international sport to-day. It is the game which Pip played with Estella to the delight of Miss Havisham, in *Great Expectations*. It is called 'Beggar Your Neighbor.' By a series of tariff walls every nation tries to beggar every other, with such brilliant success that perhaps a quarter of the world's productive energy is now unemployed. This game is played with unexampled skill in southeastern Europe, where no one will trade or have anything to do with a member of any nation except his own. This 'self-determination' of small nations is amusing and annoying to the traveler when he comes upon a new nation every few hours, though I am bound to confess that customs officers gave us little trouble. They asked the customary questions about cigars and cigarettes, and received the customary answers. They asked how much money we had and in what form, looked at our passports and our letter of credit, made curious little notations thereon with an indelible pencil, and disappeared. But it is a horrid blunder to offer a Hungarian a piece of Austrian silver, or vice versa. Except in the hotels, the people shrink back from it as from an adder. A German word is never heard in Hungary, and a German play or opera is a thing taboo.

I soon discovered why my Viennese friends spoke so slightly of the charms of Budapest. Dislike of its peo-

ple and envy of its relative prosperity are the cause. I once heard a German college professor say, at my own dinner table, — he came to the table wearing black kid gloves, a long frock coat, russet shoes, a celluloid collar, and a blue tie upon which an adoring wife had embroidered pink forget-me-nots, — I heard this Herr-Professor-Doctor say that, one hour east of Vienna, one was in the Orient. I did not know enough at the time to contradict him. If the statement still calls for denial, I now deny it. Vienna has an architecture which has influenced all of Austria: it is baroque — and magnificent. Budapest is, however, if anything, Gothic, with scarcely a suggestion of the East. The Parliament Building is magnificent and as Gothic as the House of Parliament in London. We were conducted all over it with great ceremony, and regretted that it was too early in the season for us to spend an evening in the long portico café where the townspeople dine and sip their coffee and drink wine from the famous Rathskeller.

I have said that Budapest is in the centre of the greatest wheat-raising countries in Europe, hence it is that the city ranks next to Minneapolis in milling. Its streets are immaculately clean; one almost hesitates to knock the ashes from his cigar, and, as for throwing a piece of paper away carelessly, it is not done: a receptacle is always at hand — and used. And I suspect that the people are clean too, beyond those of any other nation, for there are baths, medicinal and other, everywhere.

VI

To a stranger the history of Hungary is especially complex. Her union with Austria was forced upon her, and but for the regard of the Magyars for their Queen Elizabeth, the Austrian Empress, Franz Josef's wife, separation

of the two countries would probably have come sooner than it did. The death of the old Emperor and the flight of his successor afforded the occasion.

History comes rolling in as one takes his place on a bench with his back to the river, facing the splendid hotels and watching the crowd. Suddenly my wife, who has eyes like a hawk and who always, for reasons which I never could understand, keeps one of them on her husband, said to me: 'Do you see that man over there, in a gray suit, without a hat, looking at us? I have seen him somewhere; I think I recognize him. He has been at "Oak Knoll" — I am sure of it. Go over and speak to him.'

'In Hungarian, I suppose,' was my obvious answer.

'No; he speaks English, I am sure.'

While we were debating the matter, for the man seemed to me a perfect stranger, he separated himself from the crowd, came over, and, bringing his heels together, made a stiff little bow, saying: 'I think I cannot be mistaken; I had the honor of visiting you in Philadelphia. I never hoped that I should have the pleasure of seeing you in Budapest.' Then it began to dawn upon me that years ago, in the early days of the war, I had picked up at my club a man, a handsome young officer in the Austrian army who was pleasantly occupied in doing 'missionary work' in the United States while his compatriots were fighting. It was indeed he. We called him Captain — his name I had forgotten, if I ever knew it. This chance meeting made our brief stay in Budapest delightful. He appropriated us, went everywhere with us, lunched and dined with us, never offering to pay a penny for anything — I am quite sure he did n't have a penny.

Now for a story which, among many, he told us in the library at 'Oak Knoll'! He did not like the army, he said, but what was he to do? The army

was a tradition in his family — 'it was that or raise pigs.' He was a petty officer and he wanted a captain's commission. An examination was necessary; he must be able to do this and that — nothing very difficult, as it seemed to me. Finally he had to pass an oral examination. This was not so easy. So he went to Budapest to do what we should call 'intensive study.' But no sooner had he arrived than he met a girl, — a very beautiful, compliant girl, — the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. With her he spent many delightful hours; examinations were forgotten, study could not be thought of when that beautiful young woman occupied his every hour, day and night.

But put off is not done with — the day of examination approached. My friend, after bidding a fond adieu to the lady, packed up a lot of books and went into the country to study at a little inn, far from the seductions of a great city. But unluckily at this inn was a maid, — servant, that is, — also the most beautiful young girl he had ever seen. With her he spent many delightful hours, etc. But he must pass that examination or go to pig-raising. He was in a terrible predicament; what was to be done? In the army was an old man, a friend of his family, famous for his gallantries. To him he went and frankly recounted his difficulties.

'General,' he said, 'I fell in love. You, I know, are not too old to sympathize with me.' (The General, who was well over seventy, sighed.) 'But I must pass that oral. What is to be done? Can you not discover what questions I shall be asked? In confidence, General, in perfect confidence. My honor, the honor of my family, is at stake. Perhaps you have at this moment a pretty woman waiting for you somewhere.'

The General nodded his head. 'To

whom do you report for your oral?' he said.

'To General ——.' He mentioned some name I have forgotten; it makes no difference.

'He knows nothing but one thing, and very little of that. He is afraid of showing his own ignorance. He will ask you to tell him of the rifle of 1892 — of anything else he knows nothing. Learn all there is to know about the rifle of 1892. I think you will have no difficulty.'

My friend made another fond adieu to the maid — servant — and locked himself in his room with his books and a pot of strong black coffee. At the end of twenty-four hours there was nothing, no detail, of the rifle of 1892 which he did not know. The day of the fateful examination came. My friend entered the room alone to find an old man covered with decorations in a profound slumber; to rouse him was to kick a sleeping dog. Presently he turned uneasily in his chair, opened his eyes, and growled, 'What do you want?'

'My oral, General,' said my friend, bringing his heels together and leaping into the air. Nothing was said for a time; then the General remarked brusquely: —

'What do you know of the rifle of 1905?'

The rifle of 1905! My God, nothing!

But my friend did not lose his presence of mind. He began in a dull, monotonous voice, 'In order that one may understand the rifle of 1905, it is first necessary that one should know thoroughly the rifle of 1892. This excellent arm,' and on and on, and on. The General was seen to nod; as he went off into a doze, he was heard to murmur, 'Come to the rifle of 1905.'

'Immediately, General,' and on and on he went, talking in a voice which would soothe a nervous child. The General was sound asleep. If the young

cadet stopped talking he might wake, and so, with only a momentary pause, he continued to talk about the only rifle of which he knew anything, occasionally bringing in with a firm voice, 'the year 1905.' At last the General opened his eyes, looked around, and uttered the Hungarian equivalent of 'Excellent!' My friend brought his heels together, leaped into the air, made a salute, and left the room a Captain. There is a pretty maid — servant — at the inn. And there is a lady waiting for a Captain in Budapest.

Do you remember? — Of course you don't; you are too young. During our own Spanish-American War, the American Commander in Chief in Cuba, who was a man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, was seen in a hammock, sound asleep, one afternoon after an excellent lunch, with two young orderlies gently fanning him and keeping the flies from annoying him. Seeing which, a young soldier remarked, sententiously, 'This is what Sherman meant when he said, "War is hell."'

VII

I one day asked my friend the Captain — we called him Captain and he may have been one — to take us to an excellent, characteristic Hungarian restaurant, where there was no music. He took us to the Marvanymennnyasszony, meaning 'Marble Bride,' and as I looked around me I was struck with the expression of content, if not of satisfaction, upon the faces of those about me; and I remembered that the English economist and philosopher, Herbert Spencer, when he was asked in New York, fifty years ago, what seemed to him to be especially characteristic of us, replied, 'A sort of "do or die" expression upon your faces.' With the passing of years this expression has developed into one of apprehension. Most of us

look as though we had lost our last cent — and many of us have, and this at the end of fifty years of unexampled, if misdirected, effort. What have we to show for what Andrew Carnegie called our 'triumphant democracy'? We have fooled ourselves, and, more important still, we have given a wrong lead to the world. Having no standard of success but that of wealth, we became money-mad, and honesty was thrown to the winds. Seemingly we have neither the ability nor the integrity to govern ourselves without the direction of a lot of crooks. It is not pleasant to write these words, but why should I not? I never expect to run for public office. They would not have me on a school board — they would prefer a bootlegger.

One thinks constantly when traveling abroad of how drab our life is at home. There is nothing interesting or picturesque to do, no respectable place to go to have a good time. We have in our employ, and have had for some years, a Viennese butler, a well-educated man; his history is a romance and not mine to tell, but he is a gentleman and a philosopher, occupying, on my small estate, a pretty little cottage which I built for him. Not long ago, on his day off, I asked him what he intended to do with his time, — where was he going? — for of course he has a Ford. 'Oh, nothing much,' he replied. 'I have some odd jobs to do in my garden, and I shall listen in on my radio. Where should I go in my car? If I could go to a good beer garden and hear some music, I would do so, but to ride twenty miles to get an ice-cream cone is not good enough. I prefer to stay at home.'

How entirely the art of living has decayed in this country! We were taught to do nothing but work, and there is now no work to be had. What a commentary upon our scheme of government! That the richest nation in the

world, with all the coal and wheat and oil and every other mortal thing except tea, coffee, and rubber, should be flat on its back, pawing the air! For this condition there is blame enough to go round.

One blessing at least we have, but it is not of our making — we are free from attack. There is something, no doubt, in the slogan, 'United we stand, divided we fall'; we shall not be divided by pressure from without. I am not of those who indulge themselves in eloquent folly in speaking of our country. I read the other day that 'we are not so much a nation as an aspiration.' This sounds like nonsense to me. But I subscribe to what Gerald Chittenden says in his *Reflections of a Resident Expatriate*, which is what I am: 'We were the first people to conceive the idea of furnishing opportunity to all citizens and then to do something to interpret the dream in action. . . . This initiative is our great contribution to world civilization. It will remain whatever happens to us.'

VIII

In the excellent company of our new-found companion we saw much which under less fortunate conditions would have escaped us. I cannot say that he could tell us very much about the museums of the city, and for this I thanked him, but he named the churches as we passed them, — correctly, I hope, — explained the monuments, and was really eloquent when he came to that of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. My old friend Louis K. Comstock, of New York, who is known to everyone in the electrical trade, is named after him. And our friend was really magnificent when one said 'Goulash' or 'Paprick chicken,' or when I ventured upon a recollection of a vintage wine which, forty years ago,

I enjoyed at the old Café Hungaria in Union Square, New York.

One has the feeling of being very far from home in Budapest. This is due, not to the people or one's surroundings, but to the language. One cannot get accustomed to hearing conversation all about and not by any chance hearing a familiar word. But the music that one hears is magnificent. At the hotel half a dozen men with fiddles, a piano, and a *czimbalom* play weird, melancholy rhapsodies until one feels that his heart is breaking, and then after a few chords they break into a waltz that makes the recollection of the cacophonous noise that passes for dance music at home and elsewhere seem like a nightmare. For the equivalent of a dollar any orchestra would play waltzes from 'The Merry Widow,' and again and again the 'Blue Danube,' until I thought my wife would desert me in favor of that captain whose morals I knew to be reprehensible.

The shops are excellent, the people have style and taste. Men's and women's tailoring establishments abound, prices are low, and the 'fit' admirable. One of the specialties of the city is 'jewelry,' and we bought a lot of trash, which we saw being made, similar to that which, a few years before, we had bought in Egypt, being told that the stones were semiprecious and came from India. I do not doubt that the 'stones' were glass — most jewelry is.

All during my stay in Budapest and Vienna I had been ruminating upon the difference between the Royal House whose empty palaces we had been tramping over and the House of Windsor, which alone among the great nations of the world has kept its crown upon its head. The Hapsburgs are dead or in exile. William Hohenzollern, covered with whiskers and disgrace, is in Holland; the Romanoffs were murdered in cold blood; George V is re-

spected as no other man has been in my time.

When I was last in London there was a story going around regarding the activities of the royal family in a certain week during which someone had kept tabs on it. Everyone had been busy with philanthropic or humanitarian duties, and no one is more so than the Prince of Wales. Here is a reported day which cannot be regarded as typical, for no man could stand such a strain. The Prince had breakfasted at the Palace with the King to meet someone. Then he had flown to the north of England to affect an interest in a cattle fair. Then he had visited some miners who are out of work, have been for years, and seemingly will continue to be. During his visit he inadvertently trod on the foot of a small boy, who began to whimper. Quick as a flash he said, 'Don't cry; be a man; tread on mine!' (There may be no truth in this story, but it is much that such a story can go uncontradicted.) Then he flew back to London, handed out some tennis trophies, and at ten at night, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Welsh Guards, attended a city dinner. This spells work.

IX

Compared to Austria, Hungary is prosperous; her lands are fertile and she cannot starve. The World War was not of her making, but she suffered severely by it. At the end she was torn asunder, losing two thirds of her territory. I bought one day a picture postcard which shows more plainly than words the partition of Hungary. Upon pulling a string, portions of the old kingdom separate themselves from the centre portion, in the midst of which is Budapest, and a part joins itself to what is now Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and what not. One afternoon we were

driving along a magnificent boulevard to a park near which is the Tomb of the Unknown Hungarian Soldier. Close by is a tall flagstaff upon which the national flag floated at half-staff. At its base two young cadets stood at attention with fixed muskets. They are relieved every hour, and the watchword is, 'We'll take it back.'

When Prince Otto — whose full name is Otto Robert Maria Anton Karl Maximilian Heinrich Xavier Felix Fenatus Ludwig, and many more — thinks that the time is ripe, or his mother thinks so for him, he will make his way to whichever capital city, Vienna or Budapest, will rise to meet him, and we shall have another war, and so on, and so on. Southeastern Europe has always been in a turmoil and will remain so; it is full of age-old antipathies. Byron may have had it in mind when he said, 'Man is an unlucky rascal.' And Gibbon called history a 'register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.'

X

'Did you see this, that, or tother thing in Salzburg?' inquired my up-and-doing daughter, and, upon being answered in the negative, she demanded, 'Why then did you go?' My reply, 'To rest my feet,' roused her to fury. We went to Salzburg with a fixed determination to see as little as possible, for the Belgian blocks of the footways in Vienna, and to a lesser extent in Budapest, are very fatiguing. But Salzburg is a delightful city, straddling a swiftly flowing river. It seems always to have been a favorite place of residence for a long line of rich and powerful bishops, who, looking for a locality preëminently suitable for palaces from which they could dispense hospitality and royally entertain their numerous

lady friends, pitched, almost automatically, upon this little jewel box. There are many, far too many, fine churches and other evidences of former ecclesiastical magnificence, but its churchly glory has departed, and it now exists largely for its music. Mozart was born here, and in the summer it is crowded with musickers from all over the world. How happy I was to escape them!

When we were there the town was just beginning to awaken from its winter's sleep, the trees were just coming into leaf, and we spent some days very pleasantly in an excellent hotel — the *Österreicherhof* — doing little but looking at mountains. Soon I found myself getting tired of 'noble wild prospects' and bethought me of Dr. Johnson's remark that 'the noblest prospect a man ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.' I felt London pulling at my heartstrings, and, taking my wife gently but firmly by the hand, led her to the railway station.

And we had been in our little flat in Jermyn Street just long enough to unpack, settle ourselves, and remark, 'This is the life,' when the door opened and in walked Gabriel Wells and Professor Tinker — dear old Tink, now, among other things, keeper of the rare books at Yale. How delighted we were to see them! Both men speak English faultlessly, especially Gabriel, and after all the filthy languages which had been polluting our ears, what a relief!

'And so you are just come from Budapest! Is it not a beautiful city, and did you call on my brother?' said Gabriel. 'But never mind, we'll talk it over together at the Hungarian Restaurant while Mrs. Newton and the Professor are dancing a *czárdás*.'

I think my wife will be the undoing of the Professor.

FINAL AUTUMN

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

END will come swiftly in an early autumn,
Forewarned by blooded rising of the moon,
Its great arc swollen like a hill of fire,
And long continuous lightning in the north,
Portent of that unearthly rain whose knives
Shall slash the hard integument of earth
Down to its unknown core.
And man, having ravaged earth's beauty and outlived her prime,
Strained from her hands all mystery and dark,
Shall hear
The far wasp-whispering of the flames to come
Over the outworn cities and infertile soil;
Shall know the fierce increasing sound
Of iron cities' great volcanic death,
The roar of oak fire and the straining steel,
The quivering to and fro of towers
Like fiery grass stems in a wind.
And over the broken face of earth shall sear
Iron of the cauterizing flame,
Over the unclean, crying mouths
The clean sound of the flame.

And some men in this hour of death shall know
More heat and glory than had ever come
Into the spare and cautious veins of life,
And cry out with the tardy grief of those who find
Night of a great and unreturning day
In which they had no part.
And some by light of this flame-opened hour
Shall face

The knotted fabric of their lives, —
 Woven in darkness and unseen till now, —
 And will be glad to die.

But there shall be no grief so bitter,
 Nor any anguish on the earth that can compare
 With the intolerable bitterness of those voices that shall cry —
 Not out of fear of this great tidal flame —
 Not for the ashless bodies of the dead —
 But out of the knowledge that this burning means
 The long ritual of Life brought to a close
 In the high horror and red pageantry of Death,
 With still the face of God unseen —
 His great confessional unread.

ALL SWEET THINGS

BY M. BEATRICE BLANKENSHIP

I

‘LIFE is sweet, brother.’

‘Do you think so?’

‘Think so! There’s night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things: there’s likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?’

‘I would wish to die —’

‘You talk like a Gorgio, which is the same as talking like a fool. Were you a Romany Chal, you would talk wiser. Wish to die indeed? A Romany Chal would wish to live forever!’

‘In sickness, Jasper?’

‘There’s the sun and stars, brother.’

‘In blindness, Jasper?’

‘There’s the wind on the heath, brother. If I could only feel that, I would gladly live forever.’ — GEORGE BORROW

It is, I think, beginning to be generally conceded that most people at some time or other in their lives consider the possibility of committing suicide. I am not now referring to the suicidal contemplation of adolescence, which is often merely a symptom peculiar to that period. I mean the deliberate weighing of suicide as the happiest solution to some problem or as a path out of some dilemma, a path which according to statistics is becoming more and more popular.

The last thirty years have certainly seen a great change in the public attitude toward suicides, along with a somewhat startling increase in their number. Whether this increase is due

to our changed attitude of mind, or whether our changed attitude of mind is due to the increase in number, is an interesting though purely academic speculation. Together with this relaxing of public opinion toward self-destruction has come a change in the causes leading to it as far as women are concerned.

Thomas Hood's touching and, for that time, daring apology for a girl who had drowned herself presumably because betrayed by her lover takes it for granted that no woman would kill herself for any other reason. Incidentally I should like to remark that a girl in the circumstances depicted in 'The Bridge of Sighs' was indeed in an impossible situation. It had been laid down that lovely woman after being betrayed by a man would, if she had left any slight remnant of decorum, proceed to die. But according to both secular and ecclesiastic law, if she took any steps to ensure her obedience to this dictum, she was damned both here and hereafter. So she was forced to choose between living an unjustifiable existence and violating the most sacred law of Church and State. The choice has an element of injustice in it, and perhaps a certain general laxity in both sexes is to be preferred to the unpardonably oblique moral code of an earlier generation.

At all events I imagine that very few suicides are now due to women's betrayal by men. According to the statistics, women suicides are decidedly in the minority, and those who do kill themselves seem to be mostly unhappy wives or else women who, for differing reasons, are not satisfied with the conditions of their lives and agree with Santayana that 'a spirit with any honor is not willing to live except in its own way.'

While not everybody may go quite so far as Santayana, there does seem to

be a tendency to agree that one has the right to withdraw from life at discretion, and this brings me back to my starting point — that nearly all of us who have reached forty have at one time or another seriously contemplated such a withdrawal. I will go further and say that a fair half of us have not only contemplated such a possibility but have experienced a strong impulse to change it from a possibility into a fact — once and for all to put ourselves definitely beyond the chance of making further mistakes or of enduring more suffering or sorrow. Because I believe my own case typical, I shall use it to illustrate my contention, but first I must say that I am not in the least the type usually described as morbid, nor am I easily discouraged.

II

A few years ago I was facing one of the most difficult complications of a never-too-simple existence. Every path I tried seemed to be unmistakably marked, 'No Exit.' Driving home from the city late one afternoon with my small children, I was wearily pondering my problems once more, going over and over what could be done. Suicide had more than once occurred to me, but I could not reconcile it with my responsibility toward the children. Suddenly it flashed into my mind that I could take them too, thereby saving them the weariness and futility of which life seemed to be composed.

Just ahead of us lay a curve in the road where four people had recently been killed. I only needed to step a little harder on the accelerator and keep my hand steady on the wheel, and before any of us had time to be afraid we should all have escaped from living. There was a black flash before my eyes, I stepped on the brake instead of the accelerator, and came

around the curve at my usual cautious speed. In less than three months the complications had resolved themselves and were succeeded by two of the happiest years of my life. Though things have a way of turning difficult every once in a while, and though I have not as much strength to encounter them as I used to have, I have not again considered suicide as a way out.

Now I believe, as I have already said, that a very large number of people have had a similar experience, and I should much like to know two things: first, whether anyone who has strongly felt that impulse without translating it into action has ever experienced its recurrence; second, what in the crisis acted as a deterrent — sheer terror of the unknown, hope for the future, reluctance to acknowledge the ultimate defeat, a sense of the essential value of life, or consideration for family and friends?

For myself, I think that I was held back, first, by consideration for my family, coupled with a doubt whether, no matter what my own feeling about life, I had the right to deprive the children of theirs although I had given it to them. As a secondary but still powerful consideration, there was even then reluctance to acknowledge once and for all that I was defeated. And while I was confusedly thinking these things we rounded the curve and came out facing the sombre beauty of the afterglow over a purple winter sea.

I have always especially loved the time when the sky burns dark orange on the horizon, the ocean shades from ice-green to darkest purple, and the little waves near the shore are for the moment as rigid as if carved out of lapis lazuli, but the utter beauty and peace of that evening sea brought tears to my eyes. I realized then, as at intervals I have ever since, that, no matter what life does to you, there is

still a refuge from which you cannot be torn. The 'sweet things' are still free, and there is no one of us, no matter how lonely and poor, who cannot have his share by just looking around him.

III

Since the occasion which I have described, I have read with the utmost interest what other people have said about suicide, and I have thought about it from every point of view I could compass, coming at last to the conclusion that, despite the plausible and brilliant justifications which one sees, suicide is frequently shortsighted and invariably wrong. By 'wrong' I mean that it somehow interferes with a fundamental purpose which is the only thing that gives coherence to an otherwise monstrous universe, and that our man-made laws, harsh and crude as they may be, are a vague and faltering recognition of this fact. I believe that the inevitable recoil from the idea of killing ourselves which most of us feel springs from this innate sense of its essential wrongness rather than, as has been suggested, the instinct of self-preservation or the will-to-live. This instinct, so often referred to as supreme, seems to me among those most often disregarded. There has never been a war or a great catastrophe, a shipwreck, or even a day, when it has not been unhesitatingly violated. If in this age of pure reason one could mention such things without being laughed out of court, I should be inclined to suggest that our feeling against suicide is an instinct of the soul rather than of the body, and derives from the laws of the spiritual universe.

But, even supposing suicide to be in accordance with whatever universal plan there may be, it still seems to me as a rule shortsighted. There are exceptions to this rule: for instance, the

case of the man who kills himself because of incipient or recurring insanity. But such cases are comparatively rare. On the whole, people kill themselves because they find the conditions of their lives intolerable, *now* — and they do not see how those circumstances can improve, or they are not willing to wait for the change which is sure to come. For if there is one merciful thing about life it is that things do change. If joy goes and sorrow comes, why, sorrow goes and peace comes, — if we will let it, — and peace is a sweeter thing than joy, and more lasting. If we will only give ourselves time, if we will live each hour, each moment, as it comes, — not trying to face in one instant's comprehension the entire future stripped of all we may have cherished, or of everything that to us makes life worth living, — before we know it months will have rolled by, and the particular burden which made our life intolerable is softened on the horizon of memory, or else has changed and modified so that, even if it still exists, we can almost forget it.

I have known physical suffering and sorrow and I have lived through both, saying to myself, 'I need only live one second at a time. I don't even have to live a whole minute now, — let alone hours, or months, or years, — just this one second.' And gradually I could turn my attention from myself to the 'sweet things' that were unmarred by my grief and pain, till by degrees life was bearable again and more than bearable. The law of compensation holds good in the mental world as in the purely physical — *if you do not interfere with it*, but give it time to operate. No matter what is taken from you, — sight, hearing, the person whom you most love, — something will be given you in its place, and though it may not be the thing you would have chosen, it will still piece out the pat-

tern of your life *if* you will wait for it and use it when it comes. I have said nothing of the loss of one's mind, for it is difficult to see what can compensate for that, and yet the man who thinks he is Napoleon is perhaps as happy as any of the rest of us.

It seems to me that the group who justify suicide fall into a certain inconsistency, for, though they say that this life is or can be so beautiful as to satisfy the most avid soul, nevertheless they refuse to accept this thing of beauty unless its conditions are to their liking. They apparently feel no obligation to see how beautiful a thing, regardless of circumstances, they themselves can make of their lives. It is not that these people desire to live on the surface of life. They are often the ones most earnestly endeavoring to make the general conditions of living conform more closely to those they consider necessary to dignified existence. With these efforts I am of course in the heartiest sympathy. I am merely trying to point out that life does not depend for its value on the conditions surrounding it. Even those who believe that it does have not, so far as I have seen, defined those conditions necessary to 'honorable' living. Nor, indeed, is any definition possible, since the circumstances which one person finds intolerable may well seem to another entirely satisfactory, and certainly in this matter no one spirit is entitled to judge for another

IV

A recent article referred to the legless cripple who sells pencils as one of the types who would, if possessed of any honor, find life intolerable and so withdraw. I admit that there is something so abnormal about him, raised only a few inches above the sidewalk on his leather pads, that one's first feeling is of repulsion. But my second

feeling is one of admiration, for I believe that he has transcended his conditions and, although hopelessly handicapped, has nevertheless discovered sources of enjoyment still open to him. After all, objective values are about equal, and he probably derives as much enjoyment from a good meal as I do — though we may differ as to what constitutes a good one. Quite possibly he gets more pleasure from a movie than I do from a well-written book, since he is apt to be less critical than I. He very likely may drink whatever and wherever he can, and he may even chew tobacco. But those things are none of my business. Because I choose to consider his pleasures on a lower plane than my own, am I therefore entitled to say that he is a spirit without honor, else he would withdraw from a world that had treated him so harshly? His compensations are not those that would appeal to Santayana or to me, but, such as they are, they are his, figs plucked from thistles, and I consider him a finer spirit than if he had refused to accept his limitations and so withdrawn like a child who leaves a game because he does not like the rules or the place assigned to him.

People who commit suicide have always seemed to me something like that — children who have joined in a game but refuse to play unless they can be on the winning side. Of course the obvious flaw in this analogy is that we do *not* choose to enter, but willy-nilly are thrust into the game. It may well be argued that it is mere foolishness to play a game whose rules we do not like and in which we have no chance to win. Even so — and yet with all my heart I admire the child who does not complain about the rules or consider of too great importance the winning, but who, finding himself entered, plays it out as best he can to the end.

I can, however, see why people agree

with Santayana in admiring the spirit that rejects life except on its own terms. In the last analysis, suicide requires a bravery beyond the reach of many reflective people. Anyone who glibly dismisses suicide as cowardly ought to set to work deliberately to kill himself. Whether or not he unsaid his words, I feel sure he would change his opinion. To face utter blankness, which is to-day what death connotes for most of us, requires the courage of real despair — much oftener prated of than seen. But, aside from the reluctance of the body to die by its own hand, there is, as I have said, a reluctance far harder to overcome — the recoil, possibly, of the soul from its own destruction. Be that as it may, it is obvious that suicide requires courage of no ordinary type. Then, too, there is undoubtedly an aura of spiritual aristocracy about the soul that disdains to cope with life except on equal terms. It is these two qualities, I think, which one admires.

There is, however, a spirit that accepts whatever conditions come to it and either moulds them to its own ends or, if this be impossible, ignores them and lives on, turning its interest into channel after channel and once and for all refusing to be balked by the merely objective. This spirit realizes that, as I have said, objective values are about equal — that is to say, you can derive only so much enjoyment from food, no matter whether it be chicken à la king at the new Waldorf or a sandwich in the automat, or even a bowl of soup on a rainy night in a bread line. The same, of course, holds for clothing, or indeed for any external. What is of vital importance is the subjective, — the capacity for enjoyment, — and this can be and often is enlarged as the objective advantages disappear. For instance, the legless cripple probably enjoys his food more than I do mine, because he has been deprived of so

much else that I still possess. Certainly it is well recognized that the blind man has a keener appreciation of beautiful sound than I have, simply because he no longer enjoys the advantage of vision. It is just this capacity for enjoyment which is so intimately ours that life cannot deprive us of it except with our own consent. Knowing this, a spirit with a fine sense of honor will, it seems to me, be content to await the working of the compensatory law and choose to live rather than to die.

One recent writer who describes most vividly the mental processes leading up to suicide speaks of 'dragging the chain of next month's rent' — an apt description of a fetter which at sundry times has handicapped most of us. I have often perceived it, not so much dragging at me like a chain as looming up in front of me like an insurmountable cliff; and, while I heartily sympathize with the writer's distaste for facing the rent sensation indefinitely, I cannot help feeling that she accorded it undue importance in her scheme of existence. Overrating such responsibilities is an easy habit to fall into, especially if we are cast for the part of Martha cumbered with many cares.

But fortunately the stars in their courses do not depend upon our paying the rent, and, though the landlord may, the chances are that he would prefer to sacrifice one or even two months' money rather than have us commit suicide on his premises. At all events we are doing him no injustice if we occasionally forget his claims long enough to let the eternal majesty of the night sky restore our sense of proportion, as it most certainly will if we give it the chance. And if we can no longer afford the comfort and convenience that have been ours, we shall often find that the lessened drag of the rent makes up for the lessened attractiveness of our surroundings, and that

things 'lovely and durable' are still ours. The house we live in, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, are only as important as we choose to make them.

The only real difference between chicken à la king at the Waldorf and the sandwich in the automat is that the Waldorf chicken tastes better and its environment is, if less interesting, more attractive. But the difference is not worth killing one's self over. Not, of course, that anyone ever does kill himself for so trivial a reason. I believe, however, that a great many suicides are caused by a heaping up of just such trivial differences, — the difference between riding in taxis and using the subway, the difference between buying your clothes in the uptown specialty shops and in the downtown help-yourself department stores, the difference between living in an apartment and in a light-housekeeping room, — all of which differences are due to money or the lack of it. Instead of living from triviality to triviality, instead of waiting to see how much difference it makes in the essential value of life to give up this thing altogether or to find a cheaper substitute for that other, the type of person of whom I am speaking gives one horrified glance at a life stripped — not only for himself, perhaps, but for his family — of all the adjuncts which he has come to believe are necessary to dignified living, and promptly withdraws from existence.

It may be that such a withdrawal is justified — that his self-respect really demands to be bolstered up with the outward and visible signs of 'success,' so that when these signs are taken from him he really loses his belief in his essential worth. Perhaps he does; and yet it seems to me that, in spite of what has been said, life cannot destroy your self-respect any more than it can deprive you of your capacity for enjoyment, — only you yourself can do

that, — and, so long as you respect yourself, life is worth making the most of, more especially since you may be among those who believe that this is the only opportunity you will have to see what you can make of existence.

V

Nowadays it seems to be the vogue to call egotistic those who prefer the idea of some sort of personal survival to that of extinction, and I have heard people say that they have no dread of oblivion, but only of the mere act of dying. I freely admit that I am afraid of death both for those I love and for myself, but my fear is not by any means fear of the mere physical act. It is a deep-seated recoil from the idea of utter annihilation — and I do not believe that this recoil indicates that I am egotistic, which is bad, or avid, which is worse. If I have any fundamental instinct or feeling about these matters, it is that I have, with infinite pains and perhaps through infinite ages, built up a something — individuality, personality, soul, call it what you will — unique in a universe which contains many wonders and yet nothing living that exactly duplicates any other living thing. Since I have, through experience, welded my little bit of the cosmic into something that is unique; above all, since I feel that this process is not yet complete and cannot be completed in this life, am I avid because I find repugnant the idea of the absolute blotting out of what it seems to me I have so laboriously wrought?

While I cannot win to any definite conviction of personal survival, I find it utterly impossible to feel that all my hopes and fears, and more particularly my thoughts, are absolutely nothing but chemical processes. Nor can I believe that a universe so admirably ordered from the mechanistic point of

view came to pass by chance or coincidence. It really seems to me that to believe that everything is accidental requires a more credulous mind than is required to see behind the universe some tremendous purpose, primal cause, or transcendent intelligence which we have chosen to call 'God.'

Now the acceptance of an intelligence behind the universe does not imply that such an intelligence has any interest, beneficent or otherwise, in the fate of the individual or of the race. But the fact that through the ages, slowly, painfully, with many setbacks and retrogressions, mankind is lifting itself higher and higher in the scale indicates to me the probability that the force behind Nature is beneficent, at least as regards the race.

As regards the individual, perhaps the beneficence is harder to perceive. Certainly the unnecessary and unjust suffering in the world is hard to reconcile with the idea of universal kindness, and yet, 'we are kept keen on the grindstone of pain.' H. G. Wells, in one of his earlier stories, shows us what might very well happen in a world freed from the curse of Adam. His little people, charming though they are, have slipped back to a type more lovable but mentally and morally no more advanced than our hairy and chattering ancestors. It is obvious that most of us require the 'sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go' if we are to do anything at all or to develop mentally. Since human development absolutely requires some form of pain and hardship, where are we going to draw the line between what is necessary for development and what is so overwhelming as to justify refusal to bear it? I suppose this decision can only be left to the spirit concerned, since the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness. But I repeat that the strong spirit cannot be overwhelmed.

It is the house founded upon a rock.

Leaving out of the question the necessity of the grindstone of pain, it is possible, I think, to conceive of Intelligence as allowing us to evolve our own souls through the ages as our bodies have evolved from the primordial slime. If we are given life after life and chance after chance to correct our mistakes and follies and to avoid repeating our tragedies, it becomes entirely possible for us to think of God as eternally and unfailingly kind. Yet, though such a plan seems to me both logical and pleasant to contemplate, I cannot whole-heartedly accept it any more than I can accept the idea of a purely mechanistic universe. One seems to be born with the belief in life after death or else not to have it at all, for those who have it do not seem to need logic or reason, and those who do not have it seem unable to be convinced.

I wonder if the Presbyterians did not acquire their ideas of Predestination and Foreordination from these inherent convictions. One's certainty of personal survival may well be another term for the certainty of salvation, and, since the belief in one's own life after death does not at all depend on the kind of life one happens to be living, it is easy to see how the idea arose that God had chosen to save some and let others burn, and how brilliant minds apparently saw no vexatious inconsistency in a plan that made no allowance for individual good works or good faith.

It is interesting to note that belief in survival is found among all types of minds. The most brilliant and lucid mind that I know, and the one least apt to be influenced by its own preferences, has that absolute conviction which I so conspicuously lack and which I should prize above rubies. The rest of my acquaintances and friends divide fairly evenly between those who

believe in life after death and those like myself who do not know what they believe. There are only a few, and those, in my particular group, not the most brilliant or most deeply read, who believe definitely that there is nothing.

As a rough generalization it seems to me that there are two classes which are most apt to believe in a spiritual universe and the definite existence of the soul. First, those people who lead the simplest lives and the ones nearest to the earth — the farmers, for example. Perhaps, after all, God is found in gardens. These people are not very articulate when it comes to discussing their beliefs and their reasons therefor, but they do seem to have something on which they rest, and so are to be envied. The second group which inclines to the same beliefs is composed of those who have read much, studied much, and thought deeply. Once again extremes meet. The group that denies all meaning to the universe and believes only in what can be defined and dissected seems to me composed of those who have just begun to think for themselves and, perceiving the falsity of the old dogmas and the worn-outness of some of the creeds, have not yet perceived that there is still something which creed and dogma inchoately attempt to put into words.

VI

One thing more and then I have finished. One writer has said that she cannot understand how parents who have lost a dearly beloved healthy child can look around at the cripples, the deficient, and the unwanted children who survive and still believe in a divine Providence. I have lost such a child — the youngest, our only girl, a baby of three who, running to meet me, was struck down by a car and died in my arms on the way to the hospital.

How far divine Providence was responsible I do not pretend to say, but it is easier for me to believe that there was some reason for her being taken. I can most truly declare that if I really believed this universe so aimless and so haphazard as blindly to crush out such lives as hers, *forever ending them*, then indeed I do not know whether, in spite of all I have here written, I could longer endure it.

The hardest thing about such a loss is, not the agony of separation, not the knowledge that never again in this world shall I feel her tiny trusting hand in mine or hear her say confidently, 'Oo won't let it hurt me, will oo, Mommie?' — not even the memory of that last afternoon when I washed her face and hands and sent her happily off to the playground with her two older brothers. The thing that is with me night and day is the uncertainty whether all the lovely potentialities that were hers have been completely erased. If I could only feel *sure* that somewhere she still lives, perhaps under more favorable circumstances, developing her own little portion of the world soul as she gave every promise of doing here, I could count my own personal loss as negligible. I could even hope that her early death indicated that she did not need to be kept sharp on the grindstone of pain. But the conviction that she still lives does not seem likely to be mine.

In spite of a sorrow which for me has changed the face of the world, I can still realize how much has been left, and I am occasionally struck by the fact that everyday life seems somehow to have taken on a deeper meaning. I am often surprised to find how interesting and sometimes how lovely are the little things of every day. The amount of good nourishing food I can get out of a dollar, the success of a new recipe, my hitherto unsuspected ability as a

handy man, the increasing tameness of the pigeons, the constant thrill of discovering how many hens laid to-day, the ever-recurring curiosity as to who or what Pal's pups are going to resemble — all these usual trivialities interest me as much as did any of the varied activities which have been mine, and seem in the long run to be almost as important.

For everyday beauty I have the pinnettias against my neighbor's house, the purple on the neck of my own gray pigeon, the exquisite exactness with which the feathers of the white pigeons overlap, the humming bird, a gold and green song in the hibiscus, and the eloquent liquid eyes of Fluffy, our absurdly sentimental mid-Victorian dog. Behind and around and over these, there is the beauty of the 'sweet things,' of day and night, of dawn and sunset. More particularly there is the beauty of the stars, which I never seemed really to see until night after night I searched them for an answer to the question, 'Has she indeed perished like the grass, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven?' Though there came no answer from their vast and silent spaces, there was help in their solemn beauty and in the realization that they have seen countless thousands undergo my sorrow. I learned too that, lonely as one's individual grief must be, it still brings one into kinship with those who have lived and suffered before and those who will live and suffer after. This feeling of beauty and this close kinship with humanity are mine as long as I choose to keep the vision of them. And while I have them I can say with Jasper: 'There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things: there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?'

FASCISM IN THE MAKING

BY MAX ASCOLI

I

IN certain quarters it is asserted that Mr. Roosevelt's 'New Deal' is nothing other than the first stage of an American movement toward Fascism. It is said that, although the United States has not yet adopted the political structure of Italy and Germany, the economic structure of the country is rapidly being moulded upon the Fascist pattern. It is commonly assumed that every social and political change that occurs in our time must catapult us in the direction either of Bolshevism or of Fascism: since the New Deal is patently not a lapse into Bolshevism, it must, then, be a resort to Fascism.

So runs the argument, and those who advance it find it useful to draw upon Marx for a bit of class theory. It would obviously be difficult to show that the driving force of the Administration stems from the political pressure of the proletariat, so it is said that Mr. Roosevelt's programme represents the interests of the middle class. Thus the American 'forgotten man,' crushed by technology and capitalism, is identified as the brother of those white-collar workers and petty ex-army officers who staged the Fascist revolutions in Italy and in Germany.

This careless use of a label would be amusing if Fascism were not a shocking reality in two of the greatest countries of Europe. To imply that Mr. Roosevelt is a disciple of Mussolini not only

does the President a grave disservice but leads to muddled thinking, for it is only too evident that those who make such assertions do not know what Fascism is. Since Hitler's rise to power, the notion that Fascism is a revolution of the lower middle class has gained wide currency, and has been accepted so literally that it has lost some of its elements of truth. More and more, people are coming to think of Fascism as a movement of men who chose to wear black shirts or brown because they could not afford to keep their white collars clean. It is not as simple as that.

The only way to find out what Fascism is is to look at the two Fascist countries. The experiences of Italy and Germany integrate each other very usefully in giving us an understanding of the elements common to both.

In Italy, Fascism was quick in reaching power, but slow in developing its policies as a régime; in Germany, the process was reversed, so that Germany offers a complete analytical picture of the constituent parts that go into the making of Fascism before it comes to power. By tracing the development of the political movements in both nations and by observing the nature of the governments set up in each, we can sift out those unifying elements which may be regarded as the peculiar characteristics of Fascism.

II

(1) Fascism depends, in the first instance, upon certain self-appointed leaders who emerge from the lower strata of the middle class. In both Italy and Germany these leaders were by-products of the war. They were men of little education, and they came out of the war having learned only one lesson — the art of mastering and regimenting crowds. In time of peace this art becomes almost useless, or it is practised only by a few professional politicians; but these young men did not know any other craft, and they wanted to act. Moreover, they knew something that political theorists and even many politicians ignore: they knew what was behind such generalizations as 'proletarian class,' 'socialism,' 'patriotism,' and 'liberalism.' In the army they had seen the so-called radical mellowing his sharp class feeling in the companionship of a well-bred boy, the anarchist marching happily in step with the regiment's band, the professional patriot terror-stricken by the idea of imminent danger. Even though they had no college degrees, their knowledge of human nature was greater than any to be gleaned from books. They *had* to lead because they did not know how to do anything else, and their zeal was inflamed by the certainty that if they failed their future would be marked by the slavery of some lowly clerical job or of manual labor.

These small bourgeois desperadoes were not immediately recognized as leaders by the middle class. Soon, however, they began to enlist the sympathies of small capitalists, especially the agrarians, who did not want to be driven to a proletarian life either by political revolution or by economic pressure. And, naturally, the reaction against an imagined political revolu-

tion was more fiery, as well as more easily stirred up, than any which could have been brought about against economic pressure.

The natural leadership bred by the war was supplemented by aid from a second set of men — the professionals of the socialist or labor organizations who had seceded from their movements because of the heresies which are always threatening the orthodoxy of the left-wing churches. These men also knew how to handle crowds, and they, too, were longing for action. A socialist or laborite organization of workers, powerful and on a national scale, is, then, one of the necessary prerequisites of Fascism, because it creates in the masses the habit of discipline and of regimentation, and it educates a set of technicians who know how the workers' units can be formed, conquered, or gagged. If American industrialists have leanings toward Fascism, as is sometimes said, it is unfortunate for them that they should so long have championed anti-union policies and the open shop.

(2) If the kind of leadership which I have just described was the leaven of Fascism, the lump itself was made ready by the post-war youth movement. This not only accounts for the rank and file who were shortly to acclaim the self-appointed leaders, but it also constitutes the best moral justification of Fascism.

In the natural course of events, there is a day-by-day infiltration of young people into civil life; they acquire their education and adopt their political ideals in the social environment of their parents. All this was absolutely stopped in the greatest nations of Europe during the more than four years of the war. A whole generation was blocked. Young men who were just at the beginning of their business or professional careers performed the

terrible task of protecting their countries, but at the same time they lost contact with their countries.

During the cataclysm, every nation learned to fight and had its heroes, but not every nation was prepared to suffer the shock that followed upon the secession of a generation. This did not depend so much upon the strength of the democratic institutions in the several countries as upon the historical training which each country had had in adjusting itself to similar disruptions in the past. Such training was almost nonexistent in the two European nations which were the last to arrive at national unity and which had just fought their first national war. They were consumed entirely in the fires of war, and no historical tradition, no underlying wisdom of the race, was strong enough to recapture the lost generation.

In Italy, under the energetic direction of people who could do nothing but lead, the war generation swept onward like an avalanche. The mass of young veterans were more responsive to new emotional ideas voiced by sly leaders than to the tradition of the *Risorgimento*. In Germany the avalanche was even more sweeping, carrying the post-war generation along with the ex-soldiers, because the gap between old and young Germany that had been opened by the war became a chasm during and after the period of inflation.

(3) The conjoined movement of the middle class against the proletariat and of the young generation against the old was sentimental and incoherent, inspired by a will to believe more than by beliefs. But once the Fascists seized control of the state, they had to have a programme, and they found it in the state itself. Suddenly they realized that there was a deep kinship between the intransigence of a party sprung

from the loins of war and the character—leviathan-like, mechanical, omnipresent—of the modern state. The more familiar they became with the machinery of the state, the more fanatical they grew in their enthusiasm for it. So it came about that they were soon advocating the use of every instrument of government to solve economic or religious problems.

Fascists like to travel at full speed ahead. Their most important concern is to get things done, and done quickly; so with the hot blood of youth they set on to destroy every check and balance which the prudence of older generations had framed to minimize the dangers of running the machine. If Fascism in Italy and Germany is uncompromising and oppressive, it is because such is the nature of the state itself when every check upon its power has been removed. In Germany, the Nazi idea of nationality is bloody and forbidding, and it is bound to be so when the state loses the control of reason and is materialized in an irresponsible political or legal machine. At times, Fascism appears to be a kind of political Fordism, centring every human interest at the feet of a mechanical god.

In both Italy and Germany the Fascist state intervenes in economic life: hence the general belief that Fascism tends toward some form of state socialism or state capitalism. There is no more dangerous illusion, for governmental control can be superimposed upon any kind of economic system. State control may be used to protect the hunting grounds of big business by establishing a private partnership in profits between business men and governmental or party officials; it may tend toward bureaucracy, with plenty of jobs for the middle class; it may be the instrument for carrying out a policy of outright confiscation.

Anything is possible. As yet, there is no clear sign that the Fascists have made a choice. Last October, in a speech celebrating the tenth anniversary of the March on Rome, Mussolini said: 'If the crisis is of the system, which is the capitalistic system, it would be ruinous to attempt to solve it by aggravating its terms; wherever private capitalism has been extended to form state capitalism, poverty has been absolutely dreadful.'

(4) 'Everything within the state' is Mussolini's slogan. But the machinery of the state exists as an instrument for executing the purposes of government; its use may suggest a method, but not a programme. So the fourth characteristic of Fascism derives from the effort that had to be made to discover a really revolutionary goal, and it was a goal which the Italian Fascists did not fully formulate until about four years after they came to power — a drastic prohibition of politics. This is by far the greatest originality of Fascism, as well as its source of strongest appeal to the intolerant and reckless spirit of the new generation.

Now politics is such a pivotal element in the social organization that the Fascists were obliged to invent a most complicated system to suppress it. Political ferment may be stimulated by ideas, so the Fascists take charge of education; politics may grow out of the clash of opposite interests, so the Fascists watch both the capitalists and the proletarians. Thus the state syndicates in Italy are governed by the same criteria as are the universities and the press. In these efforts to sterilize all the seeds of politics and to substitute in their place new-fangled sentiments and symbols, one cannot find any mark of class interests. Fascism is simply a party organization which demands for itself a monopoly of

politics in order to prevent autonomous expression in other forms.

From the prohibition of politics flow some of the most striking and distinguishing manifestations of the Fascist spirit: the substitution of unanimity for dissent; the formulation of myths, symbols, and ceremonies to make articulate the life of the masses; the persecution of individuals in time of peace by some of the people who lost their individualities in time of war.

(5) The prohibition of politics leads to a system under which all decisions are accepted from above, a rigid hierarchy being set up and crowned at the top by an all-powerful, irresponsible leader. Here Fascist politics transforms itself into a kind of religion. The ordinary human being, kept as a more or less voluntary prisoner of the state and forbidden to translate his sentiments and interests into political terms, is offered, both as compensation and as relaxation, the worship of the only man who is free, uncontrolled, and above the laws. It is a very strange form of religion, with an indissoluble trinity of Nation, State, and Party embodied in a living god.

(6) The last element to be noted as a common denominator of Fascism in both Italy and Germany is a peculiar kind of intellectual disintegration. It shows itself in a corrosive and debauching criticism of fundamental moral and political beliefs, in a nihilism that brushes reason aside and insists that the only realities are 'cold facts and successful deeds,' in a despairing and disparaging view of ordinary human nature and an absolute faith in the impersonal forces of history. At the same time, Fascist leaders poison the minds of the masses with high-powered injections of rhetoric, their soap-box oratory fostering an uncritical popular belief in any nostrum

that may seem momentarily expedient, whether it be nationalism, Marxism, or anti-Semitism.

III

If it is true that these six elements are the prime characteristics of Fascism, we see that the phenomenon is one of remarkable magnitude. In the chaotic whirl of events that followed the war, both in Italy and in Germany, a few small bourgeois desperadoes were thrown up to the surface of public life, youth revolted against age, the state was set up as an object of idolatry, political activity was prohibited, human gods were offered for worship, and, finally, the exhausted thought of two nations meekly accepted its own suppression. These several manifestations of unrest reinforced one another, and, blending together, produced that monstrous new thing under the sun which we call Fascism.

Now if this is what Fascism is, can there be any justification for the assertion, frequently and glibly made, that Mr. Roosevelt's 'New Deal' is an American experiment in Fascism? Let us see.

Of the six elements here outlined as necessary conditions of Fascism, only the last can be found in the United States in any noticeable measure. The others are present, to be sure, but in a more or less homeopathic form — just enough of each to enable Americans to understand the foreign disease. It is a peculiarity of this country to harbor the germs of every illness to which the body politic is subject, so that the United States has lived through its history in a state of chronic indisposition so slight that it is almost good health, thanks to the process of spontaneous immunization. This need not inspire one with blind confidence that America's good luck will last

forever, but it is enough to make one skeptical about such things as the much-publicized distrust of Congress, the agitation of veterans, and the crash of financial empires. More specifically, if the crisis of the middle class is acute in this country, there is as yet no sign of a ruthless, autonomous leadership arising among dispossessed small landowners or jobless white-collar workers.

Our age has witnessed strange attempts to suppress or reform some of the most fundamental attitudes of mankind. Russia is trying to destroy the classical 'economic man.' Italy and Germany want to cripple the 'political animal' of Aristotle. America, too, has been touched by this mania, but in the luckiest way, as an effort to exterminate the drinking animal — and the results are known. Is it reasonable to suppose, as some would have us believe, that this country is now going to substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment the more drastic prohibition of politics in the Fascist manner?

It seems to me demonstrable that, as a result of the tremendous experiments which President Roosevelt has launched, the political current in the United States will flow in precisely the opposite direction. While the Fascists prohibit politics, America is already witnessing a marked revival of interest in political activities. President Roosevelt has brought business under the control of the Administration, which means that it will henceforth be impossible for any sensible citizen to think of politics as being the exclusive concern of politicians now that political action has a direct and immediate influence upon his pocket. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt's adventures in this field will result in the accumulation of so much experience and of so many concrete cases of one kind or

another that Congress will be provided with material for careful and ordered legislation through many years to come. A country with a federal structure, with deep economic and political prejudices, with a common law system and the supervision of a Supreme Court, cannot embark upon a programme of fundamental legislative changes without a preliminary period of experimentation. This Mr. Roosevelt is supplying, and, whatever be the outcome of his work, we can be sure that a prohibition of politics will not be included among his methods.

The idea of economic planning, it should be added, is not Fascist. There are two kinds of planning — administrative planning conducted by an all-powerful state with every detail of economic and political activity in charge of a special department, and coördinative planning that tries to harmonize different organizations each of which is independent and capable of self-directed action. The first may seem the more efficient, but it must fight at every step against the inertia and confusion created by the tremendous multiplication of its activities, as well as against such plotting and wire-pulling as must inevitably result from the lack of external control. The second can work only through persuasion, moral pressure, and compromise. This may not appear to be efficient, but when one recalls how slowly and uncertainly Italy has moved under her dictator, one is tempted to predict that, relying

on public opinion, General Johnson and Mr. Peek will do more for the cause of planning in six months than the omnipotent Fascist state did in six years.

The current experience of the United States will show, I suspect, that Fascism is not the inevitable form which a non-Bolshevist society must take, but rather that it is abnormal and pathological. Philosophically, Fascism is a movement whose leaders are civilians in riding boots. Politically, it is an entirely new type of tyranny, both personal and demagogic — a tyranny which for the first time in history exploits the mob spirit in an era of universal suffrage and gives to the supreme leaders irresponsible power as limitless as that of the modern state. In contrast to this picture, we now see in America a leader who has never played the rôle of hero or savior, and whose greatest ambition appears to be to look like a common human being, a member of the middle class by voluntary affiliation. Without frowning or putting on a mask of ferocity, he has taken on his shoulders the heaviest burden that any President ever assumed; he does not shirk the responsibility, and he stands ready to give an account of his stewardship when the time comes.

In spite of the novelty of Mr. Roosevelt's experiments, perhaps the most appropriate term for this new American way of grappling with social and economic unrest is still the good old word 'democracy.'

A PREFACE TO CATHOLICISM

BY RUSSELL WILBUR

DEAR MRS. —:

Last night at dinner at Mrs. —'s you spoke to me very seriously, charmingly, appreciatively, of the Catholic Church as making for those who sincerely practise the Catholic religion a centre of peace and stability in the otherwise rather mad and terrible whirlpool of life.

It is, alas, very characteristic of my poor self that I seem always to be unable at a dinner table, or in general in society, to respond appropriately and as a priest should to remarks of that kind. I fear you had reason to think me cold and uninterested. I can sometimes flash back with considerable vivacity — alas, too much — against a hostile or depreciatory criticism of the Church if it seems to me to be the fruit of ill will or of culpable ignorance, but otherwise social occasions are apt to leave me rather dumb in regard to these matters.

However, your remark pleased me very much, and although I know little, I fear, of your general point of view or state of mind, I am writing you a response which I hope will be fitting, although I am almost sure that it will be too long for your patience.

I suppose that any system of religious or ethical doctrine which is not quite crazy and which is sincerely practised stabilizes life and gives it a certain dignity and peace; but I agree with you, I take it, that the Catholic Church does seem in this matter quite uniquely

to hit the bull's-eye, shall we say. I take it also that you agree with me that one has to look rather far beneath the surface to see why this is so; the incrustations are dense. It was just here, I suspect, that your remark was meant to give a lead which I had not the wit or courage to follow. Let me follow it now.

One thing, and one thing alone, thoroughly redeems life and makes it worth while: to learn to suffer in patience, in humility, in confidence — in confidence that suffering has a meaning and purpose; not the only meaning and purpose, but the supreme meaning and purpose of life. In learning to suffer so, there is peace, and more than peace; just in proportion as the lesson is deeply and thoroughly learned, there is positively joy. *This paradox is the central fact of existence so far as the human race is concerned; and it constitutes the mystery which lies in the heart, or rather in the root, of Catholicism, and which the Church 'gets over,' somehow, into the minds, or at any rate into the lives, of all her children, even the most ignorant, stupid, or superstitious, provided they are sincere and in earnest.* This is Fact Number One about Catholicism, and outweighs in its importance all other facts. Catholicism is the Religion of the Crucifix, the Way of the Cross.

Fact Number Two, which in its turn outweighs in importance all subsequent facts about Catholicism, may be stated

as follows: *No one can really learn to suffer in patience, humility, and confidence who does not try sincerely to be prudent, to be just, to be self-controlled, to be steadfast in his daily conduct.* Perhaps it is important to stop here long enough to insist upon the point that in regard to these two fundamental matters of learning to suffer and of moral practice it is far more essential that men should be induced to act sincerely and earnestly according to the lights that they have, even though these lights be to a considerable extent darkness, than that men should be thoroughly enlightened with reference to the highest ethical standards in all matters. (For example, the Pharisee and the Publican.) This is a truth which can be easily abused by lazy or designing ecclesiastics, and they have in the past plentifully abused it, and do now; but it is a truth none the less.

In the foregoing paragraph I have used the words 'to be prudent, to be just, to be self-controlled, to be steadfast in his daily conduct' — the four cardinal points of rational morality — rather than '*to be humble; to be forgiving and full of allowance-making kindness; to be detached from every inordinate affection for any other human being, or group, or for the whole human race, as well as detached from all inordinate concern for or dependence upon bodily life and health, material possessions, good repute, or creature comforts; to be heroic*' — which four virtues comprise what we may call the four cardinal points of sanctity. As a matter of fact, the individual who is sincerely trying to learn to suffer in patience, humility, and confidence will instinctively move on the plane of holiness rather than on the lower level of mere rational morality. After all, holiness is simply rational morality with a difference; it is rational morality as rational morality is found in the life of one who is smitten

through and through by a sense of the terrible beauty and strangeness, the deep unfathomed mystery, the august yet somehow homely loveliness, of Life itself. Such a one, after all, is the only one who will be sincerely moved to learn to suffer in patience, humility, and confidence.

Humility, by the way, is a virtue so much depreciated and misunderstood, and counts for so much more than almost anything else in any religious, Christian, Catholic scheme of life, that I think I ought to say precisely what I mean by it. *Humility is the habit of trying to see one's self, not as one likes to think one is, but as one really is, and of acting accordingly.* It most decidedly includes not merely trying to see one's self as one really is, but also trying to see all the family, local, occupational, economic, social, national, racial, religious groups to which one belongs and into which one extends one's self, so to speak, not as one likes to think these groups are, but as they really are. Perhaps no part of humility is more important than the effort (a) to see human nature and the human race as a whole, to see man's place in the universe and the essential conditions of the human lot, not as one likes to think these are, but as they really are; and (b) to act accordingly.

Fact Number Three of the great Catholic facts is 'the wild, indeterminate, infinite appetite of man,' as the old Anglican Bishop Jeremy Taylor called it; the incorrigible or, at any rate, only partially corrigible exuberance and exorbitance of human desire; the incorrigible or only partially corrigible restlessness of the human heart. This, by the way, more than anything else, more than all the evils that press upon us from without, more than all merely physical pains as such, is what we have to learn to suffer in serenity and peace — this continuous,

irrepressible, instinctive insurrection of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life within us; *not one of these lusts being evil in itself*, — please mark that thoroughly, — but each of them, and all three together, an inexhaustible spring of restlessness.

This 'corruption of our nature' — that is, the radically insatiable and only partially corrigible exorbitance of human desires — is what makes heroism, heroism linked or, rather, intimately fused with humility, the most indispensable factor of human happiness. Life is terrible, but it may none the less be made by each one of us somehow glorious. Its essence is conflict, struggle. The chief enemy each one of us has to fight turns out to be, as every prudent man soon discovers, himself; one has to curb the irrational exuberance and exorbitance of his will to live, of his will to power; of the 'wild, indeterminate, infinite appetite' within him. The certain issue of this conflict is relatively failure, defeat; because our threefold concupiscence or libido (1) of pleasure, (2) of knowledge and novelty, and (3) of power, prestige, and having one's own way, can only imperfectly be brought under the yoke of the rational will while life lasts. Yet the valiant and persistent fighter, if he learns how to rely in all humility not upon himself but upon the innermost and permanent Reality of things, manages to snatch somehow, from the very jaws of defeat itself, victory, peace, joy.

Fact Number Four concerning Catholicism is very interesting and very little understood. The great Mystery of the Cross affords a great purchase or hold, so to speak, to fanaticism or to mere pessimism. This or that individual who is responding to the call to walk in the Way of the Cross may, through some happy disposition of natural temperament or of the circumstances of

his life, avoid the pitfalls of fanaticism or pessimism. But men in general cannot be as devoted as they ought to be to the Mystery of the Cross and cannot be as deeply penetrated as they ought to be by the recognition of the 'corruption of our nature' without danger of fanaticism or pessimism unless they are steadied and made sane by having under their feet a sound, rational philosophy of life which leaves no room for anti-rational conceptions or sentiments of any kind and does full justice to the gifts and tasks of culture and civilization, of conjugal love and family life, of friendship and good-fellowship. Such a philosophy the Church is convinced she has found in Aristotelian Platonism (Aristotle's systematic development and drastic correction of Plato's teachings); and not until the modern world brings forth a philosophical system which, in regard to central and fundamental matters, surpasses Aristotle's in totality, centrality, sanity, proportionality, and balance will the Church leave Aristotle — or, rather, Saint Thomas Aquinas, his Christian commentator and exponent — for any other. Probably the Church will never leave them, since the Thomistic-Aristotelian system has a magnificent metabolism, an unrivaled capacity for absorbing and assimilating to itself extraneous philosophical and scientific matter from all sorts of quarters. It is a pity that this capacity of assimilation is not put to the proof more than it is by the Catholic exponents of Thomistic-Aristotelianism. Just to give you an intimation of what I mean without allowing myself to expatiate on a favorite topic or writing a long bill of fare, the Thomistic-Aristotelian system could make a morning's meal of Karl Marx's so-called materialistic conception of history, of psychoanalysis, behaviorism, and of the endocrinological theory of human tem-

perament and character without suffering the slightest indigestion if its Catholic keepers would feed this magnificent philosophical lion adequately instead of keeping him on a low diet.

Catholic Fact Number Five is, I suppose (to correct in a measure what I said some way back), practically the most important of all, because men are, after all, influenced by persons more than by anything else. No way of life has any power or purchase upon men except as it is embodied in a person; Jesus — Jesus as the Gospels give Him to us — is *the* inspiration and *the* example of those who are seeking peace in suffering and joy in the Cross. When those who have practically sunk themselves deep in the mystery of suffering experience with ineffable joy that somehow a Strange Presence or Otherness comes in the depths of their hearts to suffer in them, with them, and somehow instead of them, — *this is the acme of religious experience*, — it is, if they really understand His history, as Jesus of Nazareth (Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity, the Prince of Peace) that they identify this Mysterious Stranger. And the day will come when this will be no different in Asia than it is with us, for the Buddha did not promise joy — only, it seems, a somewhat negative peace; yet it is joy, not merely peace, that men want, and it is joy — such seems to be the experience of the Christian and Christianlike saints — which is found by those who are perfectly thorough and generous in practising the mystery of suffering. Christ is joy; Christ is risen!

Catholic Fact Number Six is constituted by the fact that the gregariousness of human nature requires such a way of life, if it is to be practised in any measure by large masses of men, to be practised in common — to be the enterprise of a community. Some gifted

individuals here and there may be able to consecrate a way of life for themselves although they practise it more or less in isolation; though even they are usually living upon the capitalized communal traditions of spiritual experience that have come down to them in one way and another from highly organized religious groups to which their parents or grandparents belonged. But I think history makes it very plain that the immense majority of men require something more or less in the way of public worship and common prayer, of sacramental certitudes and common discipline, if they are to hold any especial way of life as being sacred. This is particularly true when the way of life in question rests upon principles that are as repugnant to the majority of men and to almost all men in their ordinary moods as are what I have called Fact Number One (suffering alone redeems life) and Fact Number Three (the corruption of our nature). For instance, speaking as I did just a moment since of 'sacramental certitudes,' think how the Sacrifice of the Mass, especially in connection with Holy Communion, enables the pitiable extraverted mass of men — and even the wholesomely introverted ones in their ordinary, everyday, extraverted moods — to *realize* instinctively and objectively the mysterious presence and as it were suffering-triumphing action within the soul of that Eternal Otherness which thus becomes more *we* than we are ourselves.

Catholic Fact Number Seven, and we are through with our enumeration. If our community is to be vigorously maintained and preserved and to operate effectively, it will have to be highly organized, and organized on a world-wide scale, since such a community represents a way of life which is meant for all men and which cannot allow itself to be too much modified by

irrelevant racial, national, or local influences, or by the changing moods and fashions of different historical periods. Such a high degree of communal organization and of resistance to dissolving influences demands, of course, a fixed centre of high, of supreme, potentiality such as the Papacy — an institution that has its inevitable inconveniences and is very liable to abuse, but is quite indispensable to the life and continuity of any society which is necessarily as much at war with the general way of the world as that community must be at war which is devoted to the way of life that I have outlined in the above points.

It cannot be too much insisted upon, indeed every possibility of understanding the ecclesiastical problem depends upon seeing, that all the influences and interests of everyday life, all the claims of culture and civilization, — looked at superficially, that is, which is the way men mostly look at them, — tend to ignore, to dissolve, or positively to fight against, the Way of the Cross. The Church must be militant; it must fight. There has to be a G. H. Q., and a Commander in Chief with plenary authority. Usually the Church seems to be fighting simply for her own selfish interests — that is, for the selfish interests of her clergy, her hierarchy, her Pope; and no doubt this is often the case. But were every Pope a saint, were all bishops, clergy, and 'religious' saints, masterpieces of wisdom and disinterestedness, the Church would still necessarily be at war, and even more so, with the world, even with the world at its possible best. *There is an inevitable tension, an incorrigible antagonism, between the world, even at its possible best, and a community whose object is to proclaim and practise peace in suffering and only in suffering; joy in the Cross and only in the Cross.*

Everything which I have put before

you so far is built logically upon a fact which, as so often happens in such matters, is nowhere expressly mentioned, but which perhaps I should have stated in the beginning as Catholic Fact Number One. It is a fact impregnably certain, but, like so many other fundamental and impregnably certain facts of our experience, intrinsically clear-obscure — the difference between happiness and pleasure. Like the difference between the pleasant and the beautiful, the difference between happiness and pleasure is very difficult to conceive but very easy to experience. Pleasures and pains belong, so to speak, to the category of 'the Many' — they are, as it were, mechanically atomistic, like the atoms of Democritus; they form transient aggregates, never a unified whole. Among pleasures only the tonicity of a healthy body, the glow and tingle and vigorous sense of abounding physical health, is a kind of adumbration or presentiment of happiness. Happiness (Heaven!) and misery (Hell!) participate somehow in 'the One'; misery, as a schoolman would say, 'privatively' — that is, by life's missing the mark which it is born to hit. *Happiness is the glow and tingle of spiritual* — that is, intellectual-volitional-emotional — *health*; the vigorous sense of God-given adequacy to meet, to master, or somehow victoriously transcend, by perfect inward acceptance and peace, all the vicissitudes of life. 'The sage,' — a Greek's only way of describing what we call a saint, — 'the sage will be happy even when stretched upon the tyrant's rack!' Who do you suppose said that? Epicurus, of all men and philosophers — Epicurus, the classical exponent of hedonism, the philosophy of pleasure, and the name-saint of all subsequent 'epicures.' For saying it he deserves, almost, to be treated, one might say, as one of the Fathers of the Church.

Upon this rock, — the essential difference between happiness and pleasure, — as upon Peter, Reality has built in majestic and unique solidity the Roman Church (its innermost citadel is constituted by the holy contemplative Orders, — Carthusians, Cistercians, Camaldolese, Carmelites, Poor Clares, and their like, — in whose life the reality of the difference between happiness and pleasure is practically demonstrated with incomparable magnificence), and one hardly requires the gift of faith, so it seems to me, to be certain that neither the gates of Hell nor the tides of time will ever prevail against it.

At any rate, whatever of moment I know or believe or have experienced concerning the Christian religion and the Catholic Church can be conveniently subsumed under one or the other of the above seven or eight points. Everything else is poetry, or incrustation, or a matter of convenience more or less passing or more or less age-long. I am free to say that I like immensely much of the poetry and even some of the incrustations, and find that there is a good deal to be said for the ecclesiastical arrangements that have been made, early or late, as matters of convenience — although of course, like all large bodies, the Church can easily be too slow in laying aside or modifying those arrangements which have outlived their usefulness in their existing shape; but these are mostly very secondary matters.

However, the specific genius of Hebrew-Jewish-Christian religious tradition is to seek and find the Eternal, not so much in metaphysics, mysticism, or personal experience, as first and foremost in social, and above all *historical*, — that is, epoch-making, — acts and

facts. Ecclesiastical tenets and institutions which have from the first grown up naturally, so to speak, as a tree grows from a sapling, out of words or acts of Jesus or of His original Apostles, will never be regarded by those who are under the influence of the Hebrew-Jewish-Christian way of thinking as merely matters of convenience, but will be recognized as sacrosanct; which need not prevent the Church, as time goes on, from distinguishing between their substance and the accidents with which time has clothed them. Nor, what is more, need it prevent the Church from distinguishing more and more, as time goes on, in the words and acts of Jesus and His original Apostles, between their time-conditioned, place-conditioned 'flesh' or 'letter' — 'the flesh' which of itself 'profiteth nothing' and 'the letter' which, unduly pressed, 'killeth' — and the everlasting universal import of these words and acts, the 'spirit' of them that maketh alive.

But, for reasons which all I have written has tried to make clear, for me at least it would be nothing short of treason to wish to think, speak, or act, in these secondary matters of religious-philosophical and theological interpretation, independently of the Catholic and Roman Church, which somehow uniquely incorporates, realizes, and is energized by the living idea of what is for me the central fact of existence: that is, the redemptive efficacy — the peace-giving, joy-bringing, somehow eternalizing efficacy — of suffering heroically undertaken or patiently, humbly, confidently endured in union with the Suffering Servant of the Eternal, 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' the Crucified God of this strange, this *bittersweet* universe.

ATLANTIC LABORATORY

BY FRANCIS AND KATHARINE DRAKE

I

TIME is up. The loud speaker is expelling firm round syllables from its electric throat.

'Calling passengers for the *Clipper*! All aboard for Cuba, Jamaica, Colombia, Venezuela, Trinidad, Canal Zone, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, and the Argentine! All abo-o-o-o-ard!'

The words sting in our ears. Against this fabulous roll call of a continent, against adventure, what chance has a mere egg to hold the stage? We abandon breakfast without a second thought. Visions dance upon the air — pampas and leafless desert wilderness, jungles, the pure, cold spires of the majestic Andes.

'All abo-o-o-o-ard!'

We sidle up the gangplank. Our shoes touch the yielding carpet of the empress of the air — the *Clipper*. The interior is one sumptuous shine. Lustre debouches from the woodwork, the ceiling, from the silk of forty-five upholstered chairs. We are a poor relation in our venerable traveling clothes.

Propellers whirr, four blinding spirals lashing at the air, flinging down a cataract of sound. . . . We are in the air, high over the toy parade of cars that crawls along the causeway for a Sunday at the yellow beach. The great hotels, so squat and undistinguished from this angle, pass beneath our keel. Some ragged lines of surf . . . and we head straight out over the smiling sea.

Breakfast in Miami — lunch in Cuba — dinner in Jamaica. Jules Verne would have recoiled before such a schedule. And to-day is but the warming up, the dress rehearsal for to-morrow, when we shall span the longest oversea hop in the world for passengers and mail — Jamaica to Barranquilla, on the far-off northern rim of South America.

Our spirits soar with the altitude, and at the prospect of two thousand miles of sea awaiting us — the rich and raucous Caribbean. For a magic instant we are transformed. We are Lindbergh; or we are Cook; or we are swashbucklers, adventuring with Long John Silver through a chapter of forgotten schoolroom fiction. Our eyes are on the cloudless curve of the horizon to the south — our course is to the tropics.

The members of the crew reflect another mood. They are as unemotional as the interior of a watch. The pilots are invisible up in the cockpit; the purser is concentrating on documents which will ensure our clearance out of foreign ports. Forward, we can just see the radio operator scribbling on a pad, earphones sinking a little groove across his hair. The flight mechanic is coming down the aisle, cocking his head to catch the blended engine note. His hair is gray, his horn-rimmed glasses give an expression most benign. A pontifical figure, one that we find

hard at first to reconcile with the care and welfare of more than two thousand horses raging on the wings. He offers us a gentle, church-door smile and strolls back to the bow, pleased with his Sabbath progress at two miles a minute.

Land has vanished. The last dark pencil line of Florida has slipped behind. We are embalmed, like a small insect in a limpid bowl of blue. The sky is flawless. Here and there a reef formation stamps a purple patch beneath the sea. The reefs string out toward the Bahamas. Eastward, over the horizon, lies the island where, more than four centuries ago, Columbus first set foot on land in the New World. San Salvador, or Holy Saviour, he christened it. For a while our fancy plays around the picture of that little caravel, questing in this lovely but deceiving sea the Indies of Marco Polo as a gift for Isabella.

II

Land comes gradually into view again. The water is shallower, the color more intense. We roar past an outlying lighthouse . . . a few islands . . . and now our shadow, lightly as a dragon fly, chases along the palm-decked checkerboard of Cuba. The roads are threads of red, woven across vivid green. Small farms and huts are strewn like breadcrumbs in between the palms. Thatched roofs . . . tobacco fields . . . sugar . . . the lumbering progress of a bullock cart.

We bump along on the hot air for half an hour, crossing the slender waistline of the island, until we meet the sea again. We lose height, circle, swing down low over the harbor. *Tang!* We strike, flinging back rainbow spray, panicking fish, exulting like a schoolboy in our speed and power and style. Before us is the quay of Cien-

fuegos. We taxi alongside. The hatch slides back. We greet the Caribbean.

The Customhouse of stone is cool and welcoming, and echoes with lilting Spanish. Roses in yellow vases are blushing on the baggage counter. A uniformed official plucks one from a bowl and yields it, smiling, to the lady passenger, while we, diverted, entertain a thought of Ellis Island rosily reblooming under the influence of Latin chivalry.

Lunch is spread on trestle tables. Iced beer is pressed upon us while the minutes tick relentlessly along, checked by the captain. Lunch disappears. The lady passenger is happily aware that she has the attention of the port. We know a pang, a pity that so natural an art must dissipate itself on one who, after all, is destined to depart in thirty minutes. . . .

III

The air is cool and pleasant at a thousand feet. Lazily we watch the mountained coast of Cuba, a blue-green panorama, scalloped with curving bays and fluted headlands. We wing contentedly along.

Now we are over open sea again. Cuba is out of sight, and all the world immaculately blue. Schools of flying fish spring from their sapphire caves, skim, glint, dive, and are lost again, ephemeral and lovely as a legend. We fall into a reverie, and from the reverie fall asleep.

The purser sits beside us and we wake from the pursuit of dream fish with a jolt. He points. Clouds, in the dying flare of afternoon, patch the horizon. Jamaica? The purser nods.

Jamaica. Peaks, alpine summits, pinnacles, mountains that sway down wildly to the sea. Nothing is flat. Nothing is even reasonably sloped. The smallest fields reel down the mountain sides at cubist angles, and

shacks and houses list alarmingly. The last range opens as abruptly as a pair of gardening shears, forming a triangle with the cloud roof above. We slip through the gap. The bow falls. We glide down over Spanish Town and Kingston and come to rest on the enameled surface of a lagoon.

An evening in long wicker arm-chairs, under a ring of glistening cocoa palms. The moon is full and opulent. The silver-plated waves steal to the beach in rivulets of light. The crescent fronds, like shining scimitars, quiver and whisper in the trade winds' breath. . . .

Ice tinkles a reminder of an empty glass.

'Boy!'

Another minute and we are again in converse with Calliope, upheld by the pronounced poetic influence of old Jamaica rum. . . . The night is complete.

IV

Breakfast under the stars, and Negroes with Oxonian accents dispensing coffee, which, we note at the first shuddering gulp, is entirely as British as the accent. Our fellow Argonauts are dour. A look of loathing greets attempts at conversation.

We drive through Kingston, where the streets, though dark, are not inactive at this early hour. People are about. Native women, tall and supple, balance enormous bundles on their heads. Men are off to work on bicycles. Shops are open. We drive past churches that are open, too, bright altars shedding light into the shadowed town. The bare feet move so noiselessly, the scene is so unreal after the cheerful hubbub of Miami, that we are put in mind of misty figures gliding into position on a stage. Our headlights fall on cactus hedges and trim roads; all — even the wild hibiscus, the

unruly palms — conforms to the neat pattern of a British colony.

The alien asphalt ceases. We turn off on a coral track that leads to the lagoon. The deck house on the raft hums with activity. Cargo, baggage, bills of lading, ocean clearances, passports. Cameras to be sealed. Port officers, immaculate in whites and topees, work by the flickering light of oil lamps. But it is dawn already. In the distance twinkle the red and green navigation lights of the *Clipper*.

She turns toward us, emerges in the Pennell manner, steel-cut against the fire-colored sunrise. The raft rocks as she roars by, the thunder echoes to the mountain tops.

We gaze at the historic heights. Cloud-capped as now, they must have looked down on the scummy wooden hulls of Morgan and of Blackbeard, have seen the ornate bows of Spanish prizes big with loot. What testimony could they not reveal, what documents of passion, courage, treachery?

The *Clipper* rushes by again, still warming up. The past is dead; even the action of to-day is but in preparation for to-morrow. For when air history is written the Caribbean will go down as the training school, the Alma Mater, of the future super-flights across the oceans.

One bell — crew aboard. Two bells — passengers. Next stop, South America, across the Spanish Main.

V

We are off! We move, a trivial pin prick on a giant chart, across five hundred miles of open sea. Small beer, perhaps, to a transatlantic airman, yet in a measure we shall duplicate his first few hours of flight. Navigation, wind estimation, course and position, must be worked out in the same way. If there develops the smallest hindrance

in the flow of fuel, if one of our four engines sounds the merest trace of asthma, it will be dealt with as carefully as if Le Bourget were indeed our goal, not Barranquilla.

Not even an isolated freighter is in sight. Not a buoy, a bird, not even driftwood — nothing to overtake and prove to us that we are really making speed. The eye flounders over unnumbered leagues of sea. There is a wind. We do not feel it in the comfort of the cabin, but down below we see the whitecaps riding on the waves. It is hard to gauge our height. Our eyes balk anew, deprived of some familiar object, some measuring stick to fix our calculations. Are they big waves far away, or are they small waves close beneath? Are we a hundred or a thousand feet above the Caribbean?

We take the chart and notice that our little pencil track of progress has arrived at the edge of Bartlett Deep. Five miles of jet-black depths, almost the bottom of the world. What unimaginable monsters grope their way down there along the buried shore line of Atlantis, nightmare creations to upset even a Beebe in his bathysphere?

And right across our course lies the old sea lane of the Plate Fleet, homeward-bound for Cadiz, laden with treasures from the Aztec and Incan empires. This was the route Cortez took, and Hawkins and Balboa. Here, too, passed the shipments, the first cargoes bought and paid for in blood.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green
shores,

With a cargo of diamonds,

Emeralds, amethysts,

Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moldores . . .

Gold moldores! Even the syllables are rich, romantic. The purser shakes his head. He regrets that such shipments have passed out of fashion with

the times. Still, if we would care to walk aft and see *his* cargo —?

The cargo compartment is behind the smoking lounge. Burlap bags, crates, cardboard cases. Samples of cold cream going to Buenos Aires. Machine parts tagged for Santiago de Chile. Silk stockings and a lingerie shipment for Bogotá. Surgical instruments, a set of X-ray tubes, and drugs for Panama. A feature picture to be shown in the shadow of Pizarro's tomb in Lima. Gramophone records. Typewriter ribbons. Cigars. Telephone diaphragms for Mendoza.

Case after assorted case, an average *Clipper* cargo. Nothing on the prosaic face of it to stop old Harry Morgan in his tracks and train his long bow-chaser at our hull. Walk the plank for a typewriter ribbon — who ever heard of such a thing? And yet some of these humble cargoes, for the most part samples, will circulate in the great world of business more millions than were dreamed of in the philosophy of piracy. That small case of engineering plans alone involves a twenty-million-dollar contract. The jars of cold cream may be traveling expensively, but the manufacturer in New Jersey knows what he is about. He will outcampaign his French competitor, getting his samples into Buenos Aires and taking his order weeks before the boat from Marseilles is in sight.

The rows of bulging mail sacks pick up other names, — Maracaibo, Guayaquil, Port of Spain, Trujillo, Antofagasta, Montevideo, Arequipa, Buenaventura, La Paz, Mollendo, — tentacles of Uncle Sam's business reaching into more than thirty countries. Not only is the great network over which the sacks will fly owned and run by Americans, but it has brought us infinitely closer to the six billions of United States dollars — more than half the war debts — now invested in South

America. The field is now days instead of weeks away, and so much easier to keep an eye on.

We return to our seats. How many political speakers, we wonder, making how many political speeches, would be required to stimulate the business of this one trip of ours? And how many bad bond issues might have been avoided if the republics had been four instead of thirty days away?

VI

Ahead of the ship appears a bank of vivid purple, like a bruise against the sky — a tropic rainstorm. As we approach, it draws out, widens across the sea. A scarcely perceptible pressure on the rudder, and we swerve a little, leaving it to one side. Momentarily a complete rainbow encircles us, a Brocken light wrapping us in unearthly radiance. It passes. All is serene again.

The purser brings a note from the captain. We are privileged to walk up front and peek through the door of the control room. The circular sweep of glass is like a big bow window, giving an unobstructed view ahead. In the cockpit, the bridge of this sky liner, the captain sits on the port side; the co-pilot, with the dual controls, to starboard. The dashboard is a staggering array of dials. All the engine instruments are multiplied four times. The navigation instruments are legion. The flight mechanic has a seat behind the captain, where he listens to his charges just above his head. They are running with the uneventful monotony of sewing machines. All cut and dried, efficient, prosaic. Yet as our eyes lift from these little man-made dials, and stare out at the utter emptiness, how puny seem such weapons to combat this bleak immensity!

Self-esteem drops from us. Suddenly we yearn for land — a stick, a stone, a

tree, anything familiar. We feel forlorn, an unpleasantly long way from anywhere. There are no rosy-tinted glasses in the cockpit, no golden cargoes, no glamorous histories. There are Facts, black and white on the dials, and nothing else counts for this speck trespassing in an alien element.

The pilots sit there, cool and incurious. Their eyes are focused on the sky line. Our eyes are on it, too, and we see nothing. . . .

The radio operator beckons to the purser.

'Barranquilla calling! Says how many lunches shall we need?'

We walk back to our seats, feeling foolish. We had forgotten the radio.

'Barranquilla in ten minutes!'

And there it is, dead on the bow, and no haphazard landfall. We swing down, engines throttled, toward a big brown river. Moored to the concrete quay we see the next links in the chain, the flying boats for Venezuela, Trinidad, and our own for Panama, Peru, and Chile.

Naked Indian children are sitting on a log, playing and splashing their bare feet in water, brown as they. We taxi past them, roaring like a dragon. But they are unimpressed. After all, what are planes to babies who have never known a world without them?

VII

The years will naturally bring new inventions, lending the *Clippers* fleetier wings and slashing hours off the prevailing time-tables. But the operation of this Caribbean service as it is to-day can hardly be improved, for its schedule, even in hurricane seasons, stands in the log books of the past few years at exactly 100 per cent. Such records seem to be without value for headlines, yet this young and vigorous link between the two Americas is as com-

elling as any of Uncle Sam's enterprises.

Like any good show, the performance to the eye is effortless. The passenger is not concerned with ways and means. He calls for ice water and gets it, regardless of the fact that the large water cooler in the cabin is carried at the expense of a fare. He has to do a lot of sitting. He requires comfort, so his seat is stuffed with toy balloons, semi-inflated — the most resilient surface ever to come in contact with that part of his anatomy. Simple, but it took months of research in the Miami laboratories, eliminating scores of substances, to bring about the toy-balloon solution.

The passenger, mildly thrilled, boards the plane, hears a lot of noise for a lot of time, sees a lot of sea, and is uneventfully delivered at the other end. He spans a sea as surely as in an ocean liner, although there is no slowly moving deck, no spacious chart house to work from, no sextant sight, no sounding. The plane changes position at over a hundred miles an hour. Any error must be magnified fivefold. Her height, her lateral drift, her forward speed, are subject to constant variation. When the plane leaves Jamaica, the compass bearing of Barranquilla is known, but the strong trade winds thrust erratically across the course — to what extent it is hard to discover. The pilot cannot heave her to, like a ship, and think things over. In addition there may be local disturbances and wind shifts. Nevertheless her exact position is known at every moment of the flight. No third rail brings a commuters' train to town more methodically than does this system bring its planes to port.

In the new technique of ocean flying, accurate weather data are the first provision. The Caribbean is completely ringed with powerful radio stations, linked to the Pan American

central office in Miami. In a split second it makes contact with its meteorologists in Cuba, Haiti, Porto Rico, along the Antilles to Trinidad, across Venezuela to Colombia and Panama. The radio loop continues up the Mosquito Coast of Central America, through Mexico, and coils back by way of the government stations on the Gulf to Florida.

Next — a supplementary measure — the plane carries a map showing the name, position, course, speed, and call letters of every ship afloat that day on the Caribbean.

Finally, most important and most expertly handled of all, is the method of safe conduct across the seas by radio direction finders. These are devices which enable the operators ashore to determine the precise direction from which a signal comes. Both terminals of the Caribbean crossing, Kingston and Barranquilla, are equipped with them. Every fifteen minutes the radio in the plane calls both stations. It follows up the message with a string of dashes lasting twenty seconds. Thus the operators ashore may check the precise direction of a call and flash back to the plane the bearing from which its signal has been heard. Between the two ruler edges of these bearings, conducted by these invisible lines, the captain flies his course. For good measure, there are three types of compass and a drift indicator in the cockpit.

The distance traveled along the base course is calculated by time. When the bearings are flashed to the plane from shore, the radio man looks at his chronometer, calculates the plane's latitude and longitude, the compass course to port, giving the information to the captain, and then by radio to Miami. Thus the Chief Operations Office in Miami can follow the progress of the plane, minute by minute, until it hears the final signal, 'Now landing!'

The pilot may make detours, go around storms fifty or even a hundred miles wide, but instantly there will be new radio lines leading straight to port.

It is the most accurate feat ever to be accomplished in aerial navigation. The theory is not new, but practice is something else again. Only experience, trial and error, eliminations, adjustments, create a system which will satisfy a great pioneer airway.

Starting from scratch, science has conquered the Caribbean. Now for the Atlantic!

VIII

From the nature of these flights and problems, the Pan American service has come to be known as the Atlantic Laboratory. The air service to Europe is no longer a pipe dream. On the basis of this Caribbean experience, the first North Atlantic air line can be placed in operation within a year or two.

Six transocean-type transport planes, capable of flying across either the Atlantic or the Pacific, are now well under construction in the United States. Over the inter-American routes, each will be able to carry fifty passengers in addition to mail and express. As high-speed mail planes, they are designed to have an operating range of three thousand miles — 30 per cent greater than the longest open-sea stretch on either the Atlantic or the Pacific. Each will be equipped with four huge engines and will cruise at a speed of between two and three miles a minute. These air liners represent revolutionary improvements in design and construction, developed to provide American leadership on the great world trade routes of the air.

Via Newfoundland and Greenland — along the route recently made the subject of a preliminary survey by Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh — it may be possi-

ble to fly mail to Europe within twenty-four hours. The schedule would be somewhat longer on the southern haul, touching the Azores and Portugal. These air liners will be the last gasp in design, but before they are launched on the Atlantic beat they will spend months on the test block of the Caribbean.

Thus there is nothing sudden about the transatlantic mail. It is the logical outcome of years of preparation. It is so logical that the men who have had to solve its problems are unexcited at the prospect. So are the veterans who will fly the ships. And to the meteorologists who for years have presided over the rigorous Caribbean schedules, to the radio experts who have perfected the wonders of direction-finding technique, — to all those, in short, who have worried out a thousand details of navigation, design, and maintenance, — the advent of the new service can scarcely seem a miracle or even a sporting chance.

Passengers of the future, peering through the gathering dusk at the flash of the first airway beacon in Ireland or in Portugal, will owe their accurate landfall to the Atlantic Laboratory.

Before long our radios will be tuned in to an international hook-up, while announcers bring to us news of the first round trip of the transatlantic service. We shall hear about its value to business and to banking, of the revolution in travel between the New World and the Old, of regular passenger schedules which will take us to Europe in a day. There will be front-page news, speeches, receptions, ticker tape — all the fanfare of a big achievement.

And this it will be, not an achievement merely of one big thing, but the coördination of a thousand little ones, contributed by men of whom the public has never heard.

BRIDGY GOES TO HEAVEN

BY FONROSE WAINWRIGHT

I

THERE is a time somewhere between midnight and dawn when the vitality of man is at its lowest and that which keeps the body and soul together is most likely to relax its hold and permit the fugitive spirit to pass out into the dark. The clock on the tower of St. Aloysius's was striking three when Father Waters, the new priest, was roused from a sound sleep by the persistent ringing of the Rectory bell. Reluctantly he rose from his warm bed and crossed to the window. Leaning out, he saw, looking up at him, the anxious face of young Willie Gavin.

'Please, Father, me mom says you're to come right away if you want to see me gran'mom alive, an' me gran'mom will never get over dyin' an' the priest not there. That is, if it won't inconvenience your reverence any.'

It would inconvenience his reverence greatly to leave his warm bed, and old Mrs. Donohoe had sent for him at least five times in the past ten days, but Father Waters, although young, was a born parish priest and would never have forgiven himself if he had allowed one of his flock to take that long journey without the consolation of the Church. Furthermore he was a kindly human being, and the look of anxiety on Willie's upturned face touched him.

'You run along, son, and tell them I'll be there right away, and for your grandmom to wait.'

'Yes, sir — yes, Father, I will,' and young Gavin disappeared.

As he hurried through the deserted streets, Father Waters felt that it would not be long before he could tell whether it was a Riley, a Daly, a Flannagan, or a Hagan who lived in each of the little brick houses. For years to come he would advise, admonish, christen, marry, and bury these people and bring comfort to their bereaved. They were his people, the sheep of his pasture, and this parish, extending from the railroad to the river, from Lincoln Avenue to the gas tanks, was his parish which he would hold firmly in his own two capable hands.

Humble as he was in his desire to serve God, he never questioned his ability to influence his fellow man both in life and in death. As he entered the little brick house on Shimry Lane, where his coming was awaited with such eagerness and anxiety, he experienced a sense of gratitude that he had elected to be a priest of God.

On leaving the Gavins', he again experienced the sense of gratitude that his was the noblest of all callings — that which enabled him to be the means of bringing a soul to its God, a child to its Father. Old Katie Donohoe had died happily and peacefully, with faith on her lips and in her heart. A glow was in the priest's own heart, and the blessings of the Saints and the

united Donohoe-Gavin family were on his head, as he stepped out into the night.

II

The streets were deserted except for the furtive night things which appear from nowhere and disappear with the first signs of day, and as he hesitated, undecided which way to take back to the Rectory, a cold mist off the river struck him, blurring the form of a cat exquisitely crossing from corner to corner on silent feet and that of a quivering white dog delicately sniffing at a garbage pail. Through the closed window of a small house a baby's cry came to him, a thin, inhuman little wail with no suggestion of babyhood. Father Waters shivered and experienced a sensation of loneliness. The parish he knew had disappeared, entirely blotted out by the mist, and there seemed no place for him in this realm of shapes and sounds.

Suddenly he was almost knocked from his feet by the onrush of three ill-born, cadaverous dogs which came from the direction of the river, whimpering with the excitement of their nocturnal quest for food. Close behind them came a woman, so old and so small that she seemed more like a fantastic creature of the night than a human being.

As she stepped from the misty obscurity into the blurred light of the street lamp, Father Waters saw that her head and shoulders were covered by a shawl, and that she carried in her right hand a blackthorn stick which she seemed to use as a means of expression rather than of support. She passed him talking to herself and so intent on her own affairs that she was unconscious of his presence. Crossing straight to the Gavins' house, from which Father Waters had just come, she stood by the white steps, an accus-

ing finger pointed at an upstairs window.

"'An' where does Bridgy Boyle live?" an' ye "don't know." Don't know indeed! 'T is lyin' ye were, an' anyone else who says they don't know where Bridgy Boyle lives, an' her with as good a number as any woman in the neighborhood, an' better than most! Forty-nine it is! Ask the postman himself — he'll tell ye, for it was only a couple of years ago he brought a letter to Bridgy Boyle, straight to her own door. I ain't like some I could name, livin' off relatives an' every mouthful begrudged. I've fought for me number an' I'll keep it. Bridgy Boyle's always had a number livin', an' she'll have one dyin'! An' it's to ye I'm speakin', Katie Donohoe!"

Father Waters, who had stood, his feet fastened to the pavement by the intensity of her passion, laid a firm hand on her arm.

'Be still! Have you no shame at all to be speaking so to the dead?'

At the touch of his hand she wheeled, her stick raised, but somehow the sternness of his voice had forced the meaning of his words upon her.

'Dead, is it? Katie Donohoe dead!' She crossed herself and peered at him, and as she did so two things impressed themselves upon the blurred kaleidoscope of her consciousness: one was that this was the new priest, and as such her enemy; the other, that he was 'a gran'-lookin' young man,' and as such must be her friend. Pointing her curiously translucent forefinger at him, she spoke reassuringly.

'If it's dead she is, then 't is better off she is than livin' at Gavins', the poor creature. Sure, 't is far better to be dead an' lyin' in a coffin that's yere own than to be alive an' lyin' in a house that's another woman's, be that woman who she may!'

The dogs had returned; Father

Waters could feel them sniffing about his knees, but he found it difficult to take his eyes from Bridgy's forefinger.

Suddenly she sighed deeply and her hand dropped. She would have liked nothing better than to remain talking to this lovely young man, who through some caprice of chance had signed up with her enemy the Church, but the mist was closing in on her, blotting him out along with poor Katie Donohoe.

'I'll be leavin' ye, Father, an' gettin' on home.'

He watched her disappear through the dark gateway which led to Apple Alley, her back like a grenadier's, carrying her years and her drink with a sort of disreputable dignity.

Suddenly he found he was shivering with the cold and damp, and an almost overpowering longing seized him to be back in the warm familiarity of the Rectory. As he turned into South Pinick Street a voice behind him said, 'If ye come to see Bridgy Boyle, her number is forty-nine. Ye'll not forget.' He looked back, but all he could see was one of the underfed dogs which was following him.

III

The day after Mrs. Donohoe's funeral, Father Waters saw Mrs. Gavin, her daughter, coming out of Ryan's Market. He thought she looked white and troubled, so he crossed the street to say a word of comfort.

'You must take great satisfaction, Mrs. Gavin, in the thought that you were always a good daughter and gave your mother loving care and a good home up to the end.'

'That's not worryin' me at all, Father.' She shifted the string bag of groceries to her left hand. 'It's thinkin' how my poor mother, God be good to her, was so disturbed her last night on earth.'

'Mrs. Gavin, you know very well the peaceful end she had.'

'I'm not referrin' to her death, Father, but to what happened after, an' if you have n't already heard, you have a right to know, for it's a disgrace to the neighborhood and the parish!' Her good round face quivered with emotion. 'The night when the wake was at its height, Bridgy Boyle, who lives in the alley behind our house, stood out in the street makin' a hilla-baloo the like of which you never heard, an' drawin' to herself the attention which was the right of the deceased.' She began to cry. 'She ought to be sent up, an' if I had my way she would be, her an' her dirty whinin' dogs, an' her boys.'

'I did n't know she had a family,' said Father Waters.

'Family! Not her! They're no family at all — neither hers or anybody else's, for the matter of that, but two dirty bums, savin' your presence. One's that Petie Kearny, who has n't drawn a sober breath since they fired him from the Spanish War; the other's Deefy, that little deaf an' dumb fellar who stays at O'Hara's. Nobody knows where he comes from, but some says he's a Methodist. He ain't quite right in his head, an' he's all the time writin' about religion on little scraps of paper. The three of 'em's always together, an' mostly at Bridgy's. An' such goin's-on! Why, my little fellar has n't had a good night's sleep since we moved into Shimry Lane. They ain't human bein's at all! An' I say it who know, bein' backyard neighbor to Bridgy!'

Father Waters felt that Bridgy should be made to suffer for causing kind, easy-going Mrs. Gavin so much unhappiness; he agreed that she was a public nuisance and should be sent away. 'I have a good mind to tell her so, though I suppose it would do about as much good as if I were to talk to

that bit of waste paper blowing about the street.'

'If you was to tell her you'd stop the grocery order the Church gives her each week if she don't repent her ways, it might put the fear of God in her soul — if the old sinner has a soul, which I doubt.'

But, whatever doubt Father Waters may have felt, he remembered that there is more joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine just daughters like Mrs. Gavin, who have no need of repentance. If he could be the means of bringing this shabby, straying soul back to the comfort and consolation of the Church, he would have proved himself a worthy priest of that Church and caused the angels of God to rejoice.

IV

All the day Bridgy was in his thoughts. 'If I tell her the groceries will cease if she does n't behave, it will have some effect, for to-night at least, and Mrs. Gavin and the little fellow will get some sleep.' But it was not for the sake of Mary Gavin and her boy that Father Waters decided to go to Apple Alley, but because he longed to be the means of bringing a wayward ancient child back to her Father, and by so doing prove himself worthy of the noblest of all callings. 'But first I'll have to be the means of bringing decent comfort to her poor old body,' he thought as he turned into the alley.

In front of the first house three colored children greeted him with gentle solemnity. In front of the second house a golden-haired little girl with a smutty face was eating a large piece of jammy bread.

'Do you know where Bridgy Boyle lives?' he asked the child, who dropped her eyes coyly and hid behind the bread.

'Yas, suh! Yas, Preacher,' said all three little Negroes in unison. 'Hit's de las' house. Hit's fo'ty-nine. You'll see hit when you gits to hit. It's writ plain over de do'.'

Number forty-nine had been built originally as a shed-kitchen to number seven, and was in an even more desperately dilapidated state than the other houses in the row, but his little black guides had spoken truly — 49 was painted in large white numerals over the low door. Inside a man was singing; through the thin walls the words of the song came distinctly: —

'But they met him face to face
Wit' the spirit of their race,
An' they went wit' souls undaunted
To their doom.'

Father Waters knocked on the door. Dogs barked, and the song continued:

'Whether on the scaffold high
Or on battlefield we die . . .'

Father Waters knocked again and the singing ceased.

'Who's there an' what do ye want?' said a voice he recognized as Bridgy's.

'It's Father Waters — it's the priest, come to see you, Bridgy.'

The dingy cloth covering the window to the left of the door moved and Bridgy's face appeared.

'It's the truth he's tellin'! It's the new priest himself.'

Father Waters could hear excited voices and low growls. Then came a shriek from Bridgy: 'Git! Git, every one of ye! I want a word alone with the young priest.'

There was a scurry and scuffling of feet, human and canine, as 'the boys' and the dogs went out through the yard door. Then came the sound of three bolts sliding back; the door, in front of which Father Waters stood, opened, and Bridgy and he faced each other. She had been drinking, her hair hung down, no shoes were on her feet,

and she seemed older and smaller than he had remembered.

'Come in, Father, come in an' welcome. The boys just now dropped in for a bit of a song. Petie has a beautiful voice. The other fellar's Deefy. He's deaf an' dumb, the poor boy, an' can't hear a thing, but he's a great one for writin' things on paper.'

She shoved a large tortoise-shell cat out of a stiff wooden chair in a fever of hospitality and dusted off the seat with a man's cap which lay on the table, thereby revealing a hastily hidden bottle. Her knowing eyes sought the priest's. 'Would ye care for a small drink, Father?'

Father Waters thanked her and declined.

'Ye do right, Father, ye do right. There's nothin' so bad as a drunken priest. Poor boy, I suppose when ye signed up with the Church ye voluntarily deprived ye'self of the pleasure of drunkenness.'

V

Father Waters looked about the small damp room, which contained a stove, an unpleasant bed, and a wooden table on which lay a half-pint bottle. Close to the bottle was a torn piece of paper on which was written in a large, childish scrawl, 'Do all Protestants go to Hell?' Through the crack of the yard door came a sound which might have been the yelp of a dog or the laugh of a man. Father Waters laughed a little nervously himself; then, remembering why he had come, he turned to Bridgy.

'I came here to-day, Bridgy, because I wanted a little talk with you.'

'Sure, Father, a little talk's a pleasant thing if it's a pleasant little talk.'

'I should like to be able to help you,' he said sternly.

She looked at him shrewdly. 'That's very kind, now. I never was one to say

a word against charity. The blessed Lord thought highly of it, an' I do myself. No one can say Bridgy Boyle was one to refuse charity — givin' or takin'.'

Something scratched against the yard door; Bridgy crossed rapidly, thornstick in hand. 'Git!' she shrieked. 'Git, the both of ye, ye dirty . . .' She beat with her stick against the door. 'Did n't I tell ye I wanted a word alone with the priest?' She put her ear to the crack and listened. Apparently she was satisfied, for she came back and stood looking at Father Waters.

When she had sent 'the boys' out she had known only one thing: that she wanted to look at the 'beautiful young man' alone and undisturbed. Now that she was looking at him she felt she must tell him something of moment, something of vital concern. She crossed again to the yard door and drew the bolt, then she came back to Father Waters and took hold of his coat; peering into his face, she began: 'There's nothin' walkin' the earth can scare Bridgy Boyle. Sure, I'd give God or the Devil, either one, a whack wit' me stick if they was to come snoopin' aroun' me premises, or Mayor Mc-Millen either,' she added, 'for they'd have no right at all to tell me I'll have to leave me home. No right at all, have they, now?'

'Who?' asked Father Waters, uncertain which of the three just named had offended.

'She was here to-day.'

'Who was here?'

'Whisht!' said Bridgy, looking toward the yard door. 'I would n't want the boys to hear, or the dogs either. They're terrible worrisome.'

It seemed to Father Waters that when he had bowed his head and crossed the threshold he had left reality behind and entered upon an ill-smelling nightmare which he was sharing with a half-mad, half-drunken old woman.

'She come here,' continued Bridgy, 'tellin' me, *Bridgy Boyle*, to leave me home an' go to Sunnysides. Tellin' me that's had a number of me own all these years to give it up an' go to *that place!*' She spat.

'Have you never thought,' said Father Waters gently, 'have you never thought that perhaps you might be more comfortable . . .'

But she interrupted him. 'Ah, Father, ye're too young, dear; ye would n't understand. An', havin' signed away yere privacy when ye signed up wit' the Church, it may be ye'll never know. But what is comfort if it ain't your own? Moreover, I'm entirely comfortable in me own home with the few little things Mr. Ryan at the market kindly gives me each week.'

'Perhaps the woman wanted to help you . . .'

'Perhaps she did,' said Bridgy, and smiled pityingly into his serious eyes.

'So I would n't worry any more,' he continued, moving toward the door.

'I won't,' said Bridgy, her eyes on his face. 'But,' she added, 'if she comes round again I'll leave me dogs loose on her. They'll have the flesh tore from her throat, Public Welfare an' all!'

Father Waters smiled at her kindly as he crossed the threshold. 'You can say she's mad or you can say she's drunk,' he said to himself, 'but it is n't as easy as that. Not after you've looked into her eyes.' He sighed deeply as he walked down the alley. It was not always easy to be a priest of God.

Bridgy stared after him till his tall figure disappeared through the alley gateway. 'He ain't like a priest at all,' she said to herself, 'but he's a beautiful young man. I should n't wonder at all,' she added thoughtfully as she bolted her door three times, 'I should n't wonder at all, if I'd had a son of me own, he'd have been somethin' like that.'

VI

Father Waters saw Bridgy twice in the week which followed, but neither time was it to his satisfaction. The first time she was rolling a large, empty barrel, evidently a gift of Mr. Ryan, down the street. When she spied him she left the barrel to roll unguided and crossed hastily to him. She smiled up at him, muttered something unintelligible but friendly, and ran to recover the barrel, which had dropped into an area-way.

The second time he saw her she was nearer home. He happened to be passing Apple Alley when he heard angry, excited voices and the loud barking of dogs. He stepped into the alley and saw that a crowd of people, black and white, had gathered at the far end. Father Waters was not a curious man, but he had become deeply concerned with all that affected Bridgy. As he drew near he saw her, her back to her door, bareheaded and barefooted, her blackthorn stick in her right hand and a shivering white terrier close beside her.

'Vacate, is it!' she was screaming at a middle-aged man in a well-made gray suit, who stood in front of her. 'Be turned into the street, is it! I'll see yere dirty black soul rot in Hell before I'll move a inch from a home that's me own.'

'It's not your own,' said the man. 'You pay no rent.'

'Don't argue with Bridgy, mister,' warned a woman in the crowd, but the man continued rashly:—

'I tell you the city has condemned it as unsafe and unsanitary, and it will be torn down.'

'Say that again,' shrieked Bridgy, 'say it once again an' I'll have me dogs on ye!' She put her hand on the knob of her door, through which came sounds of angry barking. The crowd stepped

back. Someone saw the priest and a murmur went round. 'It's the priest has come. Hush, Bridgy, it's the young priest himself.'

But she could not stop. Words poured from her mouth such as Father Waters, used as he was to oath and epithet, had never heard. Even the seasoned neighbors seemed embarrassed.

'Git!' she screamed, waving the blackthorn stick. 'Git, every last one of ye!'

The crowd dispersed. The city Building Inspector turned tail and fled. Bridgy looked down the alley and at Father Waters with unseeing eyes. Then she went into her house, followed by the trembling white terrier, and three bolts slid across her front door.

VII

The reports about Bridgy which reached Father Waters's ears during the next few weeks were even less satisfactory. The neighbors, whose philosophy was of the 'live and let live' variety, and who for many years had accepted Bridgy, along with other conditions over which they had no control, and even taken a sort of pride in her as a public character, had at last become annoyed. She was drunk continually; her dogs frightened the children; twice she had been found asleep under the railroad bridge, and once on the river embankment. Formerly she had troubled them only between midnight and morning; now she haunted the streets at all hours, her dogs with her. They could not understand what had caused her to change the habits of years.

Father Waters was distressed to hear these reports, but he was so occupied with the duties of the Church and the parish that he could not do what he would have liked for her. It

never occurred to him that he was in any way responsible, or that it was her hope of seeing 'the beautiful young man' which caused her to be out while the sun shone and the children played in the streets.

One Friday evening in Lent, when St. Aloysius's was crowded and Father Waters was 'saying the Stations,' he became conscious of a commotion in the rear of the church and saw Willie Toomey, the sexton, trying to bar the centre aisle. The next instant Willie's arm flew up, struck by a blackthorn stick, and Bridgy walked down the aisle, followed by her three dogs. She was wearing a trailing skirt of some heavy black material which swept the tiles as she walked; her coat was a short green jacket embroidered in jet beads, and what had once been a feather boa was around her neck. An old sailor hat of stiff black straw sat high on her head, and the blackthorn stick was in her right hand.

There was great amusement among the members of the congregation, many giggles and many 'For shames,' but Bridgy, her eyes straight ahead of her, was conscious of only one thing: the young priest was not at the altar where her ragged memory told her a priest was supposed to be.

Suddenly she spied him by one of the Stations of the Cross, and with a cry of delight she ran toward him, the dogs at her heels. Just as she reached him two men, who did not know her, seized her by the arms and dragged her out of the church, but not before the dogs had bitten one and badly torn the other; and, what was far worse, the statue of the Little Flower had been knocked from its pedestal and broken.

That settled it! A self-appointed committee of righteous and excited members in good standing was waiting for Father Waters at the Rectory. Complaints and abuses were poured

on Bridgy's absent head. The Holy Church had been desecrated!

'It's for her own good,' said kindly Mrs. Flavin, 'that we'd be sendin' her away. She'll be found dead and stiff in her house one of these days, an' nobody knowin' it for weeks. Moreover, they've pulled down all but her house an' the one next, an' they're comin' down the first of the week. Use your influence, Father. You can persuade her to do anything.'

Of this Father Waters had grave doubts; nevertheless he said he would do what he could. He did not know that it was his influence which had brought Bridgy back to the Church of her fathers.

VIII

The following morning Father Waters called the Department of Public Welfare and talked to several people, all of whom seemed to know Bridgy Boyle. He made all the arrangements; the ambulance was to be at Apple Alley early Monday morning to take her to the General Hospital, from whence she would be committed to Sunnysides. All that remained was to persuade her to go.

As he walked reluctantly up the alley on Sunday evening he saw that Mrs. Flavin had told the truth; all the houses except number seven, to which Bridgy's was attached, had been razed to the ground. His knock on the door was answered by growls, and he had to knock a second and a third time before Bridgy appeared at the window. When she saw him she gave an exclamation of pleasure and he heard the bolts draw back.

'So ye come, Father. I thought ye would. — Shut your mouth or I'll knock yere damn head off!' she cried unexpectedly, laying her hand on the shabby head of a big black dog. 'He's gentle as a lamb, but he's a gran' watchdog.'

The interior of number forty-nine was even worse than Father Waters had remembered it. It was damp and dirty and offended every sense. He sat down on the wooden chair after removing the cat, then he braced himself for the business which had brought him.

'I see they've pulled down all the houses in the row but this one. . . .'

'I'd like to see him dead! I'd like to see him stiff in his coffin!' said Bridgy, and he knew she was referring to the building inspector in the gray suit.

He decided to come straight to the point, to tell her she was a public nuisance, and, worse, that she had desecrated the Church of God, but he could n't do it. 'Bridgy,' he began, 'when this house comes down you'll have to go.'

'Where would I go to?'

'To Sunnysides. It's a fine, cheerful place, Bridgy; you'll think you're in Heaven.'

'Heaven, is it?' said Bridgy.

'Clean, warm, and sunny; three good meals a day and a cup of tea in between, I should n't wonder. Pretty nice, eh?' He went on rapidly, fearing to stop. 'It will be such a comfort to me, Bridgy, to know you're safe and comfortable. I've been awfully worried about you.'

'Have ye now?' She had never taken her eyes from his face.

'What do you say, Bridgy? Think it over.'

'I'll do whatever ye say, Father.'

His surprise was such that for a moment he could not speak, then he patted her shoulder. 'That's fine, Bridgy, just fine, and I'll come out and have a cup of tea with you very soon.' The thought of 'the boys' and the dogs disturbed him, but his relief was so great that nothing else seemed to matter. 'The ambulance will be here

for you in the morning, Bridgy. Now that does n't mean you're sick. It's just a matter of form.'

'I'd rather it was the chaser,' was the only criticism she made of his arrangements.

At the door he patted her shoulder again. 'You'll be glad you were so sensible when you see how comfortable and happy you'll be. Why, you won't know yourself.' It had been simpler than he could have dreamed; she had not even asked what was to become of the dogs. He was very happy himself, as he stepped into the alley, to feel the power of his influence.

'The lovely young man,' thought Bridgy tenderly, 'the lovely, kind young man. I suppose if I'd had a son of me own,' she added reflectively, 'he'd have been just as much of a fool.'

IX

Somewhere between midnight and dawn, Bridgy opened the door of her house and stepped out into the alley. She stood for a few minutes sniffing the night smells, and then, accompanied by her three dogs, she set off toward the river, her long skirts brushing the cobbles.

She loved the streets, deserted except for the furtive night things with which she felt a fellowship she could never feel for the inhabitants of the little brick houses. She loved the damp night breeze and the odors it brought with it from the drains and from the fertilizer plant on the far side of the river. When a night freight shrieked like a banshee she clapped her hands and laughed aloud in atavistic delight.

As she passed the Settlement House she noticed that pretty growing things were in the window boxes, and she stood on tiptoe and stretched to reach them, but they were far over her

head. Once or twice she thought of 'the boys,' but the thoughts quickly passed.

In the park, where she went to see the 'bit of a brass goat' which always gave her such delight, she found little green things coming out of the earth. She got down on her hands and knees and reached over the wickets and tried to pull some of the 'sweet things,' and then looked quickly round to see if anyone had seen her, but the only people in the park were a young man and a girl. The girl was clinging to the young man's arm and crying. Bridgy went close and peered into her pretty, frightened face.

'Don't be scared, darlin'. God Himself can't bother ye if ye've got spirit.'

The man laughed, but the girl gave a little scream and crossed herself.

Bridgy moved on. She felt so happy and free she wanted to sing, so she sang 'God Save Ireland,' which was the only song she knew: —

'Girt about be cruel foes,
Still their courage proudly rose.

'Them's gran' words,' said Bridgy, 'gran', beautiful words.'

The clock in the tower of St. Aloysius's struck the hour, and a heaviness settled on her spirit so that she crossed herself and cursed softly. Then she looked up and pointed her long forefinger at the darkness above her.

'Ye think Ye've got me, don't Ye! Ye an' the City Inspector an' the Public Welfare, the whole three of yous. Ye think Ye can drive me out of me home an' make me give up me number I've had for years, an' Ye've got the kind, innocent young priest to help Ye. But Ye don't know Bridgy Boyle! None o' the lot o' Ye know Bridgy Boyle!' And she laughed aloud and shook her blackthorn stick at the sky.

X

Father Waters was roused by the ringing of the Rectory doorbell and a child's voice calling 'Father! Oh, Father!' He went to the window. Dawn was in the sky, and even in the city the air was sweet with the promise of spring. Little Willie Gavin was looking up at him, white and quivering in the light from the street lamp.

'What is it now, son?'

'Come quick, Father! It's Bridgy!'

When Father Waters reached the street, Willie was waiting, and they hurried off, side by side.

'Tell me, son,' said the priest.

'I was woke up by the dogs barkin' and barkin', an' I says to meself, "Them's Bridgy's dogs." An' I got up an' run to the window, an' smoke was comin' out of her house everywhere, an' the dogs was howlin'. An' I calls me pop. "Bridgy's on fire," I says, an' me pop smelled it, for it was comin' in the window, an' he says, "Get on your shoes an' call Pete Mullins an' Frank Feely while I get me pants on," an' I did. An' we all run into the alley, but you could n't do nothin', for the door was locked hard an' the window was nailed. An' me pop tells Frankie Feely to get a axe, an' he tells me to ring the alarm up to the corner, an' I done it, an' then I come for you.'

Father Waters began to run. There was a fire engine with a hose attached to a hydrant at the corner of South Pinick Street and Shimry Lane, and the hose was stretched around the corner into Apple Alley. Heads were sticking out of every window in South Pinick Street and Shimry Lane, — Connellys, Doughertys, and Sullivans, all Father Waters's parishioners, — but they all seemed unimportant. What did seem important was an absurd little man in a flapping over-

coat who came running down the alley carrying an empty tin bucket. Terror and tears were on his purple, battered face. It was one of 'the boys.'

He set down the bucket when he saw Father Waters and saluted. 'It's no good,' he said. 'She's gone — her an' her house an' the dogs.'

'Could nothing be done?' asked the priest.

'It could not. They done their best. Somebody give the door a blow with a axe, an' down it come, an' out come the smoke. The fellars started in, but them dogs would n't let 'em by. They'd have had 'em by the throat. When the door come down the flames started. She always said they was gran' watchdogs.'

Later, as Father Waters was wearily climbing the church steps, a man who had been waiting in the doorway stepped forward and plucked at his sleeve. The priest started and found he was looking into the foolish, pinched face of a little man who held out a torn piece of paper on which was written in an uncertain, childish hand: 'Will Bridgy go to Hell?' Father Waters looked into Deefy's troubled face and shook his head with an attempt at reassurance. There was another tug at his sleeve. Something else had been written on the paper.

Reluctantly Father Waters read it. The look on Deefy's face was that of an anxious little dog. 'Where will Bridgy go to?'

The priest hesitated; then he took the paper, held it against the church door, and in a firm hand wrote, 'Heaven.'

Deefy laughed, but tears were running down his silly, pallid face.

'God forgive me,' said Father Waters aloud, his own face crimson, 'but it's easier to write "Heaven" and please a fool than to be the means of making the angels of God rejoice.'

THE INSURANCE OF BANK DEPOSITS

BY EVANS WOOLLEN

EIGHT times the insurance of bank deposits has been tried in the states and failed. Now the national government is making a trial. What shall we think of it?

It is charged that the plan set up in the Banking Act of 1933 is unreasonable and unjust, unreasonably demanded by the depositing public and unjustly exacting of the insured banks; that it puts a premium on bad banking and will result in the closing of many banks.

The plan, omitting the provisions for temporary insurance during the six months preceding July 1, 1934, when the permanent insurance goes into effect, is this. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation is set up under the management of the Comptroller of the Currency and two others appointed by the President. For capital stock the Federal Government subscribes \$150,000,000, the Federal Reserve banks an amount (\$139,300,000) equal to half of their surplus, the insured banks an amount (estimated at \$175,000,000) equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of their deposits. The insured banks must pay in addition from time to time whatever may be needed to cover insurance liability.

The institutions whose deposits are covered by the insurance are the national banks, the state bank members of the Federal Reserve System, and, until July 1, 1936, other state banks found on examination to be solvent.

The deposits are covered fully up to \$10,000, and thereafter 75 per cent up to \$50,000 and 50 per cent beyond.

Is this plan unreasonable? Is the depositing public unreasonable in demanding the protection? Why should depositors be protected by governmental instrumentality any more than purchasers of merchandise?

Something might be said for setting up and operating banks with as much freedom as that with which stores are set up and operated. Such a policy would at least tend to develop caution and self-reliance in the depositing public and would give to character and skill in banking their full reward. But the fact is that the other policy has been followed, and will of course continue to be followed in these days of disappearing *laissez faire*. Government has assumed control of the whole process of deposit banking. Even the word 'bank' may not be used without permission. Only those whom government has approved may have a charter to engage in the business. The charter when granted is subject to multiplied limitations and regulations. Government reserves the right and assumes the duty to examine the bank periodically, to supervise it generally, and, when unsoundness develops, to close its doors. Under these circumstances may not ordinary people, those apart from the few able to discriminate for themselves, reasonably assume that the bank whose doors government permits to

remain open is sound? If so, is not the demand reasonable that government shall set up some instrumentality for making good this assumption?

Is the plan unjustly exacting of the insured banks? Is it just for the well-managed bank to have to contribute to meet losses which would otherwise fall on depositors in the mismanaged bank? Clearly it is not; but is not the injustice of the kind that is unavoidably present in any organization of society? It is unjust that those who are law-abiding should be burdened by taxes for protection against those who are law-breaking. It is more unjust that the strong who could protect themselves against lawbreaking should be taxed for the benefit of the weak who cannot protect themselves. To be sure, it may be said that by the analogy the cost of protecting depositors should come from the general tax fund. Perhaps the answer is that, \$150,000,000 having been taken initially from the general tax fund, the taking of the remainder from the insured banks, directly or through the reserve banks which they own, is justified by the fact that even the well-managed banks will gain something in the increased confidence of their depositors, and by the fact that the banks, on account of their contributions, will watch more critically the administration of the insurance.

Will not the plan for the insurance of deposits, by penalizing good banks for the benefit of depositors in bad banks, tend to stimulate bad banking and thus to impair our banking structure? There is something in the charge, but not as much as might be thought. The tendency doubtless will be toward increased deposits in weaker banks and in those unworthily managed. Moreover, the worthy banker, relieved partially from anxiety about runs, will tend to maintain less liquidity. But, after all, the worthy banker's ad-

vantage, the legitimate advantage of every banker, will continue to depend on the maintenance, in self-interest, of his invested capital unimpaired by losses. *It is the depositor, not the banker, who is insured.* There is, then, likely to be only slight, if any, effect from insurance on the conduct of the worthy banker's business except in the matter of liquidity, and somewhat less liquidity will be justified by the insurance. As to the unworthy banker who seeks his advantage in speculation with his depositors' money rather than in legitimate earnings on unimpaired invested capital, it must be admitted that there is a hazard in the insurance plan which can be met only by increased stringency in governmental supervision.

Finally, it is charged that the plan will result in closing many of the excluded state banks, which will be at a disadvantage with the public in that their deposits are not insured. Against this it is recalled that all state banks, not members of the Federal Reserve System, are admissible to the insurance until July 1, 1936, if found solvent on examination. 'Solvent' has been interpreted by the chairman of the board of directors of the Insurance Corporation as meaning, in this connection, ability ultimately, not immediately, to pay all deposits. The test, in other words, is to be solvency, not liquidity. Shall we not, then, say of the charge now considered, that keeping all banks open, good or bad, is no virtue, and that banks, state or national, which cannot stand the test of solvency had better be closed?

Thus far it appears that the demand for the insurance of deposits is not unreasonable, and, assuming effective governmental supervision of the insured banks, that the injustice involved is not intolerable or the premium on bad banking considerable, and, finally,

that the closing of banks inadmissible to insurance because of insolvency is not undesirable.

But in the assumption just made lies a serious question. Can effective governmental supervision be expected? Success for the insurance plan will depend largely on the rigor with which the insured banks are held up to standard. There is the crux of the whole matter, for if the banks are not held up to standard the burden of contributions to the insurance fund may become intolerable and the national experiment may follow the state experiments into collapse. That this rigorous governmental supervision can be expected is, it must be admitted, at least doubtful in view of the failure of supervision to prevent the closing of a third of our banks in recent years. This doubt suggests that by way of penalty, as it were, for the failure of government to do its part, it might be fair to provide for the replenishment of the insurance fund

equally by the Federal Government and the insured banks, or, perhaps preferably, by the banks up to, say, $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent of their deposits in any year and thereafter by the government. Thus, certainly by the second suggestion, would be met a cogent objection to the plan of the Act — namely, that it lays on the banks an unlimited and unpredictable liability. This objection, if not met, may indeed interfere with the attraction of capital to the banking business and possibly induce the withdrawal of strong banks from the Federal Reserve System.

But withal, even though the Act be not so amended, doubt about the effectiveness of governmental supervision had probably better not lead us to advocate repeal, had better not hold us back from this ninth experiment, since it has a purpose so worthy as the socializing of losses which would otherwise fall on blameless and helpless people.

LESS THAN A GHOST

I AM less than a ghost, less than a ghost walking
Along the bare aisle of the avenue:
Winter has frozen the ground, but a phantom leafage
Springs from the chestnut boughs, and hides from view
The wan, indifferent sky,
And memory transmutes the steel-cold light of winter
To the rich lustre of July.

On these lawns and terraces it was always summer;
Time could not touch the old here, or the young.
The air was threaded with gold, and a heavy fragrance
Stole from the bleached wall where the peaches hung,
And purple beneath the gray
Of the spread branches of the cedars of Lebanon
The pools of shadow lay.

You need not pity the dead, you need not pity
The changing hours for their mortality;
For here the dead are alive and the past is eternal,
But they, still living, turn blind eyes to me;
And I, not they,
Watching the friends, watching the self of far-off summers,
Walk as a ghost to-day.

FREDA C. BOND

A PERSIAN PEEPSHOW

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

THERE are various degrees of pleasure, and most of them have 'tags' attached to them; when I bought the chassis for my trek from Cairo to Persia and back, the proper 'tag' for me was 'as pleased as a child with a new toy.' I had owned treble-voiced motor cars — all very secondhand — for more years than I care to recall; but now, in Cairo, which was to be my starting point, I was the proud possessor of a basso profundo — a brand-new 24-horsepower Ford lorry; and in the month before my solitary traveling companion, Captain Roy Shepherd Walwyn, was due to join me from London, I had to build the caravan body for our desert purposes and to engage a servant to accompany us. I got busy at once.

My servant hunting was a complete failure. Mohammed Saleh survived only one hectic week. Twice I caught him hitting the carburetor with a spanner, and when he mixed pepper in my breakfast porridge I had done with him, and he, incidentally, had all but done for me.

But there was ample compensation for this domestic tragedy in the fun of building the body for the lorry. Years ago in Cairo a comic little Egyptian carpenter, by name Mohammed Mohammed Omar, used to make my tables and chairs; now I asked him whether he could make a motor body, and handed him my design. He took one whole day to master what a motor

body was, and another to learn the right-side-up of the design; and then suddenly light dawned and he kissed my hand fervently. 'I am your servant,' he exclaimed, 'and the honor of my house is engaged.'

His house — *videlicet* his workshop — was a cavernous niche in a blank wall of one of the dirtiest slums in Old Cairo; but when I visited it a week later it looked like a prize fighters' camp. There were heavyweights with hammers, welterweights with saws, middleweights with planes, lightweights with chisels; and for the bantams — the two latest additions to Mohammed's family — the fun of boiling the gluepot over heaps of shavings. Day by day the first chapter of Genesis repeated itself. First, the double roofing; then the sprung front seat; then the spare-wheel fitting; then the petrol lockers; then the side curtains; then the lock-up cache for valuables; and on the seventh day, with divine pomposity, I said that it was good, and Mohammed and his team sang like the Sons of the Morning.

So when Roy Walwyn joined me, although we were servantless, our desert caravan, which incidentally looked rather like a hearse, — a joke which Mohammed Mohammed Omar deplored as ominous, — was ready for the road; and away we went, into the east across Sinai, up the Levant to Aleppo, over the Syrian desert to

Mosul, down the Tigris to Bagdad; and two months later the road into Persia lay open before us. I cabled our safe arrival to Mohammed Mohammed Omar. His answer was perfect. 'By the mercy of Allah, a safe return to those who love you.'

II

Customs and passports are always nervous ordeals, but, like punishment, must be taken smiling. We faced our Persian ordeal in the spirit of dear old Ella Wheeler Wilcox — 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone.' To our relief there was nothing in the Persian Custom-house at Kanikin to weep about. Everything was simplicity itself — no nagging inquiries about horsepower and the like; only our engine and chassis numbers, and then we were sold sixty days' travel, at a flat rate per day, on the Persian highway. Meanwhile our Customs host had already given us three services of Persian tea, — highly spiced and sugared, and served milkless in tiny colored-glass tumblers, — and, far from showing any interest in contraband, had lapsed chattily into discourse on Persian folklore. A pair of swallows were building a nest directly over his office desk. 'Swallows in the house,' he said, 'mean peace in the house.' 'But,' I commented, 'won't they make a frightful mess of your papers?' His answer was to produce the lid of a biscuit box bored at each corner, and, climbing on his chair, he hung it under the nest like the tray of a bird cage. 'We Persians,' he said bravely, 'are great engineers. No problem defeats us.'

From the Valley of the Euphrates the road climbs like a ladder, — first a wide range of foothills and then a much steeper step, the great mountain massif of Western Persia, — and four

hours after entering the land of the Shah of Shahs we were breasting the Pai Tak Pass, which in five miles climbs 4000 feet up to the Great Central Plateau. Persian roads had been described to us as awful, and we had dreaded the climb — but quite unnecessarily. The roadway, though severe, was tolerable, and to our surprise we met four road-repairing gangs at work. They are phenomena of New Persia; for before the days of the present Shah, Riza Khan, Persian roads were left to take care of themselves.

New Persia's next phenomenon was less agreeable. Apparently the quickest ladder to promotion in the New Persian Police Force is up steps of official ledgers filled from cover to cover; and every village we passed had its uniformed Pooch-Bah, positively aching to write something — anything — about us on the rungs of his ladder. In the one hundred and thirty miles between Kanikin and Kermanshah, where we were to spend our first night, no less than twenty times did I call my father 'Yusuf' and my mother 'Mariam,' ending up *fortissimo* with '*tay, wow, yay, dal, yay*,' which, when you know it, is the Persian way of spelling 'Tweedy.' And then broad grins all round.

Thirty miles before Kermanshah, we experienced yet another revelation of New Persian methods. When Shah Riza gives military movement orders to small units, he economizes in transport, leaving it to the soldiers themselves to find their way to their new posts; and they calmly commandeer. Midway in a highland village we were commandeered, and, willy-nilly, were forced to embark three young warriors, accoutred like Christmas trees, who had been ordered to Kermanshah. Thanks again to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the five of us were bosom friends in no time. When we got to our destination,

they all accompanied us to the hotel, — which, of course, was called the 'Bristol,' — and introduced us to the proprietor as notables whom Persia should be delighted to honor. Awaiting our arrival was a servant of the British Consulate, and, after handing me an invitation to dine that night, he produced a fat turnip watch with which he invited us to synchronize. It was the cook's watch, for in Kermanshah time is controlled from the kitchen. Thus we arrived at our host's house, not when the Persian Chronological Department — if there is such a thing — said it was 8 P.M., but when the cook's watch said that he was due to serve the soup.

III

So far we had seen only New Persia; but, leaving Kermanshah two days later, we made a welcome contact with antiquity. Five miles from the town is the famous Tagh-i-Bustan (the Arch of the Garden), which celebrates the fame of the Sassanian monarch Chosroes II. The Arch is hewn thirty feet sheer into the granite rock face of a huge razor-backed mountain, and contains a life-size equestrian statue of the king which has been much damaged by Arab vandals, and on either side two marvelously preserved bas-reliefs. On one, the king is spearing a wild boar cowering in a clump of reeds; on the other, he appears in three stag-hunting scenes. Mounted and under an umbrella, he leaves his court for the meet; next, he pursues the stag with his pack of coursing elephants in full cry; finally, he returns satisfied but without his umbrella.

Twenty miles farther on, we reached the towering Rock of Bisitun. Carved three hundred feet from its base are the celebrated cuneiform tablets in Persian, Babylonian, and Susian, setting out the fame of Darius, the Achæmenian,

who allowed the first rebuilding of the Temple in Jerusalem. In 1847, from a brilliant comparison of the three texts, the British archæologist, Sir Henry Rawlinson, solved the cuneiform alphabet, and the tablets of Bisitun are to Babylonian and Assyrian archæology what the Rosetta stone, with its revelation of the secret of hieroglyphics, has been to Egyptology.

Our road to Hamadan was barred by Western Persia's second line of defense, the 8700-foot-high Assadabad Pass. Halfway up we found the wreck of a touring car which had just crashed down the cliffs, and inquired solicitously regarding the driver's fate. The answer was very Persian. 'He is dead; but he was a foolish man, for he had paid the last installment on his car.'

This heartless comment is eloquent of New Persia's attitude toward its newest toy, the motor. The Persian chauffeur knows nothing about his machine and drives like a son of Nimshi, with complete indifference to the road rights of other motorists. Nor are there any Persian overloading laws. So the Persian lorry proprietor has adapted a trade slogan to suit his own outlook: 'Big profits, quick returns, and let Allah look after the bits.' And he buys only on the hire-purchase system, leaving Allah to look after the next installment as well. He then loads his lorry. First, merchandise flush with the tailboard; then, on top, human beings as tight as asparagus in a tin; then, on the wings and running boards, as many packages as can be tied on with string; finally, on the roof, half-fare passages to any who are intrepid enough to risk life or limb in company, perhaps, with a goat or a sheep. The life of the Persian lorry is short and exciting.

That night we slept in Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana where Ahasuerus and Esther and Haman and Mordecai lived

so dramatically centuries ago. Outside the modern town stands a low mound, covering the reputed site of Ahasuerus's Citadel, which, thanks to the liberality of Shah Riza, is shortly to be excavated; but our interest in Hamadan was domestic and not archæological. So far we had traveled servantless, but we now published in the bazaars a vacancy on our staff for an interpreter-handyman. Three candidates arrived in quick time — an Armenian with a yellow waistcoat, a Jew with a diamond ring, and 'George.' We took George.

That, of course, was not his name. He had been christened Mohammed Ali Khan Lotfallian, a mouthful far beyond our capacity; and at first he was quite bewildered. So I explained that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. But he seemed to resent the reference to smells. Then I had a brain wave. 'And our King is called George.' At that he beamed all over, for at heart he was a snob, although his exterior was far from ornamental. Two days later I had to protest against his unshaven chin. 'But, sir, I cannot shave because I have lost my scissors.' I told him that men, if they were men, used razors. He grinned. 'I don't. They make my teeth ache.' As we were to learn in the next two months, George always got in the last word.

We reached Teheran two days later, and our arrival gave us our first sight of the mediæval Persia of the miniatures. We entered by the Kasvin gate, a long, graceful building faced with a perfect blend of tiles — greens, blues, browns, and yellows — and pierced in the centre by a deep towering archway, above which, tapering into the blue sky, were six slender minarets. But, once inside the town, all mediæval glory faded. Teheran, to put it politely, has been modernized. Through what used to be a rambling Oriental

town, garish boulevards of ridiculous width have been carved, and in the matter of traffic control Persian ingenuity has run riot. White-gloved policemen control every road junction, and, by law, on-coming traffic signals its direction by klaxon. One hoot means 'right'; two hoots, 'left'; three hoots, 'straight on' — and the donkeys look after themselves. We copied the donkeys and survived breathlessly.

Cheek by jowl with this veneer of up-to-dateness is an unhygienic horror which appalled us. Teheran's drinking-water supply runs unprotected along the boulevard gutters and is open to pollution of all kinds, of which the least nauseating is the washing of the household linen; and how Teheran avoids epidemics goodness knows. We took full precautions for ourselves. The British Legation has water laid on by pipe from a mountain spring and sells it from a water cart which tours the houses of a privileged clientele. We were put on the list and bought a canful daily.

IV

A closer acquaintance with Teheran quickly demonstrated the astounding work which Shah Riza has accomplished for New Persia. He is a romantic figure. Born of yeoman stock, he started life as a gatekeeper in a foreign legation in Teheran, was conscripted into the army, and later became an officer of outstanding distinction. Finally, in 1921, with the army behind him, he organized the successful *coup d'état* which ousted the Kajar Dynasty and eventually placed him on the famous Peacock Throne. But he inherited an Augean stable of corruption and inefficiency. National finances were in a chaos which even Dr. Millspaugh and his American Mission had been unable to reduce to order; government had ceased in all but name; peculation was

everywhere rife. Now, in his New Persia, his law runs in the farthest corners of his dominions; communications have been improved out of all knowledge; and corruption has notably decreased.

In the realm of finance he has been less successful — and for two main reasons. First, Persia has not escaped the world slump; secondly, both the Shah and his advisers were, and still are, complete amateurs in national, to say nothing of international, finance, and in their ignorance drifted into the illusion that the effect of world problems on Persia could be neutralized by strokes of a Persian pen. This illusion arose out of the Shah's first international success — the abolition of the Capitulations by which foreigners resident in Persia enjoyed extraterritorial rights. Copying Mustapha Kemal in Turkey, he canceled them out of hand.

His financial difficulties, which have their origin outside Persia, have not proved so readily soluble by a stroke of his pen. The two main problems were currency and the balance of trade. Persian currency is on a silver basis and depreciated enormously with the world fall in the value of the metal; to combat this world fact, Shah Riza decreed official rates of exchange, and of course failed in his object. When I was in Persia, I and everybody else could and did get in the bazaars the world rate of 120 krans to the pound sterling, as against the official rate of 90.

His handling of the trade balance has been almost more fantastic. Resorting to simple arithmetic, he announced that henceforth imports would only be by government license, and that licenses would only be granted to importers who undertook to export Persian goods to an equivalent value. The scheme might have worked if

Persia had had anything to export. In practice, however, this legislation has not only decreased the customs revenue disastrously, but is also slowly starving the country of essential imports which Persia itself cannot produce. The following story will explain its inconveniences. A friend of mine ordered a new gear box for his very ancient car, and in due course the Customs announced its arrival, adding that delivery would be granted on his production of receipts for Persian goods to an amount equivalent to the grossly over-assessed value of the spare part. In the end he had to buy thirty dollars' worth of unwanted carpets in the bazaars.

Speaking generally, this legislation is inspired by Soviet Russia; for, although Russia is still Persia's traditional enemy, Soviet dare-devilry in the face of world opinion has appealed strongly to New Persia's perfervid nationalism, which incidentally is intensely fostered by Russian propaganda. Russian newspapers and Russian wireless have readily familiarized the intelligentsia of the towns with 'Capitalism' and 'Imperialism,' and even my short experience of the Teheran press quickly revealed the slogan of New Persia — 'Liberation from the foreign yoke.' This type of propaganda goes to extraordinary lengths. I was told of a government inspector's visit to a school where he asked the scholars to define 'civilization.' Naturally none knew what the word either meant or implied, and eventually he had to supply the answer himself. 'Civilization,' he said, 'exists in a country which buys nothing from any other country.'

V

An excellent German air service, which has since failed through lack of Persian support, carried me the five

hundred miles from Teheran to Meshed, thus saving ten days of tedious road travel. I started beautifully — for my plane, the *Bulbul* (Nightingale), was a twin sister of the famous *Bremen* which made the first east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic; and into the bargain I was a pilgrim to Meshed, the holiest Shiah town in Persia. The Shiahs are, after the Sunnis, the most important sect of Islam. They recognize as their founders Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, and the eleven imams (prophets) who carried on his doctrines. Since the Sefavi Shahs, the Shiah belief has been the state religion of Persia, and Meshed, where the eighth Imam Riza is buried, has been the goal of pious Shiah pilgrimage. My Persian pilot was a Shiah, and when we halted midway to refuel haphazardly from the nonchalant back of a camel, I asked him whether, in this brave new world, pilgrims now flew. He laughed. 'Alive, no,' he said, 'but I generally have a coffin or two to be buried in Meshed. As a matter of fact, one was booked with you, a Karachi Shiah who died a year ago; only he must have been mislaid somewhere.'

Arrived at Meshed, I still felt myself a pilgrim, but once in the town I was anything but at home. The feast of Moharrem was imminent and the streets were full of real pilgrims, wild dark men from Afghanistan and Turkistan and the four corners of Persia, and as I walked toward the golden dome under which the Imam is buried I felt uncomfortably the cynosure of hostile fanatical eyes scowling under black beetling brows. In other days my nervousness would have been very real; for Meshed used to be a hotbed of fanaticism and a stronghold of the mullahs (priests), who, under the Kajars, were omnipotent in political as well as religious matters. But Shah Riza has changed all that. Although he has not

treated religion as drastically as Mustapha Kemal, he has put the mullahs in their place and looks askance at blind fanaticism. Around the Shrine where ten years ago there sprawled an unhygienic cemetery of Shiah graves, he is building a great circus, paved — and this is the greatest testimony of his unique power in every direction — with naught else than the tombstones of the departed faithful.

But the tension of Moharrem was not the sole cause of my uneasiness in Meshed. The town lies only a few hundred easy miles from the dreaded Russian frontier, and in exterior is almost as Russian as it is Persian. The shop signs and cinema captions were in Russian, and in the streets I met more Russian blouses than Persian coats. In fact, everywhere there were signs of the enemy within the gates. Shah Riza is fully aware of all this; and not only did I see Persian troops everywhere, but morning and evening from my hotel I listened to the garrison parade, ending with the National Anthem and cheers for the Shah and his dynasty. What I heard was equally audible to everyone, Russian and Persian alike, in Meshed, and conveyed to them, as to me, the new fact that Persia is no longer a Russian pawn, but a force with the articulate will to decide its own destiny.

Waiting for me at the aerodrome were Roy and George, with the news that they had everything ready for our start to the Caspian next morning. Dawn saw us pass through another of Teheran's twelve perfect gates, and when the sun came up we were already climbing steadily through mountains over which I had flown in the *Bulbul*. But at 6000 feet rain began; at 7000 we were in the clouds; and at 8000 I was perched on the bonnet wiping driving snow off the wind screen to give the unfortunate Roy some view of what the map called a road, which was actually

a boulder-strewn torrent bed. Once over the Pass, the downhill was ten times more dangerous and difficult; and finally night caught us high in the mountains wondering where we should find shelter.

Eventually we reached a charcoal burners' village. The inhabitants were very rude to George, our unwilling emissary, and, pale of face, he staggered back to the car mumbling, 'Sir, it is not possible.' The same thing happened at the next village, and the next and the next; and then I lost my temper. 'George,' I stormed, 'if you dare to say "It is not possible" again, I'll leave you behind with the charcoal burners.' Poor George! He was frozen and hating life, but the threat worked; and from his next parley he returned with a much relieved smile. 'Sir, it is possible, and there is a grand hotel.' The 'grand' hotel was a long, dilapidated cowshed, and our suite was normally occupied by chickens. However, it was shelter from the storm. We dried over a brazier, and our insecticide powder proved lethal to the normal denizens of the place. I have often gone farther and fared worse.

VI

Next morning it was still pouring, and, once on the Caspian flats, we found a wide river in spate with its only bridge badly breached by the floods. But the future proved less desperate on second sight. A working gang was repairing the damage under the supervision of a very pleasant German, and he informed me that, by hook or by crook, the bridge must be open by noon next day, when the Persian Governor of the Province had announced his intention of crossing on an inspection tour. 'And,' added my friend, 'in Persia Governors are Governors and punishments are Persian.' In Persia, also,

workmen do work; and when, next morning, I went to ascertain progress, a bridge — at least the German said it was a bridge — was extended across the gap. It consisted of two rickety gangways balanced on a madly yawning barge anchored midway across the breach, and from the way workmen were slamming nails everywhere it looked as though our roadway would finally consist mainly of nails.

Then arrived the Persian Governor. After one look at the crazy contrivance, he turned to me with a bow. 'The road is now open,' he said, 'and it is my pleasure — nay, my duty — to accord you, as a stranger, honored rights of precedence.' (In other words: 'If this is going to be a funeral, it won't be mine.') So off we went. The first gangway tipped sharply downhill, the barge rolled like a whale, and all the nails shot into the air like rockets. But Roy drove magnificently, and to the noise of loud machine-gun fire, as the now loosened planks leaped and rattled, we struggled off the second gangway and were safe.

An hour later I realized a fervent wish of my schoolroom days. Always three lonely waters on the map of the world had attracted me irresistibly. I have bathed in African Lake Chad; now I was seeing the Caspian; and one day, *Insha'Allah* (Please God), I shall sledge across Siberian Baikal. Like all large waters in flat country, the Caspian was dull. Not so its foreshore. We were in Hyrcania, where the Romans collected lions for the Games, and for four hours we labored through utter jungle, which might have been Africa. Forest trees, wall-papered with creepers, overhung our track; the villages were palisaded and the houses conically roofed as in Equatoria; the river canoes were Congo 'dugouts.' One thing alone was of the East. The African oils himself, the Asiatic washes; and every vil-

lage had a Turkish bath, which we were told functioned once weekly.

Naturally our progress was desperately slow, and once again we were caught in unhospitable country by the falling night with no prospect of lodging, and were just resigning ourselves to our camp beds in the open when the *deus ex machina* appeared. A voice hailed us out of the darkness asking for a lift, and when we explained our dilemma its owner slapped his paunch loudly. 'This night,' he shouted, 'you are the fortunate ones! Take me with you, and ten miles along this track I will bring you to a fine village where the headman has a fine house, and he will be our host and our night will be blessed. I am the local tax collector and he is two years in arrears!' After that, life became chaotic. The 'fine' village was a group of tumble-down shacks, and the headman's 'fine' house might have belonged to Robinson Crusoe. Out jumped the tax collector, and from inside rose a commotion as though they were killing the pig. Then a sudden stillness. At last a boom from the tax collector: 'The headman says you are very welcome.'

Poor man! I think he thought we had come to arrest him. But his hospitality was perfect. With many salaams he escorted us up two flimsy ladders on to a verandah, out of which opened the same sort of mud-walled cell in which Saint Jerome and his pet lion translated the Bible. In less than no time, however, its austerity had vanished. Carpets on the floor, two lamps, and two braziers; and George bought a pound of butter and twenty-four eggs (total cost twenty-five cents), and scrambled the lot in a saucepan. We ate the result with gusto. Then arose the problem of sleep. It was complicated, because I snore; and, if we shared a room, either Roy woke me up, and I got furious, or he had to listen

wide-eyed, and he got furious. By this time we knew what to do, and now I lost the toss. So out I went on to the verandah, and, before a row of goggling villagers, I de-concertina'd my camp bed, put up my mosquito net, undressed, and retired. An hour later I stirred uneasily. Unbeknown to me, my verandah roofed the family farmyard, and its inmates had never heard British snores before. First two cows mooed, then six goats maaed, then two calves baaed, and finally two perch loads of chickens went off like alarm clocks. My night was far from blessed. Indeed, whether I was awake or asleep, I was haunted with the obsession that I was a prisoner in a zoo.

Next day we were clear of jungle and in dull rice country; and rice country is just as dull as rice puddings. So it was a positive relief to turn our backs on the Caspian for the climb back to the Central Plateau and Teheran. George expressed his relief vocally. He was yearning for the fleshpots of civilization and caroled lustily about some lady who walked like a panther and cooed like a dove. I stood it for an hour. Then, 'George,' I said, 'whoever she is, she won't look at you with a beard like that.' Once more George won. 'You don't know her,' he said. 'She likes bearded men. Only the bearded are strong.' And that perhaps had something to say to the lost scissors.

VII

Back in Teheran, we planned to start for Shiraz at once, but we overlooked red tape; final departure from Teheran is by permit only. The first day we left our passports with the authorities; the second day we were told to come again; the third day, fearing our passports had been lost, we toured the desks of one 'Pooh-Bah' after another in a frantic search; and eventually we, and not the

Persian Government, found them. The 'Pooh-Bah' who had been sitting on them for those three days sucked his teeth placidly. 'Oh! Is that what you want? Of course!' — and he stamped them all over the place and we were at last free.

Just outside Teheran lie the ruins of the city of Rhey, which, according to tradition, dates from the days of the Patriarch Seth. But invasion, fire, and earthquake have reduced it to a mere jumble of earth mounds planted with willows and fed by delicious little streams; and, as such, it has become the favorite picnic haunt of the Teherani. We visited it on a Friday, and whole families were out *en bloc*, each on its carpet strewed under the willows, and each boasting a family samovar for family tea drinking. And while Mother brought it to the boil, Father read or played chess, the daughters sewed, the sons played ball, and the babies rolled in and out of the water. The Persians, like the Egyptians, do their family outings whole-heartedly.

Then away into the south, through grim volcanic country, to Kum, which, after Meshed, is the holiest town in Persia, containing the Shrine of Fatima the Immaculate, the martyred sister of Meshed's Imam Riza. Kum marks the dividing line between Persia's steppe-like north and the blank aridity of the south, and when, two days later, we reached Isfahan, we discovered, to our surprise, that it was a sheer oasis in the middle of utter desert.

Historically and picturesquely, Isfahan is by far the most interesting town in Persia. Founded by Shah Abbas in the days of Queen Elizabeth, it remained the national capital until the Kajars seized the throne and moved to Teheran. Shah Abbas was an ideal town-planner. He built a vast Midan (square), about the size of ten baseball grounds on end, as the centre of his

capital, and round it concentrated the Musjid es Shah (the Shah's mosque), the most perfect example of Persian tiling and Persian architecture in the world; the Lotfallah Mosque, another masterpiece; the great vaulted bazaars which are only surpassed by those of Shiraz; and his own Palace, from the verandahed terrace of which he used to watch his nobility playing polo in the Midan below. For polo was invented in Persia.

But Isfahan to-day is a reproach to Persia. Its monuments have been scandalously rifled and desecrated by vandals for the benefit of the antiquity markets of the West. To-day, thanks to Shah Riza, these sixteenth-century masterpieces are listed as national monuments; and I hope that those who made money out of their wanton destruction are now suffering the tortures of the damned.

The three hundred miles from Isfahan to Shiraz were in other days the terror of every traveler; the country was the playground of bandits, and every village we passed was eloquently walled and turreted for defense. But we traveled without a qualm, for Shah Riza has defeated banditry with rare skill. Shock tactics on military lines were useless against such guerrilla masters, so, instead of attacking them, he has built for the defense of that lonely desert stretch a continuous chain of police blockhouses, and always we were under welcome supervision. On our third day out we were able to show our gratitude to four policemen who had foolishly gone on patrol with empty water bottles. We slaked their thirst in a manner which not only satisfied but vastly entertained them. Instead of unpacking our containers, amid bellows of laughter we siphoned the water down their throats through an India-rubber tube. 'All motors are devils,' said the corporal, 'but yours is a good devil. It

has wheels instead of legs, but no cow ever gave sweeter milk.'

A day before Shiraz the desert yielded to broken country, and that night I had the sound of running waters in my ears, and a bulbul sang in a lilac bush outside. Next day we reached Persepolis. It was built by Darius and Xerxes as their Washington, the official capital where the great ceremonies of state were staged. It stood on a vast stone-faced platform looking south across the plain of Mervdasht, but its halls and palaces have suffered the scourge of centuries of earthquake and fire and foreign invasion, and little save ruin remains. Only the Porch of Xerxes has survived in anything approaching preservation, and its four towering pylons are still vividly chiseled with the famous man-faced and bearded winged bulls. On a tablet set high on one of the pylons, Xerxes has immortalized his pride in his creation: —

I am Xerxes, the Great King, the King of Kings, the King of the many-tongued countries, the King of this Great Universe.

Twenty miles south of Persepolis we broke a front spring in a pothole, and when at length we spied Shiraz through a cleft in the hills, both of us shouted in unison, 'Thank God!' By chance we were echoing the age-long gratitude of all travelers along the bandit-ridden stage from Isfahan; and the gate by which we entered the town was called *Teng-i-Allahu-el-Akhbar* (The Gate of God the Omnipotent). Shiraz, like Meshed, was very military, and our stay was punctuated with bugle blasts and the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun practice.

The charm of the town is its gardens. A Persian garden is not a flower garden, for Persia is not a flower country; instead of flowers there are trees and shrubs and ornamental water, and an unorthodox spaciousness which is quite

lovely. I must describe one which we visited. A long grass-grown avenue of towering Scotch firs sloped slowly up to a wide terrace, in the centre of which, shaded by poplars, was a large hexagonal stone-faced pool of crystal-clear water; and when I looked back there were rows and rows of grafted fruit trees in full bloom sheltering under the firs, and the exquisite blend of the heavy green above with the transparent brilliance of the young blossom below made me realize to the full where Omar Khayyâm got his inspiration.

VIII

Our next stage to Tabriz in the northwest was a matter of one thousand miles, and as far as Isfahan we were on our old road. There we branched northwest and were in mountainous country, where the roads were crooked and climbed; and that, after a fortnight of flat desert and interminably straight tracks, was a tremendous relief. But our exhilaration was nothing compared with George's excitement; for our road lay through Daulatabad, where he lived, and he had invited us to lunch at his home. We had accepted with rather patronizing superiority, but, approaching Daulatabad, we soon began to wonder whether after all the boot was not on the other leg. George greeted a lovely view down a wide well-cultivated valley with a shrill shout from the rumble: 'Welcome! You are now in the country of my family!' A mile farther on, after passing a large village where all the inhabitants bowed like mandarins to George, — not to us, — he remarked casually, 'That village belongs to me.' And from then on everything was either his or his mother's or his uncle's or his aunt's, and in Daulatabad itself his progress was positively royal.

Then we reached his house, which

was about as large as Buckingham Palace. And for the next four hours we lived in a world of fairy tale. For our George, our interpreter-handyman, was in reality a prince in masquerade. Not that it is difficult in Persia to be a prince: every descendant of a Shah — and that is a large order, since every Shah had at least thirty wives — is automatically a prince; and George's grandmother had been a Shah's daughter.

His banquet room was about the size of a golf green and beautifully carpeted, and on the floor was an enormous white tablecloth covered with vast brass platters supporting pyramids of brown rice, pink rice, and yellow rice, and round them, like pawns on a chess-board, nestled smaller pyramids containing violent-tasting delicacies such as bullock's heart, chicken's gizzard, and cow's heel. We disposed ourselves on the floor like self-conscious Romans with our elbows supported by sausage-shaped cushions, and were given what looked like brass ping-pong rackets with which we shoveled a *macédoine* of bits and pieces on to our plates. I was too polite to refuse anything and amassed a panorama map of Switzerland; and all there was to wash it down was buttermilk, which I have loathed since childhood. Somehow I struggled through, but in the end I felt and looked like a Zeppelin.

I next remember our departure. Four heavily veiled forms — George's mother and his three sisters — watched us leave from the battlements, and, leaning out of the car, I doffed my hat. George was delighted. 'I will tell them that you mean to be polite, and they will understand and be happy.'

At Hamadan we joined the road from Bagdad, and a hundred miles short of Teheran branched northwest again on the final stage to Tabriz. In other days there was no motor road; travelers from Teheran took a Caspian

boat to Baku in Russia, and from there reached their destination through the Caucasus by train. But such inconvenience is intolerable to New Persia, and the old packway is being remade and has been mapped in vivid red as first class. The map maker was decidedly optimistic. In the higher ground it was a ribbon of loosely laid shingle, in the valleys it was a heavy morass, and we had to cross three rivers in roaring spate. The third revealed Persian virtuosity at its best. On the brink stood a row of semi-naked rascals who, for a fee of a dime, stepped on board as pilots and steered us, *fortissimo*, round the worst potholes and boulders.

Nor were our caravanserais nights lacking in incident. One village was called the home of the 'Enemy of the Stranger.' Neither Roy nor I slept a wink there, and next morning we had huge weals to show to George. He only laughed: 'Haw-haw! The "Enemy" made no mistake about you, the strangers; but I, the Persian, never had a bite. I'm sure he is far cleverer than the bugs in your houses in England.' Our next night was more subtly tragic, for it completely destroyed one of my oldest illusions. We had cooked a hen for the road ahead and my room was the larder. I was just asleep when I was awakened by a frightful crash, to see our hen disappearing into the night in the jaws of a monster Persian cat. But neither that cat nor any of the other millions of cats which we saw in Persia had the slightest resemblance to the traditional Persian cats; and I now know that the smoke-blue, long-haired aristocrats are arrant impostors without a drop of real Persian blood in their veins. The true Persian cat is a slum scavenger, the most unattractive breed of that species.

Tabriz, like Meshed, was Russian rather than Persian. Though it pro-

duced caviare at twenty cents the bucket, it was totally unproductive of any information about Kurdistan, whither we were next bound. Indeed our inquiries only caused eyebrows to arch as though we were mad or fugitives from justice. For Kurdistan is still wild Old Persia, with caravanserais like fortresses, and Kurds like walking arsenals, and roads such as I had never experienced even in Central Africa.

There had been a month's rain, and when we were not ploughing morasses we were skidding dizzily up and down hill on butter-slides. It was weary, anxious work, and all to no purpose; for after surviving two hundred miles we reached Sakkis, the headquarters of the province, only to find that its river, which normally was a purling brook, was in swirling flood. All Sakkis bestirred itself in sympathy. A horseman tried the normal ford, but in the middle the horse was swimming. Another well-

wisher collected his buffalo herd on the farther side and hitched two ropes to the car to drag it through the water like a torpedo, but luckily the ropes broke when they took the strain and not when we were in midstream. A third built a raft of packing cases, but one look was enough to dissuade us. So Sakkis became to us what Moscow was to Napoleon; and instead of joining the Bagdad road direct at Kermanshah, a matter of one hundred and fifty miles, we had to beat a retreat and go back on our tracks over old ground, a dreary, unnecessary retrogression of seven hundred miles.

At Hamadan we bade George a sad farewell. I shook him by the hand and asked him if he had learned anything. 'Yes,' he said with a grand grin, 'two things. To get up early in the morning like an Englishman, and to swear like an Englishman.' Dear old George! *Ave atque vale.*

BUSINESS LOOKS AT THE N.R.A.

BY RALPH E. FLANDERS

IN a recent *Punch* the Intense Young Woman is depicted as explaining to her visitor, 'I always think the future is so inevitable.'

If a crude cartoon were substituted for the clever pen-and-ink sketch, if the earnest and simple lady were labeled 'NIRA' and her baffled companion 'Business,' we should have a drawing to portray a current situation in a recognizable way. It would fail of so doing only in that Business, in real life, thinks it knows what NIRA is talking about and doing. On the whole, Business approves, or at least does not demur. And thus the inevitability of *our* future seems assured.

May it not be wise to be a bit more critical?

I

The Recovery Act has two sections: 'Title I,' which deals with the controlled expansion of business; and 'Title II,' which is concerned with a large-scale public works programme. This latter shows no signs of getting under rapid headway. It is Title I and its carrying out by the National Recovery Administration which are moulding the future of business enterprise.

The provisions of Title I are becoming familiar to the news-reading public. They include the drawing up of codes of fair competition for each industry, with specifications as to maximum

hours of labor, minimum wages, the age limit of workers, and other conditions of employment. Trade abuses may be defined and forbidden. Management is required to permit to its employees freedom of association for bargaining purposes. Special exceptions are made of industries which may come under the Agricultural Act, and special limitations are imposed on the oil industry. The President is a party to all codes and agreements. He may draw them up himself if an industry fails to do so, or if the codes presented are unsatisfactory to him. He may compel obedience to codes by invoking a licensing power bestowed for this purpose. Finally, he may control imports by establishing quotas or by other restrictions, if foreign competition threatens the success of the recovery plans.

Very evidently this is a programme *in posse*, not *in esse*. Congress worked out no technique of recovery. It simply forged an instrument of power and placed it in the hands of the President.

Up to the time of writing, the President has very wisely declined to initiate the innumerable details of industrial policy which it is his right to determine. He has extended that power to the National Recovery Administration, organized for the purpose. And, through it, industry itself has been invited to exercise the initiative. In fine, the

results of our progress so far, for good or for ill, are chargeable, not to the Act itself, but to the proposals of control developed by the industries, and to the policies being accepted, fostered, or rendered inevitable by the administrative body.

II

Tendencies, policies, and achievements as so far revealed are both heartening and perturbing. The incredible and glorious achievements are the ending of child labor in the textile mills, the elimination of the third or 'graveyard' shift, and the setting of minimum wage rates. Thus will end that part of the competition between Northern and Southern cotton mills which depended on the debasement of the operatives' scale of living. All of these elements, if judiciously determined, are capable of making direct contributions to human values, and need not dislocate the economic mechanism. In the same category are many of the detailed prohibitions of certain practices of the separate industries, which long experience has shown to be demoralizing to business and without compensating social advantage of any sort.

But other elements have come into view which tend toward dislocations, and thus toward a lowering of the quality or quantity of goods whose production and distribution are the only end for which the economic mechanism derives its right to exist. Among these doubtful tendencies in code making are: limitations, expressed or implied, on improvements in management, processes, and equipment; hindrances to the expansion of efficient plants; allocation of output among existing plants; allocation of sales territories; the setting of prices. Every one of these developing policies, directly or indirectly, sets limits on the produc-

tion of wealth or on its equitable distribution; in so far as they do so without other social gains (such as inhere in shorter hours, for instance), they must be classed as discouraging to the possibilities of economic progress.

This body of doubtful doctrine is founded on two assumptions: that our troubles have arisen from too drastic competition, and from an accompanying overproduction. The ultimate remedy is therefore seen in an economy in which wages, methods, machines, hours, salaries, profits, markets, output, and prices are to be scientifically determined and adhered to — in short, in a planned economy. This is the Paradise of Business as dreamed of by the 'tired business man' — Virgil Jordan having recently transferred this phrase from theatrical parlance to a use descriptive of the industrialist who has arrived, but who has lost the love of battle, whose energy of initiative and adventure is drained, and whose only desire is for the protection of his present position against the forces of change and development.

These doubtful tendencies, be it observed, find their sources in the field of industry. Those capable and self-effacing technicians who form the working staff of the N.R.A. are not as a body sympathetic to such counsels of decay. Much that has been accepted has been so over their protest. Much more has been prevented by them from reaching the public eye. It is in the higher seats of the Administration that we must look for official encouragement of these doubtful views. Happily, we may stop short of Mr. Roosevelt himself. He has been careful to call attention to the experimental character of at least one venture toward a planned economy.

There are others of the Administration, however, who are not troubled by doubts, who are, indeed, convinced

that our ills all have their sources in the unmanaged business practices of the recent past.

III

Among the most insistent of the critics of business are Mr. Donald R. Richberg, general counsel of the N.R.A., and Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. The latter has expressed himself freely in speech and in writing, most recently in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* for July 16. Mr. Richberg's definitive address, of similar tenor, was delivered before the Merchants Association of New York on July 6, and was heard over a nation-wide broadcast. Here are some of the things Mr. Richberg said:—

(1) We are not trying to establish public management of private business.

We are not trying to fix prices or wages by governmental orders.

We are not trying to unionize labor by federal command.

(2) Some stubborn minds may yet have learned no lesson from the World War, from the following years of intoxicated expansion of credit, and from the later years of deadly payment of our debts. But to most people has come some realization of the fact that an era has ended, that new occasions now impose new duties, and that a new generation cannot rely wholly on the wisdom of its fathers.

(3) The success of this great adventure will depend largely on the ability of the managers of private business to accept a new opportunity for self-government in industry. They can now substitute enlightened coöperation in promoting the general welfare for a cannibalistic struggle to survive by eating their own flesh and blood.

(4) There is no choice presented to American business between intelligently planned and controlled industrial operations and a return to the gold-plated anarchy that masqueraded as rugged individualism. There is only the choice presented between private and public elec-

tion of the directors of industry. If the privately elected boards of directors and the privately chosen managers of industry undertake their task and fulfill their responsibility, they will end all talk of dictatorships and governmental control of business. But if they hold back and waste these precious hours, if they take counsel with prejudice and doubt, if they fumble their great opportunity, they may suddenly find that it has gone forever.

Of the brief paragraphs of the first quotation, it may be said that the first two are expressions of honest hopes that are doomed to failure, if the emergency policies of the more radical codes may be taken as evidence of what our permanent industrial programme is to be. As will be shown later, public management and price fixing will become inevitable.

As to federal support of unionization, it is already here—not by direct action, but by the implications read into the Act and by the advantages which organized labor has reaped thereby. We have here, not a constructive element essential to recovery, but merely another skirmish in the century-old guerrilla warfare between organized capital and organized labor, in which a victory for either side means defeat for both.

In the second quotation Mr. Richberg reveals what seems a clear understanding of fundamental causes of our distress, which lie quite outside of the responsibilities delegated to the N.R.A. And then, in the third passage, he straightway forgets his clear vision of causes, and puts full responsibility on the managers of private business. Finally, near the end of his address, he delivers himself of the appeal and the threat of the fourth passage.

Such a selection of excerpts from a carefully prepared address is of course misleading. A body of clear sense and high patriotic appeal lies between

these quoted paragraphs. But there the erroneous and harmful statements stand! What shall we say to them?

In fairness to Mr. Richberg it should be asked whether he includes banking and speculation in his definition of business. Only if he does so, and only if he lays specific emphasis on them as he would in developing the second quoted passage — only so is he justified in his appeals and his threats.

The occasion and his position deprive him of this defense. He is a leading actor in the drama of the N.R.A. He was appealing for its support. And the N.R.A. cannot concern itself with the major causes of the depression, which lie within the alien fields of war-debt liquidation, banking practice, and speculative mania.

IV

These major causes are spread quite clearly before our eyes in the perspective of the last fifteen years. There is among economists much divergence of opinion about details, but little as to the broad elements of causation. It is with the broad elements that we are here concerned.

First, as was hinted by Mr. Richberg, we must give some attention to this matter of credit. What is credit?

As we all know, only a very small part of the business of the country is done on a cash basis — with gold, its paper equivalent, or some other form of currency. From 80 to 90 per cent (depending on the times and the method of estimating) is done by checks and checking accounts — that is, by bank-credit-money.

What is the origin of these bank deposits which give money value to our checks? We see the checks going in and out, increasing and decreasing the individual accounts; and from the general banking reports published in the financial columns we realize that

from time to time there is a wide variation in their totals.

This bank-credit-money is strange stuff. Practically the whole of it is generated by borrowing. Credit is based on debt. When you, or I, or anyone borrows at the bank, the bank *makes* money, quite as definitely as the counterfeiter does. In the process the bank credits itself with my note and credits me with an addition to my account, and that addition to my account increases the amount of bank-credit-money in circulation. Conversely, when the loan is repaid, that amount of money is extinguished, as surely as though so much paper currency had been burned.

In its proper use, this process is one of transforming business assets, negotiable collateral, and even personal character, into money. The value of the process lies in its ability to expand, direct, and contract the flow of money as needed for useful business purposes. The danger lies in the tendency of this expansion, contraction, and direction to get out of control, purchasing power becoming deceitfully expanded on mere speculative hopes at one time and disastrously contracted at another, with the result that the underlying debt burden attains such enormous proportions that it can only be liquidated by large-scale bankruptcy.

The difficulty of liquidating these debts is multiplied by the tendency of an undue expansion (in which credit is expanded faster than business operations) to show itself in a rise in prices and incomes. The ensuing deflation brings lower prices and incomes with which to pay off a debt that is fixed in terms of dollars. This has been the all-too-evident dilemma of recovery.

Without going into details, let it be said that the war was financed by a deliberate, government-generated process of credit inflation applied to bond

financing, to the munition industries, and to agriculture. This inflation was artificially maintained until the last of the Victory bonds were disposed of, and then the credit support was dropped. The deflation revealed the mass of underlying debt in government, industry, and agriculture, incurred at high price and income levels and left to be paid off at low price and income levels. A large share of that indebtedness remains unpaid to this day.

This is no new phenomenon. The other two periods of major warfare since the Industrial Revolution have revealed the same sequence of events. After the Napoleonic Wars, and after the mid-century wars which for us culminated in the Civil War, the 'civilized' world as a whole went through the same generation-long period of falling prices, business stagnation, bankruptcy, and social disintegration. And so shall we continue to do until mankind learns either to finance war by some other means than credit inflation, or to discard war altogether.

After the World War, the credit inflation and resulting indebtedness were intensified by the commodity speculation of 1920, intensifying in consequence the depression of 1920 and 1921. More recent and more deadly was the long, slow, but accelerating inflation and speculation of 1924-1929, which interrupted the slow and painful war recovery with a new access of credit expansion. The course of events was somewhat as follows.

The period was one of unusually rapid improvement in production machinery and processes and in business management. It seems probable that the element of initial cyclic unbalance lay in the large profits which flowed therefrom. Too large a share of the returns from industry went to the savers and investors, and too little to

the spenders and consumers. This brought about, first, a tendency to build new plants when there was not enough purchasing power to absorb the goods produced; then, as the sufficiency of productive plant became evident, there followed a period in which funds flowed by preference into the securities of existing companies, which were bid up sky-high in the process; and, finally, there followed the manufacture and sale of secondary and tertiary securities of purely speculative earning power, based on the underlying bona fide earning stocks.

These last phenomena are but other aspects of the same inflationary process which was described in connection with war financing. In this case, however, it was generated privately rather than by the government, and it was based on rising speculative profits and security prices instead of on rising wages and commodity prices. But in its inevitable crash it left behind it the typical burden of indebtedness to be repaid in a period of impossibly low incomes and low prices. In this our whole banking structure was deeply involved, as we all know.

The seriousness of the situation was doubled by the fact that the new speculative indebtedness was added to the large residuary war indebtedness, so that the cyclic deflation joined hands with the war deflation and thereby progressed with redoubled speed.

As an exaggerative force in this cycle, governmental policies played their part. Construction of federal, state, and municipal works was expanded at the wrong time and contracted at the wrong time. Taxation was wrong in timing as well as in kind. Bond retirement was not carried out at the proper time, or to the desirable degree, so that governmental credit was low when borrowing would have been advantageous as a substitute for hoarding.

Added to all this were certain imbecilities in the field of international finance. Of these, little needs to be said here except to call attention to the most obvious of them: namely, that, in the face of the impossibility of collecting war debts on anything like the prearranged scale, we continued to pour credit into European and South American countries, through governmental and private channels, under conditions and to amounts which made the hope of repayment a fantastic mirage. The top-heavy structure broke in the second year of the depression and prolonged and deepened its intensity.

V

As the final element in this rough analysis we must observe that the destructive forces just described played upon an economic structure possessing elements of instability which do, undoubtedly, derive from our industrial organization. They weakened its resistance to the overturning forces just mentioned.

There was, first, the shift from subsistence to staple agriculture, which took place as transportation was improved and world-wide commerce developed. Subsistence agriculture is the most stable of all occupations, being dependent only on the vagaries of the weather. It is, however, one which maintains only a low scale of living. Staple agriculture, as of cotton or wheat, promises greater returns, but is dependent on national or international business conditions whose variations are far more serious than those of the weather.

A second factor was the shift from subsistence agriculture to urban industry — again an advance to a higher plane of living while business is good, but disastrous when the bottom drops out.

A third unsettling movement was the shift from the manufacture of the staples of existence to the industries producing accessories and luxuries. Again we have an advance in the scale, but one which can be held only with difficulty, since the slightest business recession reduces employment disproportionately in these less necessary occupations.

A fourth unstable element was the increasing importance of the capital-goods industries, which produce such things as manufacturing equipment and engineering structures. These also cease to function during a depression, and recover but slowly, with corresponding distress to their employees. There is no need to dwell on this point if the reader is, perchance, a builder of machine tools or locomotives. So far as concerns unemployment, this has been the major element in the depression.

Finally, there has been a steady flow from productive occupations in general to sales and service occupations of various sorts. The latter are characteristic of a more developed civilization, and are in great part desirable in themselves, but they are subject to drastic reduction as business falls off.

These elements (and others which lack of space compels us to omit) have probably had far more to do with our economic distress than the much-discussed factor of technological unemployment. If technological unemployment was as important as it has been represented to be, it should have been increasingly evident even during the period of good business; yet reputable statisticians have been unable to find that this was so. It would appear that *instability* of employment, rather than its *decrease in volume in good times*, is the dubious fruit of our technological tree. We must remember, however, that the instabilities listed are tied up

with human progress, so that our remedies must be aimed at the disturbing forces fully as much as at the unstable organization.

In all this variety of causes it is noticeable that only a part are in the proper realm of industry, although we must take some responsibility for the improper invasion of our realm by the financial-speculative operations which have made so much trouble in the recent past. Aside from the necessity for rigorously excluding that element by all means, whether by persuasion or compulsion, by enlightened opinion or by law, the responsibilities of business would seem to be concerned with the distribution of wealth and with our own natural but secondary elements of instability in employment. The remaining and heavier burden of responsibility lies at the door of government and of finance.

VI

Of NIRA and the N.R.A. as an emergency means of promoting recovery, we can say much that is encouraging.

The psychological background, generated by the keen and devoted political genius of the President, is magnificent and essential. The programme of recovery — by the revival of purchasing power rather than by the normal course of the revival of profit — is both humane and hopeful. Any shortcoming to date has lain in the concentrated attention to the consumer-goods industries, and the failure to realize that the real seat of the depression lies in the industries producing capital goods — machinery, equipment, and buildings. It is their exaggerated drop in pay roll which has been reflected in lowered purchasing power for the consumer-goods industries.

A method has been provided to revive capital goods, in Title II of the

Recovery Act relating to public works. Its action must be speeded if recovery is to occur according to this novel process. The old recovery cycle (through renewed profit, confidence, and physical investment) has been prohibited by the terms of our experiment; but that experiment will be successful only if we carry it out in full.

We have, then, a programme hopeful in its emergency uses, for recovery from a situation brought about by definite causes, and a dangerous determination on the part of some business men and some government officials to apply these emergency remedies to entirely unrelated chronic maladies. Whence this perverse and baseless determination? It is a mystery indeed, without explanation or excuse.

The radical planning ideals of the code makers are not merely ineffective; they are destructive. Subtract the provisions for human and business decency, and what remains? An economy of planned details, in areas where each decision raises a dozen problems, and each new solution a dozen more; and every road leads to business breakdown, or to governmental price fixing and in the end to governmental operation. The history of every such experiment points in this direction — whether one looks at railroads, at coffee, at wheat, or at the checkered experiences of the European cartels.

The dangers of the programme are serious. The enormous extent of our operations in manufacturing and distributing material goods, their unimaginable variety, the incalculable complexity of the courses they take, the innumerable final desires and satisfactions they reach and serve, are beyond the comprehension or calculation of any planning board. It is the profit motive which ultimately maintains these labyrinthine mechanisms, and it

is the profit motive which is under fire.

The degree of success which Russia, without the profit motive, has attained in an arbitrary handling of this intricate problem is attributable to three factors. First, her economy has until now been a secondary one, feeding on the finished mechanisms and processes of more vital and self-sustaining nations. Second, her substitute for the profit motive is a discipline that is essentially self-denying; and it remains to be seen whether, in the face of a world incredibly rich in material possibilities, such a principle can maintain its power indefinitely. Third, such measure of success as has been or is likely to be attained in the near future is at the expense of a simplification of the problem that involves a low scale of living and a standardized existence. Only so can the task be brought within the range of human abilities.

The basic objections to a managed economy are that this solution is impossibly difficult if we are to preserve the rich material existence which we now enjoy or can enjoy; and that the alternative of a simplified and standardized existence, brought within the limits of human ability to control, is so false to our desires and possibilities and to the direction of our historic development as to be impossible except as a forced adjustment to some destructive catastrophe. The hopeful possibility lies in a frank recognition of the usefulness of that force of nature which we call the profit motive; and in a purposeful attack on the problem of controlling it in the same way that other natural forces are controlled by the engineer. The problem is akin to that of flood control and irrigation, and of harnessing to human uses in the power plant and transmission line the energy which manifests itself destructively in the lightning.

VII

With all these considerations in mind, let us set a tentative programme for business enterprise — a programme so devised that private profit in the rough may be made to serve social ends in spite of itself, and that the larger and more mature ideal of private profit which is a growing force in American business may serve still more effectively. In the first place, what elements of the codes should be preserved for permanent use?

While there is nothing in the causes of our present distress which gives to shorter hours any fundamental curative effect, the policy does have its uses in distributing work during recovery; and it may properly be accepted as an overdue social dividend on the operation of our labor-saving machinery. If at this time we cannot in thirty-five or forty hours a week make all that we wish to consume, then our improved mechanisms are not what we claim them to be. As a matter of fact, if we can arrange by proper means to keep men working thirty-five hours a week year in and year out, instead of shutting them out for the months or years of hard times, we shall be adding to their productiveness instead of subtracting from it.

The raised age limit which results from the elimination of child labor is a matter of human decency which we can all accept.

The minimum wage, properly set, comes in the same category.

The prohibition of sales below cost, except in carefully regulated exceptions for liquidation purposes, is a step which may tend to reduce the violence of business fluctuations, if it can be made effective.

Elimination of general abuses of the types peculiar to the individual trades should be accomplished for the same

reasons as the prohibition of selling below cost.

The trade associations should be strengthened in their new control of particular industry evils. In addition they should be urged, or even compelled, to collect such statistics on production, sales, stocks, and so forth, and such price information on closed transactions, as will form a firm basis of judgment for business men and investors. The permanently effective planned economy will be one arising from the application of the experience of individual business men to data that are sufficient, accurate, and generally available. We have not yet begun to plan on this basis.

To these provisions should be added somewhat technical but imperative changes in financial and fiscal practice:—

(1) Ordinary commercial credit (i. e., thirty-, sixty-, and ninety-day notes) must be confined to financing current operations. It is characteristic of credit extension of this type that in both volume and velocity it tends to equate itself with the flow of goods to market. Therefore it does not seriously affect the price level. Furthermore, being 'self-liquidating,' it does not build up a long-term body of indebtedness, which consumes current purchasing power when extinguished by repayment under later and differing price and income levels. In short, credit of this type, properly extended, provides purchasing power in the amount and at the time needed.

As before explained, from 80 to 90 per cent of our active monetary supply is bank-credit-money thus generated, the balance being gold, or currency for the most part gold-based. If this major element can be steadied in its operations by this policy, there will be far less criticism of the gold standard than exists at the present time; and we may

yet retain the advantages of gold in international exchange. As matters now stand, it is not gold, but credit, its hysterical partner, which causes more than four fifths of the trouble.

(2) Physical investment must be financed out of savings, not out of credit inflation. In the final account, there is no other way to finance investment. The funds saved out of consumption are the financial counterpart of the materials and labor diverted from the provision of consumption goods to the provision of capital goods.

Any severe deflation — certainly this one — reveals a mass of long-term investment, either in actual physical goods or in stocks, bonds, and mortgages, which was financed, not by savings, but by credit expansion. The damage in this is twofold. Being an artificial provision of funds, not based on the production of goods, it raises the price level in the investment area to which it is applied and generates speculation and further credit inflation, as we have seen. This leaves the typical high-income debt to be paid in low-income periods. And, when such debts cannot be paid, a mass of nominally liquid assets are in fact frozen by deflation, producing results with which we are only too familiar.

Confining credit expansion to current business operations, and financing investment from savings, are fundamental policies. Indeed, the true index of inflation is the amount of credit which has abandoned its proper uses and has been applied to long-term commitments of the investment type. This, and this only, is inflation, and the amount of it ought to be kept as near zero as possible.¹

¹This point of view is described, and an inflation index based upon it is presented, in Mr. E. C. Harwood's book, *Cause and Control of the Business Cycle*. — AUTHOR

We can no longer permit our credit mechanism to pump billions of illusory purchasing power into our markets at one period, and then to suck them dry of these funds just as they have begun to seem real. This is a tidal wave more devastating than ever swept the shores of Portugal or Japan. Our economic, social, and political systems will not survive many repetitions of this reckless process. No remedy which does not avert this disaster will serve or save us.

(3) A reasonable balance between spending and saving must be maintained. There is a strong probability that the control of inflation which would result from adopting the two preceding policies would also influence this factor favorably. If the disruptive effects of inflation are controlled, it seems probable that the interest rate would perform its normal function of governing the ratio between consumption and investment. It would probably tend more nearly to approach that 3 or 4 per cent which Carl Snyder has calculated as being the average actual increment on wealth in this country over a long period of time.

(4) As to that deceitful form of investment which consists in bidding up existing securities, or in floating issues which do not represent physical investment, these operations and their resulting oscillations can be damped by rules requiring larger margins, or by substantial federal stock-transfer taxes. These could be set to restrain speculation without handicapping investment.

(5) There is the final resource of taxation to redistribute large incomes from unneeded investment into desirable social expenditure. This may be accomplished by a properly designed

general income tax. In any event, it is probable that we shall want, as time goes on, to spend an ever larger share of our total income socially rather than individually. The highest human values will be served thereby.

This will involve the invention of new fiscal policies, to permit the safe application of fluctuating governmental income to contra-fluctuating rates of expenditure. There are unrealized possibilities in a budgetary system thus applied to the period of the business cycle instead of to the fiscal year.

VIII

This whole analysis casts doubt on the necessity for a complete overturn of the institutions which have brought us to our present productive capacity and attainable purchasing power. The effective actions are seen to be of a type which would free our system from disturbing forces, as opposed to policies which would force it by herculean and endless effort into predetermined moulds. The unnatural strain of the effort we are making is already only too apparent. Must that strain grow indefinitely with the lengthening and spreading of the task?

That inevitability of the future, which so impressed the Intense Young Woman, is a reality. The inevitable element is that which is conditioned by the present. Such conditioning we may moderate and modify, but may not escape. Our only hope of control lies in moulding the conditioning present. Whether for creative aspiration, for planning, or for action, this present alone is ours. For the sake of our children's future, pray that we use it well!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO A HITCH-HIKER

SWIFTER than Eucles after Marathon,
Than supple, wingèd Mercury more fleet,
Art thou who slouch beside our highways on
Thy passive ankles and immobile feet.

How marvelous thy ways, who only stand
And wait, O godlike Moocher! Super-bum!
Far states unroll like scrolls at thy demand,
A continent before thy practised thumb.

WANGLING VERSUS HORSE TRADING

CIVILIZED man appears to be much concerned at the moment about the nature of the economic structure under which he lives. It is a new preoccupation. For most of the preceding century he was concerned about the political structure under which he lived. During the greater part of the century before that he was concerned about the ecclesiastical structure under which he lived. In the first of these three periods he was anxious about his salvation; in the second about his liberty; and now he is anxious about his prosperity.

Enormous quantities of books were written some two hundred years ago about how men could be saved. Still more enormous quantities of books were written one hundred years ago about how men could be made free. Both kinds of books are now, with very few exceptions, entirely unreadable.

Enormous quantities of books are being written to-day about how men can be made prosperous — by Communism, by Fascism, or by Individualism. One hundred years from now, and indeed much sooner, these works will be just as unreadable as their predecessors.

The truth is that these discussions never settle the question of how man is to be saved or made free or made prosperous. They merely bring forward a lot of different

views on the subject that is being considered, and men, or rather communities, adopt those views about it which are most congenial to their temperament and mode of life. It is highly improbable, then, that the relative merits of Communism, Fascism, and Individualism will be settled by talking about them. Why bother our heads, therefore, about what these relative merits are? The thing that matters about a political or economic system is not what its merits are, but how congenial it is to our temperament and mode of life. I propose to examine briefly the all-important question: Which of the three — Communism, Fascism, or Individualism — is the most convenient structure of economic society for me to live under? This is a problem which is never discussed in any of the books — partly, perhaps, because the authors do not know me and my peculiar temperament. But, obviously, for me it is the whole thing.

The first question which I put to myself — the first question which any reasonable individual should put to himself, and which the authors of these books never do put to themselves or to anybody — is: How am I likely to get on under Communism, or under Fascism or Individualism, as the case may be? For every economic system has its own special technique for getting on, and the technique which is useful under capitalistic Individualism is of no use whatever under Communism or Fascism.

There is no difficulty about this inquiry. The method of getting on under capitalistic Individualism — and by getting on I mean Getting On, not just making a living — is perfectly well known, and perfectly simple. It consists in exchanging things of less value for things of more value. It does not matter whether you make a few exchanges, each with a great increase in value, or a great many exchanges with only a small increase. It does not matter whether you promote a merger or operate a ten-cent

store. All that does matter is the total increment.

This method of Getting On requires great powers of judgment, great gifts of persuasion, and a great deal of courage, enterprise, and tenacity — and success is sometimes considerably aided by an elastic conscience. The archetype of the method is the ancient and honorable American business of horse trading, which involves all these qualities in a high degree. It seems to me, therefore, that we may reasonably designate the prevalent way of Getting On in a modern, individualistic society by the symbolic name of Horse Trading.

The methods of Getting On under Communism or Fascism are entirely different; they are much more like one another than either of them is like Horse Trading. Under Individualism one gets what one wants out of other property owners. Under Communism there are no property owners except the state; and under Fascism the powers of property owners over their own property are severely limited by state control. In these systems, therefore, one gets what one wants (usually the control or use of something rather than the ownership of it) out of the functionaries who exercise the powers of the state — because the abstraction which we call the state is obviously incapable of exercising them itself.

The average inhabitant of the North American continent is not wholly unacquainted with the methods of getting what one wants out of functionaries. Indeed, this process was so extensively practised even among individualistic nations during the war, when the functionaries took over the administration of almost everything, that it acquired a special name, or rather several of them. Selecting that one which I think is the most widely recognized, and the most accurately suggestive of the nature of the process, I make no apology for designating that process as Wangling.

The essence of Wangling is that it is a method of getting some article, or the use of some article, or the enjoyment of some power or privilege, out of somebody who does not himself own it, and who is not supposed to exchange or grant or allocate it for his own benefit, and who is administer-

ing it as a trustee for its real owner, the community at large.

The technique of Wangling no more needs description than the technique of Horse Trading. It occupies a large place in the literature of military life, of clerical life, and of any other phase of human society in which authority is more important than property rights. Mr. Kipling has dealt with it with a keen sense of its picturesque qualities. Every company commander in the late war who ever got or failed to get his men more tins of jam, more ammunition, more leave, more decorations, or more delousing equipment than his colleagues knows all about it. But it is not by any means confined to the military sphere. It is the chief and most permanent occupation in every capital city where the business of the state is large enough to necessitate the leaving of any great portion of it to functionaries.

There being no property owners in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics except the state itself, it naturally follows that Horse Trading, except between the state and outsiders, has practically ceased, and that Wangling is the sole means of personal or communal advancement. A friend of mine, recently returned from that country, tells me of an incident which came to his attention there. The authorities of the Union, it appears, imported a large number of American tractor ploughs. They were faced with the problem of distributing these ploughs among the agricultural communes — vastly more numerous than the ploughs — which applied for them. After mature deliberation, the Soviet, or the Commissar, or whoever it was that had charge of the matter, decided that the ploughs should be allotted to those communes which undertook to do the largest mileage of ploughing with them. Tenders — in terms of plough mileage — were promptly called for. The Soviet, or the Commissar, was a bit surprised at the imposing figures submitted by certain of the communes; but there was nothing for it but to carry out the plan and send the ploughs to the highest tenderers. Later in the season the Soviet, or the Commissar, conceived the suspicion that some of the communes might not be living up to their obligations; and investigators

were accordingly sent around to report. They came back with the news that every commune was scrupulously performing its promised mileage; but that several of the communes had so little arable land that they were compelled to plough the same furrows four, five, or six times in the season.

This, I submit, is Wangling of the nobler sort. It consists in getting things out of a functionary in strict accordance with the terms of his function, but without any real claim to them in fact. It leaves everybody satisfied (except perhaps the communes which did not get any ploughs) — the functionary because he has done his duty, the Wangler because he has got what he wanted, the community because the principles of the Bolshevik Revolution are being maintained and property and profits are at an end, and the outside spectator, like myself, because the resourcefulness of the human mind is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

I expect, before I die, to witness a great increase in Wangling, even on the North American continent, and a corresponding decrease in Horse Trading. But I do not welcome it. I was never any use at Wangling, whereas I was taught to Horse Trade from my youth up. It is too late for me to learn the new technique, and I shall die in the last ditch in defense of Individualism. But I am having all my children taught to Wangle.

A PAIR OF WOODPECKERS

I HAD been reading in Hudson's *Green Mansions* that very afternoon, and as I walked along the highway that stretched like a gray sword slash through the exuberant foliage with which a wet June had clothed the forest of broad-leaved maple, alder, willow, and ash that had taken possession of the logged-off land beyond my ranch, I recalled the graceful antics of a couple of birds that the mythical Abel observed during his flight with Rima to the land of her birth.

As if to continue my mind picture, I saw before me a pair of woodpeckers behaving in an extraordinary way. The male was

clinging to the side of a dead alder stub, apparently making love in a most excited fashion to his mate, only the head and shoulders of whom were visible. Seeing me, he dipped away, woodpecker fashion, among the trees that rose like green thunderheads above the general level of the forest.

The female remained, still showing only the head and neck from behind the stub, and eyed me in that breathless, frozen stillness so characteristic of a frightened bird. Three automobiles roared past like huge demented beetles, but she did not stir.

Shouldering my way into the rank brake ferns, I came within twenty feet of her. She was still watching my every movement when the male returned and with much pomp and ceremony proffered her a fat white grub. The acceptance of the choice morsel was accompanied by so much chattering on both sides, and elaborate curtsying on the part of the male, that I concluded that 'the sauce to meat is ceremony' among woodpeckers quite as much as among Scotch thanes.

Making my way still farther into the ferns, I discovered that the female was really on her nest, from which her head and neck projected, although I knew from the many holes in 'punky' maples I had investigated as a boy that the excavation was a good six inches deep, and that she was occupying its mouth for some special reason. When on the job, she undoubtedly was incubating eggs.

I soon discovered why she was not sitting on those eggs. As in all well-regulated families, each member of the partnership had assumed certain duties. She was to hatch the eggs, and he, in vulgar phrase, was to 'bring home the bacon.' Apparently he was not fulfilling his part of the agreement. He had scarcely disappeared into the forest when she began a rapid, high-keyed chatter, evidently begging for more grubs. She kept this up for several minutes, occasionally opening her mouth wide, as if gasping for breath. When, in spite of her coaxing, the male did not return, she changed her tactics. Pitching her voice on a much lower key, she kept up a staccato calling that reverberated through the forest.

Still her provider did not appear. Apparently the cold weather was not producing the usual crop of grubs. With her neck thrust far out of the hole, she called peremptorily again and again, occasionally tilting her head to listen. Disappointed, she flounced back into the nest, remained there for a few moments, and then, reappearing, began all over again the high-keyed coaxing. When at the end of a good twenty minutes the male did come bustling back with a grub, she snatched it from his beak, swallowed it whole, and before it was fairly down began to scold him like a fishwife.

Somewhat abashed, the male withdrew to a dead branch on the other side of the stub; but she sensed the fact that he was loafing there, and, craning her head round as far as she could without falling out of the nest, resumed her recriminations.

Like most fathers when under fire, his woodpeckership assumed an indifferent air, as if to say, 'I don't mind your senseless chatter in the least'; but the head was no sooner withdrawn than he made off into the forest through a drizzle that had increased to a downpour. He had scarcely disappeared before out again came the head with the red crown and pale orange stripes above the eyes curved like Mephistophelean eyebrows, and the coaxing began all over again. I noticed that the opening was slightly V-shaped at the bottom, that it faced away from the prevailing storms but toward the sun.

Again Father Woodpecker did not return at the expected time (apparently at the end of every ten minutes), and again Madam Woodpecker flounced about as is the immemorial custom of angry females. She snapped viciously at a long-legged fly that was unwise enough to light within reach of her sharp black beak; then in sheer vexation she tried to eat fragments of the punky wood about the edge of the nest. These she would taste for a little and then spit out disgustedly.

Suddenly her mood changed. She sat quite still, and, as if she had never seen me before, regarded me with gentle curiosity, occasionally winking her dark eyes in a most charming fashion. Then she cocked her head to one side and listened, and,

although my dull ears could distinguish no sound different from the subdued and all-pervading murmur of the forest, began once more the high-keyed chatter. In a few moments a sadly bedraggled woodpecker came undulating through the rain, and once more clung to the stub at the side of the nest. But his spouse was now too angry to take the silver-gray fly proffered her. Raising her voice to something like a scream, she turned loose upon him a torrent of abuse before she swallowed it, and as soon as it was down resumed her tongue-lashing.

But masculine endurance has its limitations, even among woodpeckers. The faithful provider, dripping and bedraggled after a prolonged hunt for grubs in some cheerless corner of the forest, suddenly flicked his tail, and, flying up a few yards to the dead branch of a fire-blasted maple, began to 'talk back.' He was drab, unlovely, smaller than his smartly decorated partner, and with the compact and thoroughly utilitarian body which characterizes an age-old serving class, from insects to men. What he said was short, crisp, and, I suspect, very much to the point.

And right there came an exhibition of the superior nature of female intelligence. Madam quickly withdrew into the nest, doubtless resolved to remain there until the storm should blow over. Father Woodpecker, perceiving that he lacked an audience, angrily jerked his wet wings a few times, apparently to convince himself that he really was of some importance, and then dipped into the woods again in search of more grubs.

THE NEW NOVEL MENACE

As soon as I can afford a hair cut and my shirt comes back from the laundry, I am going to call a meeting of novel writers and get up a code to put a stop to this new menace to our prosperity, the 1224-page novel. The selfishness of the man who wants to can all the baked beans in the world is nothing when compared with the graspingness of a man who writes a novel like *Anthony Adverse* and keeps people reading for weeks and weeks on one book.

My code will forbid anyone's writing a novel of more than three hundred pages, ten-point type. Anyone writing a longer novel will have his license taken away from him. After that he will be allowed to publish nothing but books on Technocracy and Political Economy, or perhaps a few lives of the Gish sisters.

For one man to publish a novel of 1224 pages, which immediately becomes a best seller, is manifestly unjust to all the rest of us fiction writers, especially when the type is small. If novels of this size are to be published, they should be stupid, so that a reader will quit at page 150 and not be held for days and days when he might be reading quite a lot of \$2.50 novels.

If this sort of thing goes on, we shall soon have 2448-page novels, and then 4896-page novels, and, by and by, we shall have one novelist writing a 4,896,000-page book and taking up all of everybody's reading time. Then the rest of us would have to compile anthologies of selections from that novel or starve.

These 1224-page novels are hard on the patrons of lending libraries, too. You bring home this *Anthony Adverse*, and it has a slip pasted in it that says, 'The rental of this book is twenty-five cents a week'; and in a couple of days the volume has five book-marks in it, and all the members of your family say: 'Are you reading this now? If not, I'll take it' — and by the time you have a chance to reach page 1224 the rent of the book has run up to \$7.75, and there are still two members of the family reading it. And all of them have sore wrists.

It is disheartening for an author, who has always done right by his fellow authors and written small books, to have a monopolist like Mr. Allen come along and preëempt all the reading time of the public. My best book had only 37 pages, and one of these had only three words on it. Anybody could have read that book in 15 minutes, 14 seconds, thus having time enough left to read a \$2.50 detective mystery book the same evening. This is what I call being fair to one's brother — and sister — authors.

My book was printed in large type, with spaces between the lines wide enough to

drive a flock of sheep through. If *Anthony Adverse* had been printed this way, it would have filled a Five-Foot Shelf and stuck out two feet at each end — possibly two feet and six inches. A ten-foot book is too much book. Even a nine-foot book is too much book.

I hope the authors will take this matter to heart and hurry up with our code before 2448-page novels and 4896-page novels ruin our profession. I should just like to remind them of what happened to the Chinese drama when playwrights were permitted to begin this sort of thing — writing plays that lasted 30 days, so that an audience could come at the beginning of the month and sit there till the end, seeing one play. Before long nine tenths of the Chinese playwrights starved to death while two or three wrote dramas that had the first act set in the days of the invention of bird's-nest soup and the last act depicting the burning of Chong Foo's automobile.

This thing must stop. The trend is trending altogether too widely. I warned folks when *Parsifal* was played; and I warned again when Eugene O'Neill put on his intermission-for-food drama — and look at the opera and the stage now. And look at Amos and Andy, going on and on and on. My friends, remember the dictionary: they let one man write pages and pages of dictionary, and who writes dictionaries to-day? Yes, we authors must have a code.

For Article Two of the code I propose that no novelist be allowed to use more than two continents. It is not fair for a writer to use Europe, Africa, and North America — including Cuba — in one novel. Probably Mr. Allen, excited by his success, is already writing a new novel and spreading himself over Europe, Africa, both Americas, Asia, Australia, and Polynesia. That is not fair. I want to call a halt for that sort of thing. There is no use talking; we must have a code.

HIS FINISH

It was in Paris, in the Jardin d'Acclimation, and we stood in the crowd that surrounded the monkey house on three sides.

The time was early autumn, and the first cool days had come.

The monkeys were huddled together on the high crossbars, looking languidly over the heads of the spectators. Gradually we became aware that, in spite of their torpor, a silent drama was being enacted among them. An old she-monkey, large, strong, and ferocious, was stealing up on the tiniest monkey in the cage, and the little monkey was paralyzed with fear.

Suddenly the old one made a sweep with her long hairy arm, and, galvanized, the little monkey fled along the bar on hands and feet, reached the wire netting enclosing the cage, and dashed to the floor. Before he reached the gravel, the old monkey was at his heels, and with a squeak of terror he fled across to the other end of the cage, scrambled up the netting, and turned to look behind. Like relentless fate, the old monkey was on his trail.

With a leap of desperation the little monkey caught one of the rings suspended from the ceiling, and, swinging from ring to ring, again reached the opposite end, barely in time to elude the long sinewy arm.

Back and forth, up and down, from one end of the large cage to the other, the little monkey flew, and the sinister chase grew fast and furious. Groups of huddled monkeys were dashed hither and yon, as the two bounded through them, the little monkey now sobbing from weariness and terror.

The crowd, tense with excitement, was pressed against the very sides of the cage, and at this moment the old monkey paused to catch her breath. She stood erect on the floor, her arms above her head, holding on to the wire netting. As she faced the crowd, with her entire front exposed, the temptation to murder her was irresistible, and a fat Frenchman, shouting '*Méchante!*' jabbed the point of his umbrella into her stomach.

The old monkey leaped into the air with the yell of a Comanche Indian; then, casting herself on the floor, she grabbed two hand-

fuls of gravel and hurled it through the bars, and pandemonium broke loose. In an instant every monkey had dashed to the floor shrieking, and a hail of gravel poured from the monkey house, while the spectators fell over one another trying to get away.

As instantly as the uproar had begun, it ceased, and in perfect silence the monkeys swung themselves up to the bars and huddled together again. Once more their aged careworn faces looked out indifferently above the crowd.

'At any rate the Little One is saved!' someone cried, and we cautiously approached the cage again.

Saved, indeed! With added fury the old monkey renewed the chase, and as the pace of the young one grew slower, and his efforts to escape became feebler, the inevitable end was in sight. Chattering with terror, the little creature came on all fours across the floor, and, with a final effort, started to climb the wire in front. With a bound the old monkey was beneath him; she reached up, and, catching his long tail, looped it around her hand and jerked him to the floor.

The entire crowd gasped.

The old monkey seated herself and the little one *hard*, spread her legs apart, and, leaning forward, seized him by the shoulders and jerked him to her. There was no fight left in him. He had caved in, and his head drooped forward on his little breast.

The old monkey, with a triumphant grin that showed every tooth in her jaws, turned her head slowly and surveyed the entire crowd; then, getting down to business, she leaned forward, parted the hair on the little monkey's back, and began a close and earnest search.

A shout of hysterical relief went up from the crowd.

It was only then that we noticed that it was not only getting dark but raining, and with one accord we left the monkey house and hastened toward the entrance gates.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE **Chicago School-Teacher** whose 'Spasmodic Diary' is here reproduced might be any one of hundreds. The accuracy with which she describes unprecedented events and conditions cannot be questioned, but political control of the school system is so absolute that the author is compelled to protect herself by withholding her name. In a letter dated September 16, she says: 'More than 1300 teachers, unpaid for five months, were thrown out of their jobs the other day, and the Board still continues its wrecking programme. The only point on which it has since rescinded its action is in the department of physical education. Under pressure of one sort and another, it has decided to retain the swimming pools. Pandemonium will reign on Monday when we all return to school! There are rumors in the papers that students are planning strikes. The year ahead is likely to be even more dramatic than the last one.' **Roger Burlingame** ('The Counter Attack') served in the A.E.F. as First Lieutenant in the 308th Machine Gun Battalion, and since the war has engaged in publishing and free-lance writing. He is the author of several novels, the most recent being *The Heir*.

An interest in Italian art took **Elizabeth Wilder** to Florence, and it was there that she discovered her delightful 'Friends in the House.' Upon the acceptance of her article, she says she dispatched a letter to tell Beppina, Elisa, Gina, and Lina of their success. 'Beppina, as you can imagine, threw up her hands and almost let the sauce burn, but Gina was not in the least surprised. She writes — to my mingled horror and gratification — that she has exchanged the bicycle for a motor cycle, and is now, as she puts it, a "*vera donna del futuro*." Δ In 'Social Changes in America,' **André Siegfried** adduces new evidence to support the thesis he advanced in *America Comes of Age*. More significant still, he indicates the broad lines along which our character as a mature nation is shaping. Δ Born and bred on the prairies, where her parents were pioneer settlers, **Dorothy Thomas** ('Apple Wood') is

a writer whose stories carry the healthy, robust scent of good earth. Early this year, Knopf published her first novel, *Ma Jeeter's Girls*.

At home or abroad, **A. Edward Newton** is always himself. The manuscript of 'Budapest and I' he looks at *sub specie æternitatis*. 'It will hardly be worth while for me to read proof,' he says. 'The only thing that is likely to go wrong is the spelling of some Hungarian word, and a few letters more or less in a Hungarian word make no difference.' If anything looks Hungarian but is n't, treasure it, Reader, as genuine Newtonese. **Josephine W. Johnson** ('Final Autumn') is a young writer of exceptional promise. Readers of the *Atlantic* are coming to appreciate her marked sense of style, for she has contributed frequently of late in both prose and verse. Δ As if to account for her nonconformist philosophy, **M. Beatrice Blankenship** ('All Sweet Things') cites this medley of facts about herself: 'My mother is a Bostonian, my father an Englishman, the grandson of an Archbishop of Canterbury. I was born and educated in the West, went through the war at Camp Funston, married an ex-moonshiner in 1920, and three years later settled in California, where I have been ever since.' **Max Ascoli** ('Fascism in the Making') is an intellectual exile from his native Italy, where, until 1931, he was a professor of the Philosophy of Law. He has published half a dozen scholarly works in his special field, and is now engaged in writing a book about the crisis in American democracy. **Russell Wilbur** ('A Preface to Catholicism') is a Roman Catholic priest, Rector of Notre Dame de Lourdes in St. Louis. Δ 'Atlantic Laboratory' is the first fruit of an extended flying trip which **Francis and Katharine Drake** made to South America last spring. Mr. Drake was a member of the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and has since maintained his interest in aviation through the ups and downs of a business career in New York. Δ Active in settlement work, **Fonrose Wainwright** ('Bridgy

Goes to Heaven') is a director of the University House Players in Philadelphia. 'The part of the city where I live,' she writes, 'is known to its inhabitants as "Skoocele." It is a neighborhood where Ireland has become America, and, in doing so, has brought its humor, philosophy, and phraseology to bear on the problems which confront the slum dwellers in an American city.' **Evans Woollen** ('The Insurance of Bank Deposits') is president of an important bank in Indianapolis. **Δ A British poet, Freda C. Bond** ('Less Than a Ghost') has been a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic*. **Owen Tweedy** ('A Persian Peep-show') served through the war as a captain in the British army. He is known as an authority on the Near East, where he has traveled extensively. Indeed, he returned from his Persian expedition to witness his first English spring in eight years — and only an Englishman can know what that means. **Ralph E. Flanders** ('Business Looks at the N.R.A.') is an engineer who is engaged in the manufacture of machinery. Like other leading members of his profession, he has lately given much thought to economic matters. A prophetic earlier paper of his, 'The Tariff and Social Control,' was printed in the *Atlantic* for September 1931.

* * *

Bill Adams makes a trade.

Dear Atlantic, —

Many thanks for your note, with my little story returned. I am ever so much obliged to you. Toby, my dog, is grinning all over his face, and my old pipe is going full blast.

With the proceeds from my little rejected story I had hoped to buy bacon, and tobacco, and this and that. I was out of bacon and tobacco, and Toby had been living on bread crusts for many days. But it's a funny world, I'm blessed if it is n't! Just when a fellow is thinking thoughts of gloom, he has to start laughing.

I was 'down below' yesterday, as we of the hills say when we go down the mountain. In my pocket I had your letter. I went into the grocery store to price things — though, since I had not the money wherewith to buy them, to price them was of no use. It was the noon hour, and, business being quiet, I sat down on a packing case and fell to talking with the grocer. We talked of this and that, and after a while it came out that I was a story writer. It came out, too, that the grocer was all eaten up with the desire to be a story writer. 'My grammer ain't what it ought to be, and I don't spell worth a cuss,' he told me sadly,

and added, with wistful eyes on my face, 'It must be great to be a story writer.'

'It must be great to be a grocer,' said I, looking at the bacon on the counter, the tobacco on the shelves, the cans of dog food in a row close to the floor. 'Look at this,' I said, and handed the grocer your kind letter.

'Gosh,' exclaimed the grocer, 'I'd sure like to get me a letter like that from one of them editors!'

'A man can't buy bacon or tobacco with it, or even food for his dog,' said I, and started to crumple up the letter to throw it in the waste bin.

'Say!' exclaimed the grocer. 'That's from the editor of the *Atlantic*! That's a tony magazine, that is. You ain't goin' to throw it away, are you?'

'Why not?' I asked. 'It's no good to me.'

'Look here,' said the grocer, 'I'd like awful well to have a letter like that. Supposin' I was to give you a bit of bacon and a can of tobacco and a couple of cans of dog food in trade — how'd that be?'

'Be all right with the dog and me,' said I.

So there we are. Never anything to kick about, eh? Thank you very much!

BILL ADAMS
Dutch Flat, California

Scotch Sunday.

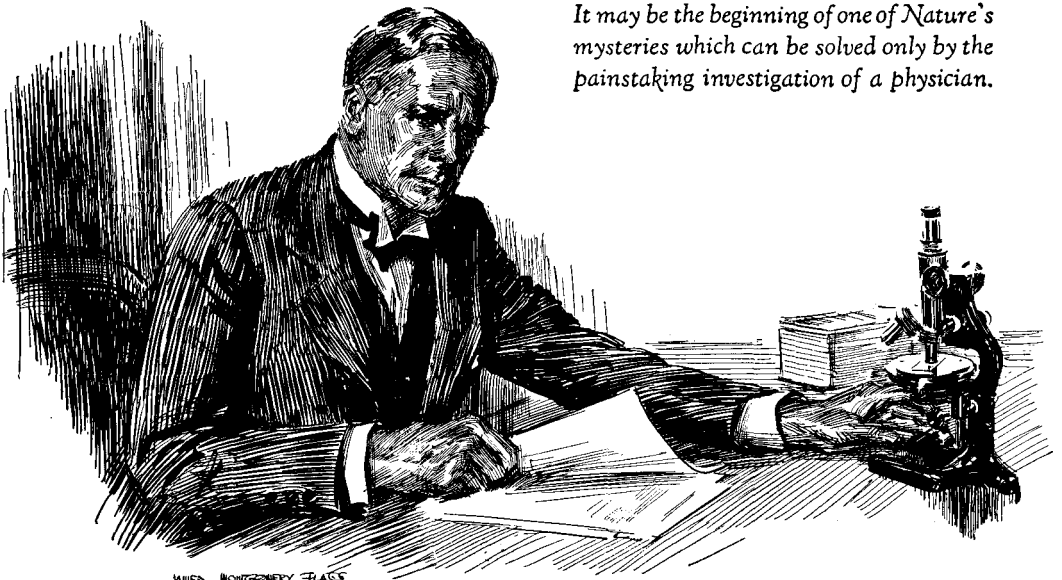
Dear Atlantic, —

Never have I enjoyed so delightful a mood of reminiscence as in reading 'Sunday' by Philip Curtiss in the May *Atlantic*. Strange that my recollections should be so nearly identical with his, for I am a Scot and my childhood was spent in Edinburgh. Perhaps Presbyterianism is much the same everywhere, and Scotland was — as it is — Presbyterian to the marrow of its bones.

In only one detail did my experience differ materially from that of Mr. Curtiss — the Sunday dinner. No such thing for us! In England, we knew, people always had a great Sunday dinner, but to us the idea was shocking. Was it not written in the Book, Exodus XX, 10: 'In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor . . . thy maid-servant . . .?' In the climate of Scotland, nevertheless, some fire and some hot food were absolutely necessary during a great part of the year. The kitchen fire was banked on Saturday night so that a mere stir set it going on Sunday morning. In one other room a fire was laid ready, and the 'work' of striking a match to light it was permitted. My grandmother usually did the deed with her own hands. 'If it is a sin,' I have heard her say, 'I will take it upon myself.'

The 'sins' of boiling eggs, heating soup or coffee, boiling water to make tea, were, in Scriptural language, 'winked at,' but we had cold meat, cold 'shape' (ugh!), cold stewed fruit. I do not re-

The Anemia Mystery



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

It may be the beginning of one of Nature's mysteries which can be solved only by the painstaking investigation of a physician.

WHEN, without apparent reason, someone you care for—young or old—complains of feeling tired or exhausted and begins to lose color, becoming paler and weaker as the days go by, you may have good cause to suspect some form of anemia.

The anemic person lacks good red blood. Sometimes anemia is a symptom of a condition which is unknown or neglected by the sufferer and which may be either slight or serious. A frequent, though small, loss of blood, a wasting disease, or infections in the body may produce anemia. If, however, the cause is diligently searched for—and can be removed or corrected—the anemia will usually disappear under proper treatment.

Anemia may also be caused by a lack in the diet of certain food elements necessary for normal blood formation—especially when there are associated functional defects (often symptomless) of the stomach and intestines. A correct diet alone sometimes conquers such anemia. But proper treatment with an appropriate quantity and quality of iron is often of fundamental im-

portance in producing a sufficient amount of blood coloring matter.

People may also become anemic because they are unable to utilize from an adequate diet the food material necessary to make red corpuscles. This may be dependent upon a deficiency in the function of the digestive organs. The most common type of such anemia is called by doctors Pernicious Anemia. Until recently it was always fatal. In 1926, however, an incredibly simple remedy was found—liver.

Pernicious Anemia can now be kept under control by the regular use of liver or an effective substitute PROVIDED A PROPER AMOUNT IS PRESCRIBED FROM TIME TO TIME FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE. But—liver or potent substitutes are not a panacea for all forms of anemia. Although they save lives in cases of pernicious and allied anemia, they are frequently ineffective in treating ordinary forms of the condition.

If there is an anemia mystery in your family, don't guess about it. Ask your doctor to find the solution.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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member disliking our menu, except the blanc-mange. It was Sunday — rather a picnicky, amusing day — and there was generally butter-scotch, which sweetened all.

H. REID
Fiesole, Italy

An old Brazilian custom.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just finished reading 'Sunday,' and was much impressed by Mr. Curtiss's idea of restoring America's peace of mind by bringing back the old-fashioned Sunday. If that plan should fail, he might try obliging all Americans to take tea as the Brazilians do. 'Tea' may be anything you please, — black tea, *café noir*, bitter maté, or *guaraná*, an élite version of our soda pop, — but one must devote at least half an hour to the taking of it. No rushing up to a counter to swallow it at one gulp. One enters a tea room as if he owned it, takes his seat deliberately, and sips languidly, talking in low tones to a companion or just philosophizing to one's self.

Is n't the tea habit an art? To the Brazilians it is one that is necessary to sane living. I know there is no panacea for the everlasting busyness of us Americans; perhaps in time we shall learn to cherish leisure.

HELEN HARDY MORELAND
Porto Alegre, Brazil

The first steeplechase.

Dear Atlantic, —

Yes, readers and admirers of 'the Philadelphia Caliph' have no difficulty in recognizing him in the new rôle which he assumes as sports writer ('The Grand National'). He is versatile and always charming; whatever he touches he adorns. It is a delight to read him.

He tells something of the history of steeplechase racing, and he and readers of the *Atlantic* may be interested to know where and how the name originated. In the County of Cork, Ireland, there are two small towns about three and a half or four miles apart — Buttevant and Doneraile. One evening two officers stationed at the garrison in Buttevant were dining in Doneraile. Each had a well-bred horse, this part of Ireland being noted for its breed of horses. Does not Mr. Newton inform us that the winner of the Grand National was an Irish-bred horse?

Well, the officers were very proud of their mounts, and a challenge to race was given and accepted. 'How shall we race?' 'Across country,' was the answer. 'Where shall we start, and where finish?' On the main street of each town was a church with a steeple. 'We shall start at the steeple and end at the steeple.'

So the race was run across country, over hedges and ditches. And a fine, exciting race

it was, giving us the name of steeplechase — a horse race *in excelsis*, as Mr. Newton justly calls it.

REVEREND MORGAN M. SHEEDY
Cathedral Rectory, Altoona, Pennsylvania

Revolt on the farm.

Dear Atlantic, —

The letters of Evelyn Harris and Caroline Henderson make us city dwellers understand the situation which caused the despairing farmers to demand 'a new deal,' thereby putting Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House. The letters are also remarkable for the courage, wit, and beauty of spirit which the writers possess. We wonder how it is with them to-day. Is life any easier under the N.R.A.?

FLORENCE E. STRYKER
Montclair, New Jersey

Postscript.

Dear Atlantic, —

Since the publication of 'Letters of Two Women Farmers,' I have had letters from several folks who do not believe we are farming. There may be other skeptical ones who did not bother to write, so perhaps it may be well to print a word reassuring them that Mrs. Henderson and I are real dirt farmers.

Another query came which said, 'If what you say is true and your farms will not support you, why support the farms?' The answer to that is the same as that given by women who take care of nonsupporting husbands — 'Because we love 'em.'

The fact remains that the most dreadful things are happening right now to farms and farmers. During the past eight years, two and a half million farmers have lost their homes, and this year will see another million added to the number. The newspapers call it 'farm relief.'

EVELYN HARRIS
Bellerton, Maryland

Testimony of a fruit grower.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just finished reading the 'Letters of Two Women Farmers,' and it encourages me to know that you had the nerve to publish these articles. How little the city folk understand the trials and hardships of the farmer who feeds them! The constant increase of governmental rules and regulations and the burden of excessive freight rates allowed by the Interstate Commerce Commission to cover the sins of mismanagement among the railroads are fast driving the fruit grower to the wall. Conditions have been such during the past two years that we have not deemed it wise to ship or dry a pear, and our



Veranda Night Club, S. S. Mariposa

Travel is turning due West! Three stunning new ships have tipped the scales in favor of the Pacific! Which is by way of being a royal salute to the "Mariposa", "Monterey" and "Lurline". Ships you must voyage on to understand.

From the moment you sail, happiness plants its seeds within you as easily as the roots of the wild ginger probe the soft yielding earth of Hawaii. It echoes in the music of a sea-going night club that strikes joy to the toes of those who love to dance.

Tropical nights blend into care free days for the relish of life in an utterly different pattern; starting with pleasure, ending with contentment. *A foretaste of Hawaii.*

Ships designed for graceful living. From lounge to library, smoking



room to stateroom—themed by Polynesia, with colors coaxed from a tropical sunset. Daringly original.

Diversions active *and* inactive. Sports paraphernalia galore to whittle waistlines and whet appetites. Swimming Pool (miniature Pacific) attended by a faithful sun. Snug deck-chairs . . . to idle . . . sip things . . . watch the smart world go by.

Fitting prologue, indeed, to the colorful pageant that is Hawaii. A pageant of tropical pastime, sunlit adventures on beach and coral cove, jaunts

under the platinum promise of the moon. *Where the only season is summer and life is viewed through the eyes of youth. At a cost that is one of the best reasons for going now.*

SOUTH SEAS • NEW ZEALAND AUSTRALIA *via Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji*

At last new ships ("Mariposa" and "Monterey") bring new speed and luxury into service to these magnificent, unspoiled lands. Meagre 15 days to New Zealand, a mere 18 days to Australia. Adventuring pirate lanes for doubloons of South Seas phantasy and jewels of mystery under the Southern Cross. Modest fares chart the expense and keep it low.

Even a discussion with your travel agency or our offices will prove highly interesting.

Matson Line ★ Oceanic Line

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harvest pay roll has dwindled from \$3000 a month to \$300.

In my judgment, the much publicized 'farm relief' is but a mirage in the great desert of agriculture. The National Industrial Recovery Act stands very little chance of succeeding until the farmer is able to make enough to pay his taxes, repair his machinery, and cover his bills. This, not on a forty-hour week, but on a sixteen-hour day. He should at least be entitled to his ten cents an hour, and many farmers are not getting it.

E. W. MOYER

Shadelands Ranch, Concord, California

The plucky Lucky Lady.

Dear Atlantic, —

Although Miss Margaret Prescott Montague's story, 'The Lucky Lady,' was not intended to influence the accident-prevention movement in the United States, I believe that it will prove definitely helpful to that end. I have to-day sent out one thousand postal cards to the officers, directors, sectional organizations, and leaders in our fifty-one community organizations, asking them to study this article carefully. I even went so far as to send some telegrams to friends who I knew would be particularly interested, including Mr. Lewis D. Carris, Managing Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

In 1909 I started the first organized efforts to interest industrial employers in the protection of the eyes of workers. At that time I had to beg the opticians to take interest in developing an appropriate safety goggle. In the first year of my experiment I collected 347 pairs of goggles, all with lenses broken by flying pieces of steel.

There are still hundreds of eyes lost every year because of indifference among employers and workers. But many corporations, like the Pullman Company, have gone so far in the protection of employees that not a single eye accident has occurred among their 40,000 workers.

Miss Montague's vivid story not only emphasizes the value of modern scientific services in treating defective eyes and ears, but her experience will inspire all of us who are working for the conservation of eyesight and hearing.

W. H. CAMERON

*Managing Director, National Safety Council
Chicago, Illinois*

Heat without light.

Dear Atlantic, —

To be sure, the *Atlantic* is not grouped among the so-called household magazines, — it has no page of recipes or fashion plates, — but to my certain knowledge it has recently entered that realm and proved itself truly utilitarian. The evi-

dence was passed on to me by a social worker, and is authentic.

Recently a boy of ten or twelve dashed into the Centre for 'one of those magazines for Ma.'

'Which magazines, Sonny?'

Sonny could not say. Vaguely he tried to describe what he wanted, but without success. Certain magazines were offered him, but they would not do. Finally, the lad was taken into the back room and told to search among the pile of periodicals stored there. Instantly his face lighted up as he seized a copy of the *Atlantic*.

'Strange,' thought the social worker. 'There is nothing about this child to indicate the presence of the *Atlantic* in his home environment. I must make a call there,' she reflected. 'No doubt a real bit of social service awaits me.'

Sonny, however, interrupted her reverie — he was in a hurry. 'Thanks,' he said. 'Ma uses it to put her iron on.'

GRACE V. BRADLEY

Chicago, Illinois

College English in India.

Dear Atlantic, —

I send the enclosed letter as an example of the efficacy of the English tongue when reinforced by the idiom of India's age-old culture. I am not sure whether the *Mahabharata* deserves the credit or *The Faerie Queene*. The letter was written to the Bursar of the College here by a clerk who had been accused of manhandling a student.

E. M. WILSON

Lahore, India

College Bursar:

Mr. Hans Raj is totally wrong in making the allegation that I beat him. Upon my telling him repeatedly to come and speak from the counter, he did not move. I had to walk back with him to an excruciating extent to show him the way out. I found him in queer juxtaposition and certainly not liked to waste time on him when I was in the middle of totalling. I did exert force in pushing him, but never more than he used in his proud recalcitration. In the vestibule he stood glued to the wall like a protuberance which on severest commotion of storm will not move.

If I ask the intruder to leave the office on my request he thinks it insult, and if I don't there is sure rating which I get from the officer. It is to live in quandaries when you find yourself between the devil and the deep sea. The student thinks it is his prerogative to promenade, and knows that nothing will permeate him. Again he has the audacity of telling lies to the extent that I beat him. Though I try hard to please but there are no bounds to the fastidiousness of a student.

(Signed) —, Clerk
(and pronounced Clark)
Lahore, India